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T H E

JAN 18 1935

SPIRITUAL HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

VOCAL MUSIC

FOR THE

CHOIR, CONGREGATION, AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

B Y

J. M. PEEBLES AND J. O. BARRETT.

E. H. BAILEY, MUSICAL EDITOR.

I heard harpers harping on their harps; and they sung a new song.—*John.*

SECOND EDITION.

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GREETING :

"Let me make the ballads of a nation," says Fletcher of Saltoun, "and I care not who makes the laws." Revolutions date in the improvised songs of the peasantry. Religion springs to form from the hearts of the musical seers of all ages. Music envelops every surrounding object with Æolian vibrations. The leaves, the tips of grass, the winds, the sunbeams, the very fibres of wood and rock, all things respond. The angels, charmed when sweet melodies rise like ocean ripples from joyous souls, cannot help approaching us. As our music quiveringly touches and trembles the finer chords of their souls, we hear an echo far sweeter, and in turn we pause and listen, the auditors now of heavenly choirs. Thus the songs we produce, however humble, set all the universe ablaze with melodious light, and, ringing through the arches of heaven, bless all hearts with new joy.

Cconscious of this happy truth, and feeling that the interests of Spiritualism, growing into favor with the people everywhere, demanded a new musical organ, full of the live thought and song of the age, on consulting with friends both in spirit and earth life, who urged the undertaking with great earnestness, we ventured out, and after a year's close and indefatigable labor, now present to the world our "SPIRITUAL HARP," believing that even the angels will delight to hear its inspiring harmonies in all the circles to which they minister in love.

Our poetical friends have lavished upon us their kind tokens of regard, for which we heartily thank them. Words are inadequate to express the gratitude we cherish for the sympathy and assistance of so many co-operators in our arduous task. Keeping in view the claims of our holy cause, we have aimed at justice to all; but owing to limited space, we have been obliged to reject much that is of intrinsic merit. At least one-third of the poetry is original, gushing with fresh inspiration from the fountain of truth. The selected poetry is also eclectic, being culled with the most studious fidelity, and carefully criticised till every theological taint is expunged, and only such other changes made as are necessary to the rhythmic construction of the verses. Three-quarters of the music is original, which, with the selected, comprises a rich variety of the most attractive character, suited to all occasions.

Some of America's most gifted and popular composers, such as Dr. Lowell Mason, G. F. Root, J. G. Clark, and others, whose inspiring songs enchant all the masses, have brought us under lasting obligations for original and selected contributions. We acknowledge with equal gratitude the generosity of the musical publishers, whose highly appreciated selections we have credited to their respective names.

Spiritualism is scientific religion. With others we have felt the necessity of adopting such a system in our public instructions as shall tend to more thoroughly cultivate the religious nature, perfect individual character, and harmonize society. The department of "Spirit Echoes," original and selected, is designed to meet this growing demand in a measure at least. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, inaugurated by A. J. Davis, has been inductive to a magnificent symbolic education of spiritual life. Following its wonderful success, we have, in part, adapted it to general worship in a new form of "Silver-chain Recitations." They can be used by the speaker as a reading exercise, or in the form of responses, with or without music. The alternation of reading by the speaker and singing by the congregation, thus bringing the two into rapport with each other, and preparing the way for a more inspirational influx from the angels, must be most hallowed in influence. Let these be used occasionally at least, that their golden truths may be deeply engraved upon the memory. As a means to the highest possible inspiration from ministering spirits, tending to avoid all monotony in our religious exercises, and to harmonize our forces for nobler work, we suggest that speaking and singing be more blended by having short congregational tunes introduced at intervals during the lecture, as the speaker may request. When the sacred influence of silent communion at the opening or closing of our meetings, of forms of beauty, and healthful exercises, shall thus chime with "Spirit Echoes," speech and song, our worship will be the most attractive ever instituted. In this department we have added a few funeral recitations, each brief and full of spiritual consolation.

Fully satisfied that congregational singing harmonizes an audience better, and is therefore more satisfactory than quartet or choir singing, we earnestly recommend its adoption in the lecture-room and conference-meeting.

Although the second department of this work is particularly mentioned as congregational, there are many pieces in the first, also in the solo and anthem departments, that may be properly and easily sung by the congregation, when led by a choir and organ. We appeal to choir-members, not merely to permit the congregation to sing an occasional slow measured tune, but to heartily encourage all to sing with them every piece that is used in the religious meeting. Beautiful solo, quartet, and select chorus singers are heard with profit and delight in the concert-room; but in the religious meeting, let us have the great, throbbing, swelling, mountain voice of the people. What if it be a little rough, showing its sharp points and deep declivities? Its natural commingling of soul, rounded into order by and by, will be all inspiring.

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Trusting that the "Harp" will indeed bless millions, as an instrument of inspiration to loftier purpose in life, we humbly dedicate it to the Spiritualists and Reformers of the world, in love of truth and progress.

THE AUTHORS.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

SPIRITUAL HARP.

Cheerfully.

1. We come, we come with our harps of gold, From the far - off summer - land,
The crystal river we've crossed again, We've left an angel band, left an angel band,
To bring to you on our golden harps, Sweet music from a - far,
With cadence soft that the angels sing, As they glide from star to star.

1.

SPIRITUAL HARP.

2 WE come, we come with echoes caught
From the birds of Paradise,
That wing their way through starry worlds,
'Mid pearls beyond all price;
For angel thoughts are the gems that
shine
In the jeweled realms above,
Where all the pure, the precious pearls
Are the priceless pearls of love.

3 We come, we come with our harps o'er-
With the flowers that cannot die, [strung
That bloom and wave in the scented breeze
Beyond the earthly sky;

Where lilies mingle their perfumed breath
With the sunlight and the shade,
Where fragrance sweet is the music-tide
Of flowers that never fade.

4 We come, we come with our harp-strings
tuned
To the music of the heart,
Grief's waves to hush in their mighty tide,
When hopes of earth depart;
For ling'ring still on our golden harps
Are the angel songs above,
Whose harps and hearts with their magic
Ever thrill with lays of love. [strings

*The Spiritual Harp.**ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.**Andantino.**Tenor.*

1 A - long the riv - er of time I glide,
 2. How oft I gaze from my win-dows twain,
 3. Some, while I'm gaz - ing, sail out of sight,
 4. They tell me there is a haven of peace,

Air.

My lit - tie boat rock - ing from side to side,
 Far over the waves of the bill - low - y main,
 Far in - to the sun-set's all ra - diant light,
 Where voy - a - gers' jour-neys shall e - ver cease,

My light boat rocking, My light boat rocking,
 Far o'er the billow, Far o'er the billow,
 The ra - diant sunset, The radiant sunset,
 Shall cease the journey, Shall cease the journey,

Yes, where, etc.,
 And million, etc.,
 I see, etc.,
 There in, etc.,

Yes, where so - ev - er the winds do blow, Still hither and thither I drifting go,
 And mil - lion sails in the blue air shine, And many are whiter, but none like mine,
 I see not, know not their on - ward track, I know that in spirit they can come back,
 There in the dis-tance a bea-con bright Guides e - ver and safe-ly through sor - row's night,

2d. *pp*

Float - ing, Float - ing,

Float - ing, Float - ing out on the sea of E - ter - ni - ty.

BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF JOY.

1. Oh ! beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful vis - ions of joy, And peace-ful de -
light, in the realms of the blest, Where an - gel arms fon - dle your
bright cherub boy, And lead him by love in - to God's ho-ly rest, God's ho - ly
rest, God's ho - ly rest, And lead him by love in - to God's ho-ly rest.

3. BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF JOY.

LET sorrow and grief loose their hold on
your heart,
And hope, brightest hope, blossom joyfully
there;
For God in his garden of life gives you part,
And minist'reng spirits there hallow the
air.

3 Oh, think not that heaven is far, far away,
In measureless voids of ethereal space,
For your dear cherub boy is still near you
each day,
To soothe and to bless you with gentlest
embrace.

4 And free, happy spirits of light and of love
Unfold to his reason the lessons of heaven,
As, dwelling below or dwelling above,
To love-lighted souls such guidance is
given.

5 Then think of him sweetly and tenderly still,
Your own cherub boy in the realms of the
blest,
So happy his spirit-life mission to fill,
And lead you at last into God's holy rest.

4.

THE INNER VOICE.

1 THE voice of an angel
Falls sweet on our ears;
It whispers of goodness
That conquers our fears;
It speaks of a Father,
Who governs in love,
Who draws all his children
To bright homes above.

2 It makes our souls hopeful,
And joyful our life,
Gives strength to our feelings
To overcome strife.
We know that contention,
That pride, hate, and scorn
Will turn to sweet concord
In truth's beauteous morn.

3 We know that truth's brightness
Shall dawn upon earth,
Sweet flowers spring around us
Of heavenly birth.
Though eager to witness
All things ruled by love,
We wait with calm patience
These gifts from above.

*The Spiritual Harp.**GOD KNOWS IT ALL.*

1. In the dim re - cess of thy spir - it's cham - ber, Is there some
 hid - den grief thou mayst not tell ? Let not thy heart for - sake thee, but remem - ber
 His pity - ing eye who sees and knows it well,— God knows it all.
 And art thou tossed on bil - lows of temp - ta - tion, And wouldst be
 good, but e - vil still pre - vails ? Oh, think, a - mid the waves of trib - u - la-tion,
 When earth-ly hope, when earthly re - fuge fails, God knows it all.

THEN DO RIGHT.

Earnestly.

1. Wouldst thou lead a use - ful life, Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,
Have thy bark se - rene - ly glide Smooth - ly down life's earth - ly tide,
See the bright and sun - ny side ? Then do right !

6. GOD KNOWS IT ALL!

2 AND dost thou wrong thy brother,—deeds concealing

In some dark spot no human eye can see?
Then walk in pride without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?

God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed and poor and heavy-hearted,
[arrayed?

The heavens above thee in thick clouds
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,

No friendly voice to say, “Be not afraid”?
God knows it all!

3 Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops flowing

For one so early lost to earth and thee?
The depths of grief no human being knowing,
Which moans in spirit like the moaning
God knows it all! [sea?

Then trust thy God! Pour out thy heart before him,

There is no grief thy Father cannot feel;
And let thy grateful songs of praise adore him

By striving every wounded heart to heal!
God knows it all!

7. THEN DO RIGHT.

1 WOULDST thou lead a useful life,
Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,
Have thy bark serenely glide
Smoothly down life's earthly tide,
See the bright and sunny side?
Then do right!

2 Wouldst thou have of men good-will,
Find a good in every ill,
Pass along in goodly cheer,
Never held in coward fear,
Have a mind and conscience clear?
Then do right!

3 Wouldst thou save thy earthly form
From diseases' blight and storm,
Prosper without selfish end,
Find in all a brother, friend,
Each a helping hand to lend?
Then do right!

4 Wouldst thou truest friendship know,
Wouldst thou pure and holy grow,
Every tempter wisely scan,
Hold thy passions under ban,
Rise a truer, higher man?
Then do right!

*BE HAPPY.**Earnestly.*

1. Be hap - py, be hap - py ! for bright is the earth, With sun - shine and
mu - sic and love ; Each day it grows rich - er in
wis - dom and worth, And more like sweet hea - ven a - bove.

Chorus.

Then let us be hap - py ! Sun - ny and bright in the face ;
Oh, let us be hap - py ! Earth is a beau - ti - ful place.

8.

BE HAPPY.

1 BE happy, be happy ! For bright is the earth,
With sunshine and music and love ;
Each day it grows richer in wisdom and
And more like sweet heaven above. [worth,

2 Be happy, be happy ! for fountains most sweet
Are gushing along the bright years,

And pathways all pleasant are waiting our
With joys more abundant than tears. [feet,

3 Be happy, be happy ! who loves the black
clouds,
Which lower in their boding so deep ?
'Tis better to walk in bright raiments than
'Tis better to smile than to weep. [shrouds,

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

1. Not to the man of dol - lars, Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cun - ning, Not to the man of creeds,
Not to the one whose pas - sion Is for a world's re -nown,
Not in the form of fash - ion, Com - eth a bless - ing down.

9.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

1 NOT to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds,
Not to the one whose passion
Is for a world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

2 Not unto lands' expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

3 Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded
Not to unholy fame,
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

4 But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good,
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food,
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

THE OLD AND NEW.

1. Oh ! sometimes gleams up - on our sight, Through pres - ent wrong, th' eternal right !
 And step by step, since time be - gan, We see the steady gain of man.
 That all of good the past has had Re - mains to make our own time glad,
 Our com-mon dai - ly life di - vine, And every land a Pal - es - tine.

10.

THE OLD AND NEW.

1 O H sometimes gleams upon our sight,
 Through present wrong, th' eternal right !
 And step by step, since time began,
 We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had
 Remains to make our own time glad,
 Our common daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

2 We lack but open eye and ear
 To find the Orient's marvels here,
 The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
 Yon maple wood the burning bush.
 For still the New transcends the Old,
 In signs and tokens manifold ;
 Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
 With roots deep set in battle graves.

3 Through the harsh noises of the day
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
 A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
 For olden time and holier shore ;
 God's love and blessing, then and there,
 Are now and here and everywhere.

11. DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

1 H APPY the man whose hopes divine
 On nature's guardian God recline ;
 Who can with sacred transport say,
 This God is mine, my help, my stay.
 Heaven, earth, and sea declare his name ;
 He built, he filled their spacious frame ;
 And o'er creation's fairest lines
 His steadfast truth unchanging shines.

2 His justice looks on those who mourn
 Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
 The hungry poor his hand sustains,
 And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
 If weary strangers friendless roam,
 Divine protection is their home ;
 His love relieves the widow's care,
 And dries the helpless orphan's tear.

THE BETTER LAND.

1. I hear thee speak of the better land; Thou call'est its children a happy band; Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs? No, not there, no, not there, my child.

12.

THE BETTER LAND.

1 I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
No, not there, no, not there, my child!

2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And dates are grown ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'mid green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the richest hues of all glorious things?
No, not there, no, not there, my child!

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where rivers are wand'ring o'er sands of gold,
Where burning rays of the ruby shine,
And diamonds light up the secret mine,
And pearls gleam forth from the coral strand?

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
No, not there, no, not there, my child!

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath never heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,

Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb;
It is there, it is there, my child!

WE COME.

1. We come an angel band to greet, Who left their fragrant bowers,
To wreath the weary ones of earth With love's undying flow - ers;
Oh, let the flow - ers live and bloom, Till, o'er the shining riv - er,
A gar - land light they'll twine for thee, To live and bloom for - ev - er.

13.

WE COME.

1 WE come an angel band to greet,
Who left their fragrant bowers,
To wreath the weary ones of earth
With love's undying flowers;
Oh, let the flowers live and bloom
Till, o'er the shining river,
A garland light, they'll twine for thee
To live and bloom forever.

2 We come our spirit friends to meet,
Dear sister, darling brother,
To feel the holy presence sweet
Of a loving angel mother;
Oh, let this holy presence hush
All gloomy, sad repining,
For o'er each weary child of earth
A star of love is shining.

3 We come an angel throng to hail,
To tell the thrilling story,
How they have raised the starry veil,
And filled our souls with glory;

While golden strings of harp and lute,
E'er swept by angel fingers,
Send forth their music-echo sweet
That on each sunbeam lingers.

14.

SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

1 THE world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure,
And what with want and care and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure;
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gayly if we will
But smile and be contented.

2 If we are poor and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

CHARITY.

1. If we knew the cares and crosses, Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the lit - tle losses, Sore - ly grievous day by day;
Would we then so of - ten chide him . For the lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our hearts a stain?

3 When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap,
And consolation borrow;
If thorns may rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

15.

CHARITY.

1 If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day;
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our hearts a stain?

2 If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our human hearts dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many breaks of woe,
And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest,—
This the blessed angels know.

3 Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And, with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may have the blest fruition
Of unselfish love to men.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

1. Scatter the germs of the beau-ti - ful ! By the way-side let them fall,

That the rose may spring by the cot-tage gate, And the vine on the gar-den wall ;

Cover the rough and the rude of earth With a veil of leaves and flowers,

And mark with the opening bud and cup The march of sum-mer hours.

16.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

1 SCATTER the germs of the beautiful !
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden-wall ;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

2 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home,
Let the pure and fair and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come ;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art.

3 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God,
Of the God who starred the uplifted sky,
And who flowered the trampled sod ;
Building a temple for himself
And a home for ev'ry race,
He reared ev'ry arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

4 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depth of ev'ry soul ;
They shall bud and blossom and bear the
While the endless ages roll; [fruit,
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And truth, love, and joy about your path
In Paradise shall bloom.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

1. How to be happy? Go ask the flower That peeps a - bove the ground,
And scat - ters per - fume ev - ery hour On all the plants a - round,
Dying at last en - gulfed in sweet, Its own pure leaves its wind - ing - sheet,
Wind - ing - sheet, wind - ing - sheet, Its own pure leaves its wind - ing - sheet.

17.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

1 HOW to be happy? Go ask the flower
That peeps above the ground,
And scatters perfume every hour
On all the plants around,
Dying at last, engulfed in sweet,
Its own pure leaves its winding-sheet.

2 How to be happy? Go ask the bird
In golden plumage drest,
Whose morning hymn of praise is heard,
Uprising from its nest,
Singing as sweet as heav'nly choirs,
Attuned by angels' magic lyres.

3 How to be happy? Go ask the star
That throws its modest light
On myriad worlds afar, afar,
Beyond all mortal sight,
Running its long and bright career,
Yet moves not from its brilliant sphere.

4 How to be happy? Come, let us go
To Nature's secret care;
Open thy heart to wisdom's flow,
And lay thy spirit bare.
Like flower and bird and star, thou'l find
The gem thou seek'st is in thy mind.

BROTHER.

1. Thou art gone be - fore us, brother, To the bless - ed spirit land ;
 Thou art gone, and soon an - other In thy va - cant place may stand.
 Oh ! thy pleas - ant smile of greet - ing Ne - ver - more shall glad our eyes,
 And thy voice, the hymn re - peat - ing, Nev - er - more with ours shall rise.

18. THOU ART GONE BEFORE.

1 THOU art gone before us, brother,
 To the blessed spirit land ;
 Thou art gone, and soon another
 In thy vacant place may stand.
 Oh, thy pleasant smile of greeting
 Nevermore shall glad our eyes,
 And thy voice, the hymn repeating,
 Nevermore with ours shall rise.

2 But thy spirit may be near us
 Sometimes, brother, on our way,
 And its happier presence cheer us
 In our prayer, or in our play.
 Peace be with thee, O our brother !
 In the blessed spirit land ;
 Thou'rt not lost, although another
 In thy vacant place may stand.

19. ANGEL FRIENDS.

1 FLOATING on the breath of evening,
 Breathing in the morning prayer,
 Hear I oft the tender voices
 That once made the world so fair;
 I forget, while listening to them,
 All the sorrow I have known,
 And upon the troubles present,
 Faith's pure shining light is thrown ;

2 Soothing with their magic whispers,
 Calming all my wildest fears,
 Thus they bring me sweet submission,
 Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
 Bless you, angel friends, for never
 Am I lonely on the way ;
 Since your gentle teachings ever
 Guide and guard me night and day.

OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

Permission of Root & Cady.

Andante.

1. O mother, sing to me of heav'n, That home of peace and rest,
 2. O mother, sing to me of heav'n, Of those who've gone before;

Where weary pilgrims find re-pose, And sorrowing hearts are blest,
 I saw them in my dreams last night, Upon the shining shore;

Where faith unfolds her golden wings, No more by tempests driv'n,
 I stood a-mid the happy throng, New light to me was giv'n,

Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven,
 I care not for the songs of earth, Dear mother, sing of heaven,

Chorus.

Of heaven, of heaven, Oh, sing to me of heaven,
 Oh, sing to me of heaven, of heaven, Oh, sing to me of heaven, of heaven.

Repeat ♫ ♫

Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven,
 I care not for the songs of earth, Dear mother, sing of heaven.

OH, STRIKE THE HARP IN NATURE'S PRAISE!

1. Oh, the bud - ding leaves of spring-time, With their love - ly verdure bright,

Are fill - ing the earth with beauty, And the soul with calm de - light,

Are fill - ing the earth with beauty, And the soul with calm de - light.

Chorus.

Then strike the harp in na - ture's praise, For all things bright and gay,

For soon the au - tumn days will come, And the flow - 'rets pass a - way,

For soon the au - tumn days will come, And the flow - 'rets pass a - way.

STAR OF HOPE.

1. Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning rays,
That e'er illume the pilgrim's way, And fill the soul with ho - ly praise.

22. STAR OF HOPE.

1 BRIGHT Star of Hope, thy rise we hail;
Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning rays,
That e'er illume the pilgrim's way,
And fill the soul with holy praise.

2 Bright Star of Hope, we follow thee;
Herald divine, we catch thy voice;
Thy notes proclaim God's jubilee,
And bid a rising world rejoice.

3 Hail, Star of Hope! our hearts adore
Thy light, which shines on life's dark wave
Like the bright guide on ocean's shore,
The storm-spent mariner to save.

4 Hail, Star of Hope! man's certain guide
To truth and life by mercy given;
Spread wide thy rays, till all mankind
Receive this richest boon of heaven.

2 Oh, the roses come in summer
With their fragrance sweet and rare,
A glorious bright new-comer,
Whose brilliance fills the air,
A glorious bright new-comer,
Whose brilliance fills the air.

Chorus.

3 But the autumn days are near us
With the sere and yellow leaf;
But golden grains shall cheer us,
And promise earth relief,
But golden grains shall cheer us,
And promise earth relief.

Chorus.

4 It is thus with fleeting hours,
In the life of man on earth;
He comes like the spring-time flowers,
And falls in autumn's dearth,
He comes like the spring-time flowers,
And falls in autumn's dearth.

Chorus.

5 But there is a land of beauty,
Of wisdom, love, and truth,
Where in the path of duty
We shall live in endless youth,
Where in the path of duty
We shall live in endless youth.
Then strike the harp in nature's praise
For all things bright and gay!
For, though the flowers of earth-land fade,
We shall live in endless day,
For, though the flowers of earth-land fade,
We shall live in endless day.

23. OH, STRIKE THE HARP IN NATURE'S PRAISE!

1 O H, the budding leaves of spring-time,
With their lovely verdure bright,
Are filling the earth with beauty,
And the soul with calm delight.
Are filling the earth with beauty,
And the soul with calm delight.
Then strike the harp in nature's praise
For all things bright and gay,
For soon the autumn days will come,
And the flow'rets pass away,
For soon the autumn days will come,
And the flow'rets pass away.

*THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.**Not too Slow.*

1. There's a beau - ti - ful shore,^a where the loved ones are gone, 'Mid the

flowers decked in ev - er - green bloom, And we know they have

crossed o'er the dark death - wave, And they dwell in that bright angel home.

They have fought the good fight and the faith have kept, And they

join in the an - gel throng, And the soft melting notes of the

chorus a - bove, In beauty are borne a - long, In beauty are borne a - long.

GOD IS LOVE.

1. I can - not al - ways trace the way Where thou, Om - ni-scient One, dost move;
But I can al - ways, al - ways say That God is love.

25.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Omniscient One, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

2 When Fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.

3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Yes, God is love; a thought like this
Can every gloomy doubt remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

26.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

1 THERE'S a beautiful shore, where the loved ones are gone,
'Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom,
And we know they have crossed o'er the dark death-wave,
And they dwell in that bright angel home.
They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept;
And they join in the angel throng;
And the soft, melting note of the chorus above
In beauty is borne along.

2 Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
And the flowers and the evergreen trees,
We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow,
And the breath faintly dies on the breeze;
We shall meet the beloved who have gone before,
And have bloomed in the world of peace,
When our spirits shall pass to that holier shore,
Where sorrows forever cease.

3 To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day ascend, like the brave of yore,
And repose in the beautiful shade.
We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil,
Till the pilot shall bear us o'er
To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,
Where parting shall come no more.

NEW YEAR.

1. O soul, be - gin thy might-y quest, To-day set forth in search of God;
The In - fi - nite shall give thee rest, The Spir-it is thy staff and rod.

27.

NEW YEAR.

1 O SOUL, begin thy mighty quest,
To-day set forth in search of God;
The Infinite shall give thee rest,
The Spirit is thy staff and rod.

2 Yet, soul, not far away He dwells
Who is thy promise and thy stay;
Within thee, in thy nature's wells,
He sheweth clear the truth and way.

3 My soul, another year comes fleet;
Weak wert thou in the race with time,
Did not the Spirit wing thy feet,
And bear thee on to heights sublime.

4 O soul, acquaint thee with thy needs!
To-day re-consecrate thy power,
And let thy ritual be the deeds
To bless thy brother more and more.

BALM.

1. We come, we come from a land of love, To dry your tear - ful eyes,

To tell you of your home a - bove, Beyond the mor - tal skies.

28.

BALM.

1 WE come, we come from a land of love,
To dry your tearful eyes,
To tell you of your home above,
Beyond the mortal skies.

2 We come with power to conquer death,
To break the chains of fear,
To ope the gates of spirit-life,
And show its shining mere;

3 To soothe your spirits bowed with pain,
To answer doubts that sting,
And to the hearts where sorrows reign
A balm of Gilead bring.

4 We come, we come from realms of light,
To lead you to the shore
Where angels dwell in calm delight,
Forever, evermore.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

1. Our Na - tive Land, our Na - tive Land, Land dear to every heart !

They breathe free air, they proud - ly stand, Who but of thee have part !

'Tis not broad plains, or skies so clear, Or mountains high and grand;

'Tis lib - er - ty that makes so dear Our own blest Native Land, Native Land.

29.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

1 OUR Native Land, our Native Land,
Land dear to every heart!
They breathe free air, they proudly stand,
Who but of thee have part!
'Tis not broad plains, or skies so clear,
Or mountains high and grand;
'Tis liberty that makes so dear
Our own blest Native Land!

2 Oh, land beloved, whose Washington
Toiled nobly for its peace,
Whose patriots bled till life was done,
That tyranny might cease!
'Twas Freedom's shrine they sought to rear;
By that we ever stand;
'Tis liberty that makes so dear
Our own blest Native Land!

3 Dear Native Land! the world's oppressed
Turn longingly to thee;
Not for thy wealth, thy might confessed,
Thy noble Unity;
Not for thy wide, embracing sphere,
Thy sons that waiting stand;
'Tis liberty that makes so dear
Our own blest Native Land!

4 Dear Native Land! dear Father-Land!
May peace within thee dwell!
May bounteous life from God's good hand
O'er all thy valleys swell!
May right and truth have nought to fear
While heaven and earth shall stand!
'Tis liberty that makes so dear
Our own blest Native Land!

LEO.

1. Hark ! I hear the an - gels call - ing, 'Mid, the thun - der tones so loud;

Er - ror's throne is trembl - ing, fall - ing; Truth pre - sents her with a shroud.

Bil - lows roll 'mid foam - ing ocean, Lightnings flash from pole to pole,

Hearts beat high with wild com - mo - tion; God is speak - ing to the soul.

30.

REFORM.

1 HARK ! I hear the angels calling,
 'Mid the thunder tones so loud;
 Error's throne is trembling, falling;
 Truth presents her with a shroud.
 Billows roll 'mid foaming ocean,
 Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Hearts beat high with wild commotion;
 God is speaking to the soul.

2 'Tis no dream of idle fancies,
 From the world of spirits brought,
 Who are playing games of chances,
 That will quickly come to nought.
 But 'tis truth from the Eternal
 That is winging now its way
 Back to earth from worlds supernal,
 Changing darkness into day.

31.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

1 WAKEN, toilers, light is breaking !
 Morn upon the mountain reigns ;
 In the dim, prophetic distance,
 Lo ! a trumpet voice proclaims :
 "Leisure for the toiling people !
 Wealth from nature's golden store ;
 Knowledge for the waiting nations,
 Herald it the wide world o'er !"

2 Voices from across the ocean,
 Wafted from old England's clime,
 Greeted by the Western prairies,
 Loud the bells of Freedom chime :
 "Leisure for the toiling bondman,
 Delving in his master's ore ;
 Justice, with thy mighty trumpet,
 Herald it the wide world o'er !"

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

1. Keep the heart young, though the sands ebb low, And the sil - ver cord be part - ing,
 Though the wrinkles come and the ro-ses go, And the first gray hairs are start-ing.
 Keep the heart young, though the look grow old, All its in - ner life re - veal - ing,
 And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold, Like the brook through dingles stealing.

3 Earnest woman, now, is knocking
 At the door of Senate Halls,
 Equal rights for all demanding;
 She for justice bravely calls,—
 Leisure for the working women,
 Social evils to explore,
 "Social science" for the people!
 Herald it the wide world o'er!

4 Then we'll labor till oppression,
 In its hydra form, is dead;
 Labor till the world's producer
 Dares uplift his manly head;
 Till no honest, life-long worker
 Lacks a home on any shore;
 Justice to the toiling masses,
 Herald it the wide world o'er!

32. KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

1 KEEP the heart young, though the sands
 And the silver cord be parting, [ebb low,
 Though the wrinkles come, and the roses go,
 And the first gray hairs are start-ing.
 Keep the heart young, though the look grow
 All its inner life revealing, [old,
 And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold,
 Like the brook through dingles stealing.

2 As the pearl keeps fair in its sunken shell,
 Though the beach be wasting ever,
 And the springs still gush in the shady dell,
 While the dying day-beams quiver;
 As the leaves grow old on the ivy green,
 With the rest in autumn weather,
 Let the links keep bright in their golden
 That bind us all together. [sheen,

*AFFECTION.**Slowly and tenderly.*

1. Thou hast passed the shadowy por - tal, Thou hast borne the mor - tal strife,
 Thou hast left this world of sor - row For a world of heav'n - ly life;
 And our hearts are grieving for thee, Grieving with in - tens - est pain,
 Grief-ing that we shall not see thee, Our dear moth - er, here a - gain.

33.

AFFECTION.

I THOU hast passed the shadowy portal,
 Thou hast borne the mortal strife,
 Thou hast left this world of sorrow
 For a world of heavenly life;
 And our hearts are grieving for thee,
 Grieving with intensest pain,
 Grieving that we shall not see thee,
 Our dear mother, here again.

2 How we love thee! Ah! we love thee
 Love thee more than words can tell,
 Love thee, not, we trust, unwisely,
 Lost one! not, we trust, too well;
 Lost one? No, not lost, for near us
 In the spirit, still thou art,
 And in all our best affections
 Bearest still a precious part.

34.

ONE BY ONE.

I ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall;
 Some are coming, some are going,
 Strive not thou to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what those can teach.

2 Do not look at life's long sorrow,
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 Every day begin again.
 Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

3 Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passion hours despond,
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.
 Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven; but one by one,
 Take them lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

COME, GENTLE SPIRITS.

1. Come, gen - tle spir - its, to us now; Look on with ten - der eyes;
Touch your soft hands up - on each brow, Sweet spirits from the skies.

35.

COME, GENTLE SPIRITS.

1 COME, gentle spirits, to us now;
Look on with tender eyes;
Touch your soft hands upon each brow,
Sweet spirits from the skies.

2 Come from your homes of perfect light,
Come from your silvery streams,
Come from your scenes of joy more bright
Than we e'er know in dreams.

3 Oh, speak to us in gentle tones!
Our hearts are seeking now

A beauty like to that which shines
Upon each angel brow.
4 Like holy star-beams on a sea,
Filled bright with happy isles,
Whence sullen storms forever flee,
Where heaven forever smiles,—
5 They come, and night is no more night,
Pale sorrow's reign is o'er;
For death is but a gate of light,
And gloomy now no more.

EMMA.

1. When, in the hours of ver - nal bloom, Some unseen an - gel's hand
Leads one we love be - yond the tomb To heaven's serener land.

36.

BUDDING LIFE.

1 WHEN, in the hours of vernal bloom,
Some unseen angel's hand
Leads one we love beyond the tomb
To heaven's serener land;

2 The shadow of that angel's wing
Falls darker on our way,
That midst the budding life of spring,
We look not for decay.

3 She whom we mourn, while hope was bright,
And life was fresh and fair,
To the celestial fields of light
Hath passed from earthly care.

4 In the soft rest and sweet repose
Of that fair realm of bliss,
Her gentle spirit waits for those
She loved and left in this.

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

1. Think gen - tly of the erring one, And let us not for - get,

How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is our brother yet,

Heir of the same in - her - i - tance, Child of the self - same God,

He hath but stum - bled in the path Which we in weakness trod,

Which we in weak - ness trod, Which we in weak - ness trod,

He hath but stumbled in the path Which we in weakness trod.

EVENING.

Gently.

1. Gen - tle twi - light, soft - ly steal - ing ' O'er the bu - sy scenes of earth,
Brings a beau - ti - ful re - veal - ing Of the spir - it's ho - lier worth,—
Sweet re - veal - ing, sweet re - veal - ing Of the spir - it's ho - lier worth.

37. THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

1 THINK gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget, .
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Which we in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

3 Speak kindly to the erring one;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

38.

EVENING.

1 GENTLE twilight, softly stealing
O'er the busy scenes of earth,
Brings a beautiful revealing
Of the spirit's holier worth,—
Sweet revealing
Of the spirit's holier worth.

2 Filled with meditative musing
Sits the calm, communing soul,
Stars of twilight soft diffusing
Evening incense as they roll,—
Soft diffusing
Evening incense as they roll.

3 Brightest of the orbs there beaming,
Heavenly lamps hung out above,
Shines the lamp of truth redeeming,
Star of God's unfailing love,—
Truth redeeming,
Star of God's unfailing love.

4 Holy star, so mildly shining,
With thy pure, celestial ray,
Let my heart, its love entwining,
Feel the dawn of heavenly day,—
Love entwining,
Feel the dawn of heavenly day.

TRUST.

1. When in De - sponden-cy's dark path My weary feet were found, And
scare one gleam of hope or faith Lit up the gloom pro - found, Lit up the gloom profound.

39.

1 WHEN in Despondency's dark path
My weary feet were found,
And scarce one gleam of hope or faith
Lit up the gloom profound;

2 And when my spirit depths were stirred
To keenest agony, —
I then this sweet assurance heard,
“Thy Father leadeth thee.”

TRUST.

3 Then I will trust His guardian care
Who, with unmeasured love,
Would draw my wandering heart to where
Its treasures are, — above.

4 And though the way still darker grow,
And I no rift can see
Within the cloud, I still shall know,
My Father leadeth me.

WE ARE ALL REJOICING.

1. Lo, we all are re - joic - ing to - day, In the light that il - lu-mines our way,

For the spirits of those whom we love Come to us from their man-sions a - bove.

40.

WE ARE ALL REJOICING.

2 THEY are those whom we lost'mid our tears, | 3 Lo, they come in the glory of light,
They are those we've thought absent for And they come in the stillness of night,
And they come with a joy all divine [years, And they lead every heart to adore,
Round our hearts their fond loves to entwine. Till the tearful are weeping no more.

"SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP!"

From "CORONET," by permission of Root & Cady.

Piano e legato.

1. Sor-row-ful mourn - er, si - lent-ly weep! Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep;
Gaze on the form where beau - ty once bloomed, Now in the dust it must be en - tombed.

Chorus. *ritard ad. lib.*

Sor-row-ful mourn - er, si-lent-ly weep, — Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.

4 And their light hath dispersed the gloom,
While a halo encircles the tomb,
And fair hope twines a chaplet of bliss
To unite their bright world unto this.

5 Oh, let smiles then illumine each heart;
Bid its sorrows forever depart;
Take the hand that pure angels extend,
And be guided to joys without end.

41. "SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP."

1 SORROWFUL mourner, silently weep!
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep;
Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed,
Now in the dust it must be entombed.
Sorrowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.

2 Come to her couch, draw quietly near,
Think of her soul in Love's happy sphere,
Check then thy sorrows, death is the hand
Bearing her on to yonder bright land.
Sorrowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep!

3 Bear her away, friends, to her last home!
Peacefully lay her down in the tomb!
Lightly, tread lightly, round the low bed,
Sweetly now sleeps the beautiful dead.
Sorrowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep?

4 Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave!
Gently, ye pine-boughs, over her wave!
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring!
Musical rill, your lullaby sing.
Sorrowful mourner, weeping no more,
Meet her upon yon beautiful shore.

PEACE.

1. "Glo - ry to God, and peace to men," Once rung o'er wide Ju - de - a's plain; An - ge - lic hosts sung glad - ly when
The Prince of peace was born to reign.

42.

PEACE.

- 1 GLORY to God, and peace to men,"
Once rung o'er wide Judea's plain;
Angelic hosts sung gladly when
The Prince of peace was born to reign.
- 2 How sweet that heavenly chorus rose
O'er hatred's harsh, discordant sound;
How pure its peaceful anthem flows,
To charm the earth's remotest bound.
- 3 The morning stars together sung,
The hills rejoiced, the valleys smiled;
The bow of hope in heaven was hung,
Arched o'er the manger of the child.
- 4 And ever peals that heavenly song,
"Glory to God and peace to men,"
As rolling years the strains prolong,
And angel hosts are come again.

43.

HEAVEN.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all that lies between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore,
There falls no shadow, rests no stain;

There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

44. HOME OF THE ANGELS.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL home of life and light,
Thy glory beams upon our sight;
Thy anthems ring from dome to dome,
Home of the angels, happy home.
- 2 Over thy radiant bending skies
The hues of morning float and rise;
Gently as breathes the voice of prayer,
Songs of the sinless fill the air.
- 3 Beautiful home of love divine,
Our deepest hearts around thee twine;
Unto thy summer bower we come,
Home of the angels, happy home.

SHALL WE KNOW THE LOVED ONES THERE?

1. And shall we know the loved ones there, In yon bright world of love and bliss,
When, on the wings of ambient air, Our spirits soar a-way from this?
Or must we feel the ceaseless pain Of absence in that glorious sphere,
And search through heaven's bright hosts in vain The sainted forms we've cherished here?

45. SHALL WE KNOW THE LOVED ONES THERE?

AND shall we know the loved ones there,
In yon bright world of love and bliss,
When, on the wings of ambient air,
Our spirits soar away from this?
Or must we feel the ceaseless pain
Of absence in that glorious sphere, [vain
And search through heaven's bright hosts in
The sainted forms we've cherished here?

2 Will not their hearts demand us there,—
Those hearts, whose fondest throbs were
To us on earth, whose every prayer [given
Petitioned for our ties in heaven?
Whose love outlived the stormy past,
And closer twined around us here,
And deeper grew until the last,—
Say, will they not demand us there?

3 Will they not wander lonely o'er
Those fields of light and life above,
If spirits they have loved of yore
Respond not to the call of love?
And though the glory of the skies,
And seraph's glittering crowns they wear,
Though heaven's full radiance greet their
eyes,
Still, will they not demand us there?

4 It must be so; for heaven is home,
Where severed spirits reunite;
And from the basement to its dome,
Are altars sacred to the rite;
And joy doth strike her golden strings,
And holier seems that home of bliss,
As some reft heart from earth upsprings
To meet in that the loved of this.

THE MYSTIC BARK.

1. The river is dark and the waves are cold,
The boatman is pale and the bark is old;
'Tis the burden that's breathed from the lips of clay,
And the spirit shudders to launch a-way,
To ungrapple the chains from the shores of time,
With an outward bound for an unknown clime; To
loose its grasp from the realm of real, And be drifted a-way to the dim ideal.

46.

THE MYSTIC BARK.

1 THE river is dark and the waves are cold,
The boatman is pale and the bark is old;
'Tis the burden that's breathed from the lips of clay,
And the spirit shudders to launch away,
To ungrapple the chains from the shores of Time,
With an outward bound for an unknown clime;
To loose its grasp from the realm of real,
And be drifted away to the dim ideal.

2 But a mystical voice that the soul-life hears
Would scatter such doubts and would banish
such fears;
It talks to the soul in a different way,
And it says the rays from the realms of Day
Give warmth to the waves that we dream are
cold,
And the river's glinted with glimmers of
gold;
That the ripples are bronzed by a brilliance
bright,
Unswept by the shadows that darken Time's
flight.

IMMORTALITY.

Moderato.

1. When our wearied eyes shall close On the toils, the cares, and woes,
 Which ere - ate a stream that flows Dark - ly through life's realm,
 Joys and hopes to o - ver - whelm, Then the soul as - cend - ing.
 Lives where all joys blend - ing, Bide un - en - ding.

3 And it says that the bark, tho' of fairy form,
 Is a masterpiece of the heavenly Norm;
 And though light as a cloud in the ether
 blue,
 And clear as air, it is strong and true.
 And bright angels' wings are the sails that
 bear
 The longing life to a land so fair, [bliss,
 And the music that drifts from the world of
 Makes the spirit forget all the music of this.

4 And this is the way our bark shall ride
 O'er murmuring waters in musical tide;
 And a convoy of souls on the other side,
 So pure and fair, and so glorified,
 With anthems of rapture shall welcome in
 Another life from the land of sin;
 And the spirit released here shall nevermore
 Regret its change to the fadeless shore.

47.

IMMORTALITY.

1 WHEN our wearied eyes shall close
 On the toils, the cares, and woes,
 Which create a stream that flows
 Darkly through life's realm,
 Joys and hopes to overwhelm, —
 Then the soul ascending
 Lives where all joys blending,
 Bide unending.

2 There the soul shall still live on,
 As unnumbered cycles run,
 Till each planet-circled sun
 Pales and fades away,
 Knowing sorrow nor decay,
 Higher still progressing,
 Purer joys possessing,
 Onward pressing.

*DEVOTION.**Andante.*

1. Soft - ly evening shades are steal-ing, Where a love - ly cherub, kneel - ing,
Lisps her lit - tle prayer, And a look, al - most of hea - ven,
To her an - gel face is giv - en; Trust - ing hope is there.

48.

INFANTILE DEVOTION.

1 SOFTLY evening shades are stealing,
Where 'a lovely cherub, kneeling,
Lisps her little prayer,
And a look, almost of heaven,
To her angel face is given;
Trusting hope is there.

2 Heavenly Spirit, far above me,
Though I cannot see, I love thee,
For your kindly care;

Tell me if dear father, mother,
And my little smiling brother,
In your heaven are.

3 For around me when I'm dreaming
Come their faces, happy, beaming,
And I know them well;
When they come, sweet songs are ringing;
Are they in your presence singing?
Blessed angels, tell.

*UNCERTAINTY.**Slowly, tenderly.*

1. O Father, hear! the way is dark, and I would fain dis - cern
What steps to take, in - to which path to turn; Oh, make it clear.

THE SPIRIT BUGLE.

Not too fast.

1. The splen-dor falls on church-es' walls, And stee-ple-sum-mits old in sto-ry;
 The long light rains a-down the chains Of black ca-the-dra ls lit in glo-ry:
 Blow, bu-gle, blow! set the truth-ech-o es fly-ing! Blow, bu-gle; ans-wer,
 ech-o es—dy-ing! dy-ing! dy-ing!

Second time. pp.

49. UNCERTAINTY.

1 O FATHER, hear!
 The way is dark, and I would fain discern
 What steps to take, into which path to turn;
 Oh, make it clear!

2 My faith is weak;
 I long to hear thee say, "This is the way;
 Walk in it, fainting soul; I'll be thy stay;"
 O Father, speak!

3 Let thy strong arm
 Reach through the gloom for me to lean upon
 And with a willing heart I'll journey on,
 And fear no harm.

4 I wait for thee
 As those who, watching, wait the coming
 dawn:
 Pant, as for water pants the thirsty fawn;
 Oh, come to me!

5 Thou knowest me;
 Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope;
 And Oh! thou knowest that my only hope
 Is found in thee.

50. THE SPIRIT BUGLE.

1 THE splendor falls on churches' walls,
 And steeple-summits old in story;
 The long light rains adown the chains
 Of black cathedrals lit in glory,—
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying! dying!
 dying!

2 Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The music-angels faintly blowing!
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying! dying!
 dying!

3 O love! they fly from bending sky,
 We hear their blast across the river!
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever!
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
 And answer, echoes; answer—dying! dying!
 dying!

SONG OF THE HARVESTERS.

Allegretto.

1. We gath - er them in, the bright green leaves, With our scythes and our rakes to - day,
And the mow grows big as the pitcher heaves His lifts in the swel - t'ring bay.
Oh, ho! a-field! for the mower's scythe Hath a ring of des - ti - ny,
Sweep - ing the earth of its bur - den lithe, As it sings in wrath-ful glee.

51.

SONG OF THE HARVESTERS.

1 WE gather them in, the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and our rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big as the pitcher heaves
His lifts in the swelt'ring bay.
Oh, ho! afield! for the mower's scythe
Hath a ring of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,
As it sings in wrathful glee.

2 We gather them in, the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bended grain,
And the glancing light of our blades illumines
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Anon we come with the steed-drawn car,
With the car of modern laws,
And acres stoop to its clanging jar,
As it reeks its hungry jaws.

3 We gather them in, the mellow fruits,
From the shrub and the vine and tree,
With their russet, golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury;
And each has juiciest treasure stored
Of the nectar we will bring
To cheer the guests at the social board
In our festive gathering.

4 We gather it in, this goodly store,
But not with a miser's gust,
For the great All-Father that we adore
Hath giv'n it to us in trust.
Our work of death doth preserve our life
In the wintry days to come,—
May blessings fall on the reaper's strife,
As we shout our harvest home!

OCEAN LIFE.

1. Heave, might-y o-cean, heave, And blow, thou boisterous wind,
On - ward we swift - ly glide and leave Our home and friends be - hind.
A - way, a - way, we steer, Up - on the o - cean's breast.
And dim the dis - tant heights ap - pear, Like clouds a - long the west.

52.

OCEAN LIFE.

² THERE is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onward still we sweep.
But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.

3 Then wherefore should we grieve,
Or what have we to fear?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.
Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep;
Ye winds, blow foul or fair;
His spirits guard us on the deep;
Our home is everywhere.

53.

FREELY GIVE.

¹ GO forth among the poor;
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,

And blunt the thorns of care.
Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from the duty start,
Speak to them words of gracious love,—
Blest are the pure in heart.

² Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.
Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Change darkness into holy light,
Blest are the eyes that weep.

³ Go forth through all the earth,
There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
But laborers are few;
With tireless, hopeful love

Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too,—
Blest are the pure in heart.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Allegretto.

1. A - way with false fashion, so calm and so chill, Where pleasure itself can-not
 please, can-not please; A - way with cold breeding, that faith-less - ly still Af -
 fects to be quite at its ease, at its ease: For the deep-est in feel - ing is
 high - est in rank, The freest is first in the band, And Nature's own nobleman,
 friendly and frank, Is a man with his heart in his hand ! in his hand !
 And Nature's own no - ble - man, friend-ly and frank, Is a man with his heart in his hand !

STRIKE AWAY.

1. What though clouds are o'er thee, Strike a-way! Dark-ness lies be-fo-ro thee,
 Comes the day! O'er the mist - y moun - tain Breaks the light!
 Morn - ing's crys - tal foun - tain Cheers the night!

54. NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

1 A WAY with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
 Where pleasure itself cannot please;
 Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
 Affects to be quite at its ease;
 For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
 The freest is first in the band, [frank,
 And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and
 Is a man with his heart in his hand!

2 Yet fearlessly honest, and gentle yet just,
 He warmly can love without hate, [dust
 Nor will he bow down with his face in the
 To Fashion in her false estate;
 For the best in good breeding, and highest in
 Though lowly or poor in the land, [rank,
 Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
 Is the man with his heart in his hand.

3 His fashion is meekness, sincere and intense,
 His impulse of soul ever true, [good sense,
 Yet tempered by judgment and taught by
 And cordial with me and with you;
 For the purest in manners is highest in rank;
 O man, it is you who can stand,
 Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
 Is a man with his heart in his hand.

55. STRIKE AWAY.

1 WHAT though clouds are o'er thee,
 Strike away!
 Darkness lies before thee,
 Comes the day:
 O'er the misty mountain
 Breaks the light;
 Morning's crystal fountain
 Cheers the night.

2 What though foes defy thee,
 Strike away!
 God is ever nigh thee,
 Ever pray;
 With an earnest spirit
 Labor on;
 Crowns you shall inherit,
 Bravely won.

3 In the midst of doubting,
 Never faint!
 Never hath a coward
 Made a saint;
 In the paths of duty,
 Clear the way!
 Great will be the beauty:
 Strike away!

CRYSTAL WATERS.

1. I come, I come from the spirit world, where sounds of sorrow cease;

The crystal waters of truth I bring, whose waves are pulsing peace,

To gladden the soul with holy springs that gush in summer lands,

And freshen the germs of the beautiful along life's dreary sands,

And freshen the germs of the beautiful along life's dreary sands.

56.

CRYSTAL WATERS.

I COME, I come from the spirit world, where sounds of sorrow cease;
 The crystal waters of truth I bring, whose waves are pulsing peace,
 To gladden the soul with holy springs that gush in summer lands,
 And freshen the germs of the beautiful along life's dreary sands.

2 I come, I come on the music-drifts that play beyond the skies,
To trill the heart that's cold and dead with joys of paradise;
With tears to pearl hope's withered flower that's touched by the hand of death,
To bloom again with sweets ensphered in a healing angel's breath.

3 I come, I come with forgiving grace to soothe each wounded breast,
And deep in the bleeding soul to pour the balm of heavenly rest,
Till all the wells of thought shall throb with minstrelsy of love,
And passion's fire shall blend with songs of seraph choirs above.

4 I come, I come with flashing light death's portals to unseal,
To roll the stone of doubt away and long-lost friends reveal,
And break immortal mornings o'er the river of the free,
On whose pure sunny tides we'll float to heaven's eternal sea.

MORNING LIGHT.

1. A - rise, O man! the morning light Is dawning on thy men - tal night;
Be - hold your dead are risen a - gain! Let mor-tals shout the glad a - men.

Fine.

God breathes o'er Na-ture's drowsy throng, And wakes her thousand tongues to song.
Proud er - ror yields her hap - less reign; Her valiant hosts are 'mong the slain.

D.C.

Hark ! from the spheres where loved ones dwell, What tones of joy their anthems swell!
Hark ! from &c.

57.

MORNING LIGHT.

1 A RISE, O man! the morning light .
Is dawning on thy mental night;
God breathes o'er Nature's drowsy throng,
And wakes her thousand tongues to song.
Hark ! from the spheres where loved ones
What tones of joy their anthems swell,[dwell,
Behold your dead are risen again !
Let mortals shout the glad amen.
Proud error yields her hapless reign;
Her valiant hosts are 'mong the slain.

2 Truth mounts again the royal throne,
And millions haste her power to own.
With radiance science gilds the tomb,
And man emerges from its gloom;
Nor creeds, nor priestly rule again,
Hath power the free-born soul to chain.
God wields no more the tyrant's sway;
His love shall light the pilgrim's way,
And make the shining road appear
With every mortal's footprint there.

DREAM OF HEAVEN.

1. I will steer my bark where the waves roll dark, I will cross the stran-ger sea,
 For I know I shall land on the summer strand, Where my loved ones wait for me.
 There are fa - ces there di - vine - ly fair, That earth lost long a - go,
 And spir - its bright whose curls lay light, Like sun - beams o - ver snow.

58.

DREAM OF HEAVEN.

1 I WILL steer my bark where the waves roll
 I will cross the stranger sea, [dark,
 But I know I shall land on the summer strand,
 Where my loved ones wait for me.
 There are faces there divinely fair,
 That earth lost long ago,
 And spirits bright whose curls lay light,
 Like sunbeams over snow.

2 There are sunny eyes like thine own blue
 Sunny eyes I've seen before [skies—
 Will sparkle bright as the stars of night,
 When I near the welcome shore.
 There are little feet I loved to meet,
 When earth was sweet to me,
 I know will bound when the rippling sound
 Of my boat comes over the sea.

3 Ever beautiful land, I dreamed of thee,

When the summer moonlight fell
 In its silvery showers on the nestling flowers,
 Sleeping on the greenwood dell.
 And I know I'll see thee oft again,
 When fitful hours have fled,
 When flowers lie low, that used to blow
 'Neath the western sky so red.

59.

MESSENGER.

1 I COME, I come from my spirit home,
 Like a bird in early spring,
 To the beautiful here, whom my heart holds
 Gentle words of love to bring. [dear
 The heavens are wide, but cannot hide
 The loved whom truth makes free;
 The green old earth, the land of birth,
 With its homes, is dear to me.

PRESS ON!

S.

D.C.

1. Press on, press on, ye brave and true, On till the dawning of the new,
 When lib - er - ty, with clar - ion voice, Shall wa - ken worlds to glad re - joice;

When Free - dom, with her praise - ful songs, Shall can - cel all of slav - ry's wrongs,
 And ech - o through im-men - si - ty Their own e - ter - nal vic - to - ry. Press

D.S.

2 My home is there, in that world so fair,
 But the gulf's not deep nor wide,
 Which lieth between this dim earthly scene
 And the home beyond the tide.
 The thoughts of love, like carrier-dove,
 The heart's fond message bear;
 The angel bands, with willing hands,
 Shall answer ev'ry prayer.

3 Farewell, farewell! for my soul can dwell
 In the earthly form no more;
 For my heavenly home over which I roam
 Is beyond death's open door.
 Farewell, farewell! for my soul doth swell,
 With joys which earth transcend;
 I'll welcome here to happier sphere,
 When thy pilgrimage shall end.

60.

PRESS ON.

1 PRESS on, press on, ye brave and true,
 On till the dawning of the new,
 When liberty, with clarion voice,
 Shall waken worlds to glad rejoice;

When Freedom, with her praiseful songs,
 Shall cancel all of slavery's wrongs,
 And echo through immensity
 Their own eternal victory.

2 Press on until those truths are born,
 Life promised at the early morn;
 Faint not, nor weary by the way,
 But gather courage day by day.
 What though you tread the tangled thorn,
 Or brave the world's malignant scorn?
 What though the Pilates crucify,
 Or dangers darkly multiply?

3 Is life not worthy all the cost?
 Is not more gained than can be lost?
 Is immortality a dream,
 And truth a transient, fleeting beam,
 As sunshine on the silver stream?
 Will hope and truth and love but seem
 Bright angels of the summer hours,
 Winged for heaven's immortal bowers?

ORIENT.

1. Oh, not through seem - ly forms or creeds, By man, with skil - ful thought, designed,
 To me he comes, the Pri - mal Good, The Sov'reign Force, the Central Mind.
 The tid - al pulse of Nature's heart He buds and blooms in summer hours;
 He comes in autumn's flush and fruit, In win-ter's crown of hoa - ry flow'rs,

In winter's crown of hoary flow'rs.

61.

ORIENT.

i OH, not through seemly forms or creeds,
 By man, with skilful thought, designed,
 To me he comes, the Primal Good,
 The Sov'reign Force, the Central Mind.
 The tidal pulse of Nature's heart
 He buds and blooms in summer hours;
 He comes in autumn's flush and fruit,
 In winter's crown of hoary flow'rs.

2 He floods the morn with orient tides;
 His golden glory noon unbars;
 In sunset's flam'ry car he glides;
 He wheels through night, in pomp of stars;
 He moves along the storied past,
 A power to will, to plan, to guide;
 He works throughout the world to-day,
 To animate, inspire, provide.

3 Oh, heart of love! — to me he metes
 This fleckered life of good and ill;
 And all its tangled paths are sweet
 With golden glimpses of his will.
 In death he comes, to bring my soul
 Through aisles of shadow, vague and dim
 To golden stairways, bright with bliss,
 Forever winding on to him.

LOVE ON.

1. Love on! love on! though death and earthly change
Bring mournful silence to a darkened home,
The trusting heart rests where no eye grows strange,
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb :
Love there! love there!

beau - ty in a summer day. Truth, vir - tue, well from Heaven's e - ter-nal springs,
Nor quit the spir - it when it leaves the clay: Love them! Love them!

62.

LOVE ON.

2 LOVE on! love on! though death and earthly change

Bring mournful silence to a darkened home,
The trusting heart rests where no eye grows strange,

Where never falls a shadow from the tomb :
Love there! love there!

Bid proud ones bend, and bid the weak be strong,

And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot :
Give strength! give peace!

4 Love on! love on! and though the evening still

Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noon-day sun,

With changeless faith, with calm, unwavering will,

Work, bravely work, till every duty's
Love God! love man! [done:

3 Love on! love on! the voice of grief and wrong

Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;

USHER.

63.

THE SACRED SEAL.

1 THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours ; —

2 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours ;

3 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high ;
By life, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

1. When night, ad - van - cing queen - ly, Her star - ry man - tle throws
 O'er the earth ly - ing se - rene - ly In qui - et, soft re - pose,
 Down from those realms of splendor, Do not blest spir - its go,
 Winged by re - mem-brance ten - der, To loved ones yet be - low?

64.

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

1 WHEN night, advancing queenly,
 Her starry mantle throws
 O'er the earth lying serenely
 In quiet, soft repose,
 Down from those realms of splendor
 Do not blest spirits go,
 Winged by remembrance tender,
 To loved ones yet below?

2 Do not bright forms surround us?
 Though veiled from mortal sight?
 Clings not the old love round us
 As a coronal of light?
 Do they not hover nigh us
 To comfort, guide, and keep,
 When sorrows sorely try us,
 When bitterly we weep?

3 Oh, mother-love! deep, yearning
 In tenderness and care,
 At death's dark threshold turning
 To breathe on us a prayer;

Oh, father-love! that strongly
 Kept our young life from harm,
 Checking steps that wandered wrongly
 Till death unnerved the arm.

4 Oh, sister-love! that brightly
 Shone on our childhood's day,
 Whose young life passed so lightly
 Along the starry way;
 Oh, brother-love! so smiling,
 That sunned our path with joy,
 Till angels him beguiling,
 He passed to their employ.

5 These loves so deep, so cherished,
 That gave to life its light,
 Oh, have they, have they perished
 In the grave's long, gloomy night?
 No! they live, more brightly glowing
 Than in their earthly prime,
 Still brighter, stronger growing
 With the lapse of endless time!

MOTHER'S DREAM.

1. While on my lone couch sleep - ing, In dreams sweet vig - ils keep - ing,
 And night winds moan a - long the sky; In shad-ows dim be - fore me,
 Now low - ly bend - ing o'er me, An air - y form seems hov' ring nigh,
 A form seems hov' ring nigh.

3 This surely is no dreaming,
 It must be more than seeming,
 For now the sunlight in her eyes
 Dispels my soul's dark sadness,
 And brings, in tones of gladness,
 These whispered answers to my sighs,
 These answers to my sighs.

65.

MOTHER'S DREAM.

1 WHILE on my lone couch sleeping,
 In dreams sweet vigils keeping,
 And night-winds moan along the sky;
 In shadows dim before me,
 Now lowly bending o'er me,
 An airy form seems hovering nigh,
 A form seems hovering nigh.

2 Is this some idle vision,
 Or fancy's bright elysian?
 Come nearer, angel, speak, oh, speak!
 Now softly near me stealing,
 And by my bedside kneeling,
 I feel her warm breath on my cheek,
 Her warm breath on my cheek.

4 "Dear mother, I am near thee,
 My presence now shall cheer thee,
 Thy darling child can ne'er forget.
 Henceforth to thee 'tis given
 To know the loved in heaven,—
 Watch o'er thy path and love thee yet,
 Watch o'er and love thee yet."

5 Now softly she is going,
 One tender look bestowing,
 Now vanished o'er the purple sea;
 No longer am I only
 Sad, desolate, and lonely;
 My darling lives and comes to me,
 My darling comes to me.

GARDEN OF THE HEART.

Duet.

1. Leaf by leaf the ro - ses fall, Drop by drop the springs run dry,
 One by one, be - yond re - call, Summer beauties fade and die;
 But the ro - ses bloom a - gain, And the springs will gush a - new,
 In the plea - sant Ap - ril rain, And the sum - mer's sun and dew.

66. GARDEN OF THE HEART.

2 SO in hours of deepest gloom,
 When the springs of gladness fail,
 And the roses in their bloom
 Droop like maidens wan and pale,
 We shall find some hope that lies
 Like a silent germ apart,
 Hidden far from careless eyes
 In the garden of the heart;

3 Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
 That will spring afresh and new,
 When grief's winter shall have fled,
 Giving place to sun and dew;
 Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
 Through the weary, weary time,
 Budding for its blossoming,
 In the spirit's silent clime.

67. LONG AGO.

1 THERE are moments in our life,
 When are hushed its scenes of strife;
 When, from busy toil set free,
 Mind goes back the past to see :
 Mem'ry, with its mighty powers,
 Brings to view our childhood hours ;
 And with never-ceasing flow
 Come the hours of long ago.

2 Oft when troubled and perplexed,
 Worn in heart and sorely vexed,
 Almost sinking 'neath our load,
 Famishing on life's high-road, —
 How hath sweet remembrance caught
 From the past some happy thought,
 And, refreshed, we on would go,
 Cheered with hopes from long ago !

SPIRIT SUN.

1. True Sun! up - on our souls a - rise, Shin - ing in beau - ty e - ver - more,
And through each sense the quick'ning beam Of the E - ter - nal Spi - rit pour.

68.

SPIRIT SUN.

1 TRUE Sun! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore,
And through each sense the quick'ning beam
Of the Eternal Spirit pour.

2 Confirm us in each good resolve,
And calm the passions that betray;
Turn each misfortune to our good;
Direct us in Truth's holy way.

3 Oh, ever with the opening dawn
May saintly purity attend;
Faith sanctify the mid-day hours,
Upon our souls no night descend!

4 O Giver of each perfect gift!
This day our heav'nly bread supply;
While from the Spirit's tranquil depths
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

BRIGHTER VIEW.

1. In dark - er days and nights of storm, Men knew thee but to fear thy form,
And in the red-dest lightnings saw Thine arm a - venge in - sult-ed law.

69.

BRIGHTER VIEW.

1 IN darker days and nights of storm,
Men knew thee but to fear thy form,
And in the reddest lightnings saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

2 In brighter days we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And, in the track of every storm,
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form.

3 E'en in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom, — perfect love,
From flowers below to stars above.

4 See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For pure angelic love is here.

ADIEU.

When sor - row on the spir - it feeds, Like birds of night that seek their prey;

When, wrung by grief, the bos - om bleeds In cold mis - for-tune's tear - ful day;

When sinks the soul, by care op - prest, And woes a - bound and friends are few;

Bass Solo Ad lib.

And glad - ness, like a part - ing guest, Re - luc - tant says, "A - dieu, a - dieu!"

70. ETERNAL SPRING.

2 'TIS sweet to hear an angel sing
In music to the listening ear,
"Hope on, sad heart! eternal spring
Is almost here, is almost here."
Then angels burst the bars of doom;
Then vernal flowers adorn the waste;
Then sunshine gilds our mortal gloom,
And heavenly friends with welcomes
haste.

3 For every tear there comes a smile;
A joy for every pang is given;
And angel guides appear the while,
And gently lead us on to heaven.
And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The laden spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

71. MY BIRD-CHILD.

1 FROM morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness it lies,
Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.
The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood, its crimson hue from mine;
This life which I have dared invoke
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

2 A silent awe is in my room,—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.
Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise,
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel-plumage there.

ROCK OF LIBERTY.

1. Oh! the firm old Rock, tow'ring wave-worn Rock, That braved the blast and the
bil - lows' shock, It was born with time on a bar - ren shore, And it
laughed with scorn at the ocean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pil - grim band Came
weary up to the foam-ing strand, And the tree they reared in the days gone by, It
lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.
lives, it lives, it lives,

72.

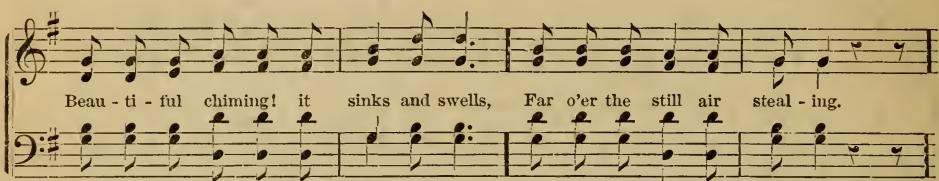
ROCK OF LIBERTY.

² O H! thou stern old Rock, in the ages past,
Thy brow was bleached by the warring
blast,
But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
And the billows beat thy base no more;
Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock,
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock,
And the Tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

3 Ever rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore;
Thy sires are lulled by the breakers' roar;
'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,
O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird;
'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died;
Their forms repose on the green hill's side,
But the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

*CHRISTMAS BELLS.**Allegretto.*

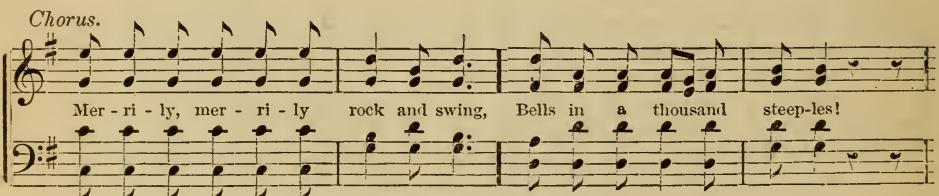
A musical score for a piano-vocal piece. The top staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps), common time. The bottom staff is bass clef, G major (two sharps). The vocal line consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly ring the bells, High in the steeples peal - ing;"

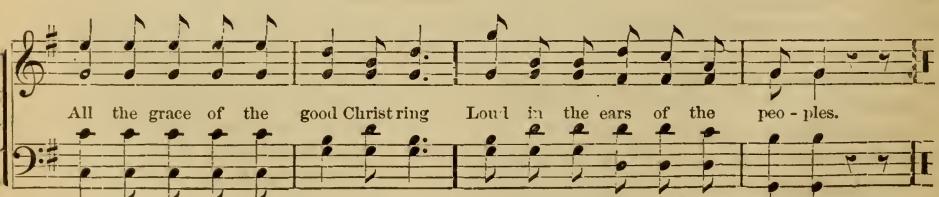
Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Beau - ti - ful chiming! it sinks and swells, Far o'er the still air steal - ing."

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "This is an ex - qui - site world to-night, Bright as a vis - ion gleaming;"

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Beau - ti - ful stars with a calm de - light Look on its hap - py dreaming."

Chorus.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rock and swing, Bells in a thousand steep - les!"

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "All the grace of the good Christ ring Loul in the ears of the peo - ples."

COME UP HIGHER.

1. It was ear - ly night, and the moon's soft light/ Shone on a dy - ing pyre,

While an - gel glee-s were borne on the breeze To soothe an a - ged sire,

Sing-ing, "High-er, high-er, high-er, high-er, Come, come up high-er,"

Sing-ing, " High-er, high-er, high-er, high-er, Come, come up high-er."

73. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

2 CHRIST, in the heart of the heavens so long,
Look'st thou not down in wonder,
Seeing the tread of the brilliant throng,
Marching the earth far under?
All for thy sweet sake, beloved of men,
Thine, who art pure and holy,
Thinking, for aye, in thy paradise when
Thou wert a mortal lowly.

Chorus.

3 Little thou dream'st when in Galilee,
Fishing by Jordan's river,
Bells in the future would ring for thee,
O'er the broad land forever.
Scoffs for thy teachings, and thorns for thy
brow,
These were the gifts which cumbered;
Garlands the fairest are wrought thee now,
First of God's sons thou'rt numbered.
Chorus.

74. COME UP HIGHER.

1 IT was early night, and the moon's soft light
Shone on a dying pyre,
While angel glee-s were borne on the breeze
To soothe an aged sire,
Singing, "Higher, higher, higher, higher,
Come, come up higher!"

2 Soon the deep-toned bell of a sad death-knell
Rose on the trembling air;
A wail of woe was heard below,
Wild accents of despair,
Sighing, " Father, father, father, father,
Oh, oh my father!"

3 Then the angel-band left the cold earth-
For starry homes above, [strand
And bore away to regions of day
The brother of their love,
Singing, " Higher, higher, higher, higher,
Come, come up higher!"

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Vigorously.

1. Equal rights! equal rights! equal rights! equal rights! equal rights!

Equal rights! Clear the way! Don't you hear the thunder of the

com-ing day, When all na-tions shall be welcome to freedom's ho-ly fane,

And the hoa - ry, slave - trod earth with joy grow young a - gain.

Equal rights, equal rights, clear the way!

75.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

1 EQUAL rights! equal rights! equal rights!
equal rights!

Equal rights! clear the way!
Don't you hear the thunder of the coming day,
When all nations shall be welcome to free-
dom's holy fane,
And the hoary, slave-trod earth with joy grow
young again!
Equal rights, equal rights, clear the way!

2 Equal rights! send it round!
How the Old World trembles as she hears the
sound!
For where throughout our borders all men
are truly free,
We will shake hands with nations, not with
kings, across the sea.
Equal rights, clear the way!

3 Equal rights! once again!
Woman! listen to the cry through your un-
shared pain;
For when your sons have freed themselves
From error's blinding curse,
They shall break your bonds and crown
You queen of the universe!
Equal rights, clear the way!

LITTLE BIRDIE.

Not too fast.

1. What does lit - tle bird - ie say In her nest at peep of day?
 "Let me fly," says lit - tle bird - ie, "Moth - er, let me fly a - way."
 Bird - ie, rest a lit - tle long - er, Till the lit - tle wings are strong - er;
 So she rests a lit - tle long - er, Then she flies a - way.

76.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

² WHAT does little baby say
 In her bed at peep of day?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 "Let me rise and fly away."
 Baby, sleep a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger.
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Then she'll fly away.

2 Mother! watch the little hand
 Picking berries by the way,
 Making houses in the sand,
 Tossing up the fragrant hay.
 Never dare the question ask,
 "Why to me this heavy task?"
 These same little hands may prove
 Messengers of love.

77.

WATCH, MOTHER.*

¹ MOTHER! watch the little feet
 Climbing o'er the garden wall,
 Roaming through the busy street,
 Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
 Never count the moments lost,
 Never mind the work they cost;
 Little feet will go astray,
 Guide them while you may.

3 Mother! watch the little heart
 Beating soft and warm for you;
 Wholesome lessons now impart,
 Keep, oh, keep that young heart true,
 Extricating every weed,
 Sowing good and precious seed!
 Harvest then as rich as gold
 Gather hundred-fold.

* Observe small notes with this piece.

LAMENT OF OUR RED BROTHERS.

1. Where the broad Pa - cific waters Lave the golden western strand,
With their weeping wives and daugh - ters, Gath - er a de - cay - ing band;
And their ea - gle-eyes are flash - ing, While they muse up - on their wrongs,
O'er the roar of breakers dash - ing, Rise their wildly wail - ing songs.

78. *LAMENT OF OUR RED BROTHERS.*

2 FROM the valleys and the mountains,
Where our fathers made their home,
From our sparkling rills and fountains,
We are driven forth to roam;
They the race we hailed with pleasure,
Coming o'er the eastern waves,
Rob us of our only treasure,
Drive us from their sacred graves !

3 Love we not the quiet rivers
Winding through our native vales?
Dear is ev'ry leaf that quivers
Shaken by autumnal gales;
Dearer far are shadows streaming
O'er our fathers' lonely graves,
Than the glorious sunlight beaming,
On the vast Pacific waves.

79. *ECHOES OF LONG AGO.*

1 FAINT and weary are earth's children,
Toiling up the steep of time,
Seeking for the eastern token,
Listening for the morning chime;
Waiting, waiting, ever waiting
For the voice of long ago,
With its soft, melodious accents,
Soothing every human woe.

2 Know they not the star has risen,
And its glory gilds the earth?
Hear they not the song of angels
O'er this glorious second birth?
Waiting, waiting, etc.

3 "Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!"
Sing the white-robed angel-band,
"Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!"
Echoes over all the land.
Waiting, waiting, etc.

THOU ART GONE.

Andante.

1. Thou art gone! Thou art gone to a land more fair; Thy
glo - ri - fied spir - it hath passed on be - fore, Thou hast crossed the dark
lake to a bright - er shore, Wait-ing us there, wait - ing us there.

80.

THOU ART GONE.

2 THOU art gone!
Thou art gone to thy peaceful rest;
Sweet wild flowers fragrantly bloom o'er thy grave;
Gracefully drooping branches the willows Over thy breast. [wave]

3 THOU art gone!
Thou art gone where no sorrows come;
Where voices of censure forever are dumb;
And the flowers of love shall immortal bloom In that blest home.

4 THOU art gone!
Thou art gone, yet why should we mourn?
Oh, why should we sigh o'er the dark pall of death? [ing breath,
We shall meet thee, where cometh no blight-
In that bright bourn.

5 THOU art gone!
Thou art gone to a land more fair; [of life,
And when we have passed through the valley And are freed from its sorrow, its care, and
We'll meet thee there. [its strife,

LIGHT.

For men's voices.

81.

LIGHT.

1 ANGELS! oh, break the error-night!
Gladden with music-light!
Give to the bond in slav'ry's might
Justice from Freedom's height!

2 Shine on us God's primeval light!
Changing the wrong to right;
Roll on the mind's bewildered sight
Love-waves of pure delight!

THE CASKET.*Slowly, tenderly.*

1. Un - to the Friend that has clothed it and fed it, We gen - tly con -
sign this pale cas - ket of clay; Lo, 'tis a bri - dal! to Na - ture we wed it,
Whose love has sus - tained it by night and by day.

82.

THE CASKET.

1 UNTO the Friend that has clothed it and fed it,
We gently consign this pale casket of clay;
Lo, 'tis a bridal! to Nature we wed it,
Whose love has sustained it by night and by day.

2 Tenderly 'neath the protecting sod lay it,
But think not in sorrow its mission is o'er.
Endless its spirit is, death cannot stay it,
Or make it less useful to life than before.

PLEYEL.

1. Wel-come, an - gels, pure and bright, Children of the liv - ing light,
Wel - come to our home on earth, Children of the glorious birth.

83.

PLEYEL.

1 WELCOME, angels, pure and bright,
Children of the living light,
Welcome to our home on earth,
Children of the glorious birth.

2 Welcome, messengers of God,
Teaching not of anger's rod;
Love for all earth's weary throngs
Is the burden of your songs.

3 Come ye from the realms of light
Where the day knows not the night,
Where the gems of love alone
Are around your spirits thrown.

4 Oh, we joy to feel you near,
Spirits of the loved and dear;
Chains of love around us twine,
Gems of beauty all divine.

I AM NOT OLD.

1. I am not old, though years have cast Their shad - ows on my way;

I am not old, though youth has passed On rap - id wings a - way;

For in my heart a foun - tain flows, And round it pleas - ant thoughts re - pose;

While sym - pa - thies and feel - ings high Spring like the stars on eve - ning's sky.

84.

I AM NOT OLD.

1 I AM not old, though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old, though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
While sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

2 I am not old. Time may have set
“His signal on my brow,”
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine [mine.
Thoughts sweet as flowers, that once were

85.

MARTYRS.

1 OUR earth is green with martyrs' graves,
On hill and plain and shore,
And ocean's great engulfing waves
Sweep over thousands more.
For us they drained life's bitter cup,
And dared the reformation's strife.
Where are they, Death? Oh, render up
The holy secret of their life!

2 Lo! how the viewless air around
With quick'ning life is stirred,
And from the silences profound
Leaps forth the answering word,—
“We live — not in some distant sphere
Life's blessed mission to fulfil;
But, joined with faithful spirits here,
We love, we love, and labor still.

ISLE OF THE BLEST.

1. A dream sub-lime of a sun - ny clime, Where balm - iest breez-es blow;

Where moun-tains loom and land-scapes bloom In God's e - ter - nal glow!

Give me my lyre! I feel the fire, Un - seen by mor - tal sight:

Oh! vi - sion grand, of the sum - mer-land, I'm faint-ing in de - light!

Chorus.

My hap - py home, my spir - it home, Sweet spir - it home.

AMERICA.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry
 mountain side, Let free - dom ring.

86. ISLE OF THE BLEST.

1 A DREAM sublime of a sunny clime,
 Where balmiest breezes blow; [bloom
 Where mountains loom and landscapes
 In God's eternal glow!
 Give me my lyre! I feel the fire,
 Unseen by mortal sight:
 Oh! vision grand, of the summer-land,
 I'm fainting in delight!

2 A sunny isle, like woman's smile,
 Blooms on a silvery sea;
 And from its groves of angel-loves
 Swells music wild and free.
 O God! those strains, those grand refrains,
 What harmony divine!
 And hark! I hear, in accents dear,
 The voices of lang syne.

3 'Tis this that wakes, and almost breaks,
 My yearning, mortal heart;
 To think that there our friends so dear
 Shall meet no more to part.
 Prefigured here, in marriage sphere,
 We catch faint gleams of bliss,—
 Of sweet control of soul o'er soul,
 When sealed by God's own kiss.

4 Oh, hark! again I hear that strain
 That fills my soul with light;
 Whose music rare doth thrill the air
 With strange and wild delight!
 There's concord sweet in all we meet,
 With no discordant jars;
 There all things move in perfect love,
 Like marches of the stars.

87. AMERICA.

2 MY native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love.
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song!
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty
 In realms above,
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God of love.

HEAVENLY DAY.

1. When morning's pur - ple gates un - fold, Ir - ra - diate with the new-born day,
 And from his quiver's mis - ty gold, The sun fl - lumens his king - ly way,
 To me a thou-sand spir - its wake, Whose an - gel foot-steps, all a - broad,
 From leaf and flower, and stream and lake, Im-press the burn-ing seal of God.

88.

HEAVENLY DAY.

2 A ND, 'mid the splendors of the noon,
 When od'rous winds are hushed and calm,
 Or murmur'ing in a slumb'rous tune,
 I feel soft hands of blessed balm;
 And softer voices whisper me,
 "O child of sorrow, care, and pain,
 Be tranquil on life's stormy sea,
 We watch, and guide to heaven again."

3 And when the shadowy night descends,
 And folds her wings above the earth,
 The souls of dear, departed friends
 Will mingle in my grief and mirth;
 In hours of waking and in dream,
 Through all the night and all the day,
 They, by their angel-plumage gleam,
 Lead me to truth, and light the way.

89.

SOMETHING STILL TO DO.

1 THOUGH sunny day has nearly past,
 Repose not down with idle hands,
 But labor while the hours shall last,
 While flowing are life's golden sands;
 For life is changeful, ever brief;
 Oh, then improve each fleeting span,
 Turning each day some brighter leaf,
 And measure time by deeds to man.

2 Knowest thou not some burdened soul
 That's fettered by disease and pain?
 Direct him to the heavenly goal,
 Bidding him rise and strive again.
 Knowest thou not a drooping heart,
 Sinking beneath misfortune's blight?
 Go thou, and friendship's warmth impart,
 And give to him a ray of light.

"WAITING, ONLY WAITING."

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, featuring a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of the lyrics is:

1. I am waiting, on - ly wait-ing, For the dawning of the day,
When, the joys of life re - lat - ing, I shall walk the heavenly way;

Then, no lon - ger sad - ly wait-ing, I shall sound the joy - ful lay,

Then, no lon - ger sad - ly wait-ing, I shall sound the joy - ful lay.

90.

"WAITING, ONLY WAITING."

1 I AM waiting, only waiting,
For the dawning of the day,
When the joys of life relating,
I shall walk the heav'nly way;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
I shall sound the joyful lay;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
I shall sound the joyful lay.

2 I am waiting, hoping, trusting,
That the future fair and bright,
Ev'ry wrong and ill adjusting,
Shall announce the rule of right;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
I shall see the joyful sight;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
I shall see the joyful sight.

3 I am waiting in the twilight
Of a morning yet to be,
When upon my fading eyesight
Angel forms shall come to me;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
Heav'nly glories I shall see;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
Heav'nly glories I shall see.

4 Thus we all through life are waiting
For the coming of the morn,
When, life's pleasure reinstating,
We shall be as angels born;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
We shall hail the glorious dawn;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
We shall hail the glorious dawn.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

1. Hush! I can - not bear to see thee Stretch thy ti - ny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee, Noth - ing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me, Proud, and thank - ful, too, was I.
Now, my dar - ling, I, thy mo - ther, Al - most long to see thee die.

Rit.

91.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

1 HUSH! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful, too, was I.
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

2 I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless;
Hope hath left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

3 Better thou shouldst go thus early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel-spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

4 I have wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us;
Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR. Concluded.

Chorus for each stanza.

Sleep, my dar - ling, thou art wear - y; God is good, but life is drear - y

Sleep, my dar - ling, thou art wear - y; God is good, but life is drear - y.

HEAVENLY ACCENTS.

1. Broth - ers, will you slight the mes - sage. Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?

Ev - 'ry sen - tence, oh, how ten - der! Ev - 'ry line how full of love!

Heav'n - ly ac - cents, heav'n - ly ac - cents, Full of strength and peace and love.

32.

HEAVENLY ACCENTS.

2 TEMPTED souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with deepest consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds, tender heralds,
Blest is he their word who hears!

3 Holy angels, hov'ring round us!
Waiting spirits! speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
That our spirits, that our spirits,
Glad the message may obey.

REAPING.

1. Up, mor - tal, and act, while the an - gel of light Melts the
 sha - dows be - fore and be - hind thee! Shake off the soft dreams that en -
 cum - ber thy might, And burst the dark fet - ters that bind thee!

Sours the sky - lark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;
 Learn from Na - ture the splen - dor of ac - tion; Plough, har - row, and sow, or thou
 ne - ver shalt reap; Faith - ful deed brings di - vine be - ne - fac - tion.

93.

REAPING.

1 UP, mortal, and act while the angel of light
 Melts the shadows before and behind thee!
 Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
 And burst the dark fetters that bind thee!
 Soars the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;
 Learn from Nature the splendor of action;
 Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
 Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

2 The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
 And hath lifted the mists from the mountain;
 The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
 The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
 And the blackbird's sweet glee rises from the deep elm,
 The river is sparkling and leaping,
 The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
 And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

3 To spring comes the bud, and to summer, the blush,
 And to autumn, the happy fruition;
 To winter, repose, meditation, and hush;
 And to man, ev'ry season's condition.
 Lo! he lives, buds, and blooms both in action and rest,
 As a thinker and actor and sleeper,
 Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
 And is reaped by the hand of a reaper!

GOOD WILL.

1. Peace! the wel - come sound pro - claim, Dwell with rap - ture on the theme;

Loud, still loud - er, swell the strain, *p* Peace on earth, good - will to men,

Peace on earth, good - will to men.

94.

GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim,
 Dwell with rapture on the theme;
 Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
 “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

2 Breezes, whisp’ring soft and low,
 Gently murmur as ye blow,
 Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
 “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

3 Ocean’s billows, far and wide,
 Rolling in majestic pride,
 Loud, still louder swell the strain,
 “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

4 Pilgrims, who its promise seal,
 And its inspirations feel,
 Loud, still louder swell the strain,
 “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Morn a - mid the moun-tains, Love - ly so - li - tude! Gush-ing streams and
foun - tains murmur, "God is good," Mur-mur, mur-mur, murmur, murmur,
Gush - ing streams and foun - tains mur - mur, "God is good."

95.

MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

1 MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, "God is good."
Murmur, etc.

2 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, etc.

3 Now, the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo, "God is good."
Echo, etc.

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Ever, etc.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

1. Lit - tie words of kind - ness, How they cheer the heart! What a world of
glad - ness Will a smile im - part! How a gen - tle ac - cent

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.

Calms the troub- led soul, When the waves of pas - sion O'er it wild - ly roll!

96.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

1 LITTLE words of kindness,
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calm the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

2 Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP.

Slowly, tenderly.

1. Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, sleep! Not in thy era - dle bed, Not on thy

moth-er's breast Hence-forth shall be thy rest, But with the qui - et dead,

Piano e rit.

With the qui - et dead.

97. SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP.

1 SLEEP, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

2 Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary one,
Under life's fitful sun,
Would fain lie down with thee.

3 Flee, little tender child!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow;
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

4 And when the hour arrives
From earth that sets me free,
Thy spirit will await
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.

NEVER SAY FAIL.*Allegro.*

1. Keep push-ing! 'tis wis - er Than sit - ting a - side, And dreaming and sigh - ing,
And wait-ing the tide; In life's ear - nest bat - tle They on - ly pre - vail
Who dai - ly march on-ward, And nev - er say fail, Who dai - ly march on-ward,
And nev - er say fail.

101.**NEVER SAY FAIL.**

2 WITH eye ever open,
And tongue that's not dumb
And heart that will never
To sorrow succumb.
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty,
Who never say fail!

3 Ahead, then, keep pushing!
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
That would you betray.
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail
Before the strong-hearted,
Who never say fail!

4 In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide;

In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer!
And never say fail!

102.**GOLDEN STEPS.**

1 SHALL trees live for ages, and garnish the ground, [abound?
In greenness and beauty, and gladness
Yet man who is noblest of earth, sea and skies,
The upright, the thoughtful, the god-like and wise,

2 Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
Unfolding in summer, then wither away?
Or dance, like a bubble, awhile on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave?

3 Oh, no! the Eternal doth call him his son;
His circuit of glory he ever shall run;
The wide heavens present him their infinite store;
The years of the Highest are his evermore.

4 Released from the body, the immortal shall rise, [skies;
Till earth floats beneath him, a speck in the
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.

HIGHER LAW.

1. Say not the law di - vine Is hid - den far from thee;
That heav'n - ly law with - in may shine, And there its brightness be.

103.

HIGHER LAW.

1 SAY not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heav'nly law within may shine,
And thine its brightness be.

2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth;
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

3 Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain;
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

REJOICE.

1. Be - side the toil - some way, 'Mid fruits and flowers un - blest,
My feet tread sad - ly day by day, Long - ing in vain for rest.

104.

CROWN OF THORNS.

1 BESIDE the toilsome way,
'Mid fruits and flowers unblest,
My feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

2 Ever an angel walks,
With eyes cast meekly down,
While from the leaves and withered stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

3 What sweet and patient grace,
E'er beaming true and kind,
Of suffering borne, rests on her face,
So pure so glorified!

4 Angel! behold, I wait,
Crowned for life's weary hours,—
Wait till thy hand shall ope the gate
And change the thorns to flowers.

PORTAL.

1. Sweet darling of the mother's heart! Look forth from out thy heaven,
 And tell her, with thy starry eyes, Thy presence still is given.
 Look forth! and tell her God is great, That he has opened heaven's gate.

105. PORTAL OF HEAVEN.

- 1 SWEET darling of the mother's heart!
 Look forth from out thy heaven,
 And tell her with thy starry eyes,
 Thy presence still is given;
 Look forth! and tell her God is great,
 That he has opened heaven's gate!
- 2 Fair maiden! fading in thy spring,
 Laid darkly in the tomb,
 Beam like a star from thy bright home,
 Or flower in summer bloom;
 Beam out! and say that God is great,
 That he has opened heaven's gate!
- 3 Loved mother! passing into night,
 To leave thy darkened hearth,
 A shadow resting in thy place,
 For those thou left on earth,
 Look down! and say that God is great,
 That thou dost wait at heaven's gate!

4 Young bride! grown sudden chill and cold,
 To one who loved thee well,
 Who keeps thee treasured in his heart,
 Still binding with a spell,
 Burst forth! and teach that God is great,
 And pass to him through heaven's gate!

106. BEAUTY OF HEART.

- 1 THE sun may warm the grass to life;
 The dew, the drooping flower;
 And eyes grow bright and watch the light
 Of autumn's opening hour;
 But loving smiles are far more true,
 And brighter than the morning dew.
- 2 It is not much the world can give,
 With all its subtle art;
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To beautify the heart;
 But tenderness of angel-love
 That glows within like heaven above.

COME TO THE WOODS.

Allegro.

A musical score for 'Come to the Woods' in 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first staff contains the lyrics 'Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigh-o!'. The second staff continues with 'Come to the woods, where tangling wild-flowers grow,'. The third staff concludes with 'And the worried, agile hare Swiftly darts from ferny lair.' The fourth staff begins with 'Come to the woods, come to the woods, Come to the woods, heigh-o!'.

107.

COME TO THE WOODS.

1 COME to the woods, come to the woods,
 come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, where
 tangling wild-flowers grow,
And the worried, agile hare
Swiftly darts from its ferny lair.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!

2 Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, when
 summer glories glow,
And the laughing, loving sun
Brightly shines through shadows dun.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!

3 Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 from the haunts of woe,
Where the cheering, tuneful song
Of the throstle tells no wrong.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!

4 Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, with
 health your cheeks shall glow;
Come, oh, come, from dusty town,
Come from dreamy beds of down.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
 to the woods, heigho!

WELCOME.

1. Death is the fading of a cloud, The break-ing of a chain,
The rend-ing of a mor-tal shroud We ne'er shall see a - gain.

108.

1 DEATH is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain,
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.
2 Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The heav'nly city's door,
The entrance of the world to come;
'Tis life for evermore.

NEW BIRTH.

3 Death is the mightier second birth, •
Th' unveiling of the soul;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.
4 Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore,
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

1. Hope's rain-bow in life's crys - tal dome, That spans the flow - ing tide,
Doth bridge the way to that bright home, From earth to an - gels' side.

109.

RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

1 HOPE'S rainbow in life's crystal dome,
That spans the flowing tide,
Doth bridge the way to that bright home,
From earth to angels' side.
2 On us the tempest-cloud below
Falls stormy fatal breath,
But those who cross that shining bow
Have no more pain or death.

3 Built there by strong immortal hands
From showers of love and tears,
All beautiful the archway stands
Through silent lapse of years.
4 O spirit-friends! we're nearing fast
Your home on the fair shore,
We'll cross the rainbow bridge at last
And live for evermore.

HO! HILLY HO!

1. No clouds are in the morn-ing sky, The va - por-s hug the stream;

2. A - long our path the woods are bold, And glow with ripe de - sire;

Who says that life and love can die In all this north - ern gleam?

The yel - low chest - nut showers its gold, The su - machs spread their fire;

At ev - 'ry turn the ma - ples burn, The quail is whist - ling free,

The breez - es feel as crisp as steel, The buck-wheat tops are red;

The part-ridge whirs, and the frost - ed burs Are drop-ping for you and me.

Then down the lane we will seud a - gain, And o - ver the stub - ble tread.

Ho! hil - ly ho! ho! hil - ly ho! In the clear au - tum - nal morn,

Ho! &c.

Ho! hil - ly ho! Ho! hil - ly ho! In the clear au - tum - nal morn.

HEAVENLY UNION.

1. Two lov-ing clouds at morn-ing, Tinged with the ris-ing sun,
Calm in the dawn are float-ing, And min-gling in-to one.

That dew-y morn-ing cloud is blest, It moves so gen-tly to the west,

Rit.
That dew-y morning cloud is blest, It moves so gently to the west.

111.

2 TWO crystal summer currents
Flow softly in their course,
Their waves in music dancing,
To join in silent force;
How beautiful through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play between!

HEAVENLY UNION.

3 Oh, what a heavenly union,
In bowers of delight,
Where ministries of angels
Inspire with holy light;
Two souls one life, two hearts one love,
As sweet and pure as heav'n above.

TEMPLE.

1. The turf shall be my fragrant shrine; My tem - ple, Lord, that arch of thine;
 My censer's breath the moun-tain airs, And si - lent thoughts my on - ly prayers,
 And si - lent thoughts my on - ly prayers.

112. NATURE'S TEMPLE.

2 MY choir shall be the moonlit waves,
 When murmur'ring homeward to their
 Or when the stillness of the sea, [caves,
 E'en more than music breathes of thee!

3 I'll seek some glade with beauty fraught,
 All light and silent, like thy thought;
 And the pale stars shall be at night
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

4 Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

5 There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity.

TRIUMPH.

1. Truth to the na-tions round In con - verse sweet shall flow; While to the spheres of
 heav'nly light Their songs of tri-umph go, Their songs of tri-umph go.

113. TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

2 BEAMS of the shining skies
 Shall lighten ev'ry land;
 And they who dwell in angel-courts
 Shall the whole earth command.
 3 No war shall rage, nor feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years;

To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

4 No longer host 'gainst host
 Shall crowds of slain deplore;
 They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
 And study war no more.

SYMBOL.

1. Not in vain the large-eyed prophets Saw the days of evil told,
Heard the anthems of the nations From the harps of Freedom rolled.
Who can mock their glorious visions? Hark! already ev'ry hour
Falls some chain, and man arises To his natural, sacred pow'er.

114. CROWN THE PROPHET.

1 NOT in vain the large-eyed prophets
Saw the days of evil told,
Heard the anthems of the nations
From the harps of Freedom rolled.
Who can mock their glorious visions?
Hark! already ev'ry hour
Falls some chain, and man arises
To his natural, sacred power.

2 Mercy walks with broader symbols;
Justice lifts a stronger hand;
Love tends more and more her flowers,
Sown by God in ev'ry land.
Science more and more is breaking
All the olden mystic bars,
Stands on mountain-tops and waves her
Rod amid the vassal stars.

3 Art is grander, brighter growing;
Ev'ry moment is her shrine
At the will of thought's true angels
Beaming more and more divine.

Nations, lift, lift your Triumphal,
Lamped no more by wavering moon;
Crowd the temples; crown the prophets;
Not in vain they sung the noon.

115. NATURE'S LESSONS.

1 SUMMER in the lap of autumn
Pours her rich and golden store;
Bursting buds proclaim the spring-time,
When the winter storm is o'er.
So upon life's toilsome journey,
Like the circling round of years,
We may trace the deep emotions
Moving us to smiles and tears.

2 Grandly Nature tells her story,
As the seasons glide along,
Full of symbols, hints, and warnings,
That to every age belong.
Hers a quaint and ponderous volume;
Every page is lettered o'er;
Such as this needs no revising;
Earnestly its truth explore.

ARGOSY.

1. How man - y lone - ly hours we see While jour - ney-ing a - long!
 How man - y days when griefs and tears Hush the sweet lips of song!
 How man - y times the break-ing heart, A wea - ry, wounded dove,
 Tir - ing of ev - 'ry - thing on earth, Im - plores an - gel - ic love!

116.

ARGOSIES OF LIFE.

1 HOW many lonely hours we see
 While journeying along!
 How many days when griefs and tears
 Hush the sweet lips of song!
 How many times the breaking heart,
 A weary, wounded dove,
 Tiring of ev'rything on earth,
 Implores angelic love!

2 What holy peace, what quiet cheer,
 Those silent angels bring!
 Rejoicing in their ministries,
 Our souls vault up and sing.
 We see the beauteous summer land
 With bowers of fadeless green,
 And melting hills and banks of flowers,
 With singing streams between.

3 Then what are argosies of clouds,
 If light break sweetly through?
 And what are all earth's cumb'ring cares,
 With heaven, our home, in view?
 Our fading hopes bloom fresh again,
 Our weary hands grow strong,
 While spirits lovingly declare
 We shall not suffer long.

4 Balm-bearers from the better land,
 Stand ye along our way,
 And purify us from all sin
 By your angelic sway.
 And when the fennel's bitter leaf
 Dips o'er our goblet's brim,
 Still let us in our darkest hours
 Hope on, though sad our hymn.

LIFE.

1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well! All oth - er life is short and vain,
He liv - eth long - est who can tell Of liv - ing most for heav'n - ly gain.
Waste not thy be - ing; back to Him Who free - ly gave it, free - ly give:
Else is that be - ing but a dream; 'Tis but to be, and not to live.

117. HOW TO LIVE.

2 BE thou in truthfulness arrayed;
Hold up to earth thy torch divine!
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let steps of charity be thine!
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3 Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

118. SUN OF TRUTH.

1 O RADIANT Sun of Truth divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
And from the earth in glory rise,
To meet the brightness of the skies.
Wide let thy glory be displayed,
In one bright day, without a shade,
And thus may we supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.

2 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
Till men of ev'ry land shall see
Its glorious brightness, and be free.
'Tis done! the Sun of Truth appears!
The shades withdraw, the morning clears!
Its rays flow over land and main,
And one eternal day shall reign!

PROPHET.

1. Joy to the world! the an - gels come To crown a pro - phet king!

The pure in heart pre - pare them room, And in - spi - ra-tions sing!

Let Sor - row lift her tear - ful eyes, Des - pair for - get his gloom,

Up from your fet - ters, serfs, a - rise, The Ju - bi - lee has come!

119. THE PROPHET.

² JOY to the world! the prophet speaks
The love that gladdens heaven! [breaks,
Through Fear's dread night the morning
And Error's veil is riven!
It rolls away Death's icy shroud!
And lo! an angel's shrine!
The God in nature shouts aloud!
The human grows divine!

3 Joy to the world! the angels come!
That prophet is To-day;
Foretelling Superstition's doom,
And Love's celestial sway.
Let Freedom lift her joyous voice!
Let Reason burst her bands!
Let Truth be glad; let Right rejoice!
And Justice clap her hands!

120. SPEAK NO ILL.

I NAY, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can leave no sting behind;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is 'neath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still speak the best we can.

² Give me the heart that fain would hide,
And others' faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove us all so base?
No; let us reach a higher mood
In estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak the best we can.

NATURE'S HARP.

Fine.

1. The harp at na - ture's ad - vent strung Has nev - er ceased to play;

D.C. The o - cean look - eth up to heaven And mir - rors ev - 'ry star.

The song the stars of morn - ing sung Has nev - er died a - way;

And prayer is made, and praise is given, By all things near and far;

121. THE GREAT WORSHIP.

2 THE green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.
The mists above the mountain rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

3 The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.
With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

4 The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of its prayer.
So nature keeps the reverent fame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

122. MATERNAL LOVE.

1 NIGHT'S ample folds were twined around
The pillars of the morn;
And fair aurora's splendors crowned
The hour when light was born.

The angel of the day-beam swept
The earth with pinions gay,
And starry dews, the night had wept,
By him were kissed away.

2 The sky-lark's silvery lute was strung
O'er meadow, vale, and hill,
And myriad tiny insects hung
Light dancing o'er the rill.
In this enrapturing hour I walked
Forth from my slumb'rous bed,
And with a radiant being talked
Whom I had long thought dead.

3 "Where is thy blissful home?" I asked, —
"Say where dost thou abide?"
She turned her beaming face unmasked
And answered, "By thy side.
Ever with thee in sun and storm,
In sorrow or in joy,
I guide thy steps, thy heart I warm,
My own, my darling boy!"

4 Such is a mother's love; it dies
Not, neither can it die;
My soul with gratitude shall rise
To Him who dwells on high,
That over all this checkered scene
Of life her loving hand
Shall lead me with a joy serene
Up to the summer land.

THE SILENT LAND.

The musical score for "The Silent Land" consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C') and 2/8 time (indicated by a '2 8'). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line is in soprano range, and the piano accompaniment is in basso continuo range. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing below the notes where appropriate. The score concludes with a dynamic marking of *pp*.

1. Into the Silent Land! Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither,
 Lead us thither? Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand. Who leads us with a
 gen-tle hand Thither, oh, thither, In - to the Si - lent Land?

123.

THE SILENT LAND.

1 INTO the Silent Land!
 Into the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand
 Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh, thither,
 Into the Silent Land;

2 Into the Silent Land!
 Into the Silent Land
 For all the broken-hearted!
 Lead us thither!

Where the mild herald by our fate allotted,
 E'er beck'ning with inverted torch, doth stand.
 To lead us with a gentle hand,
 Thither, oh, thither,
 Into the Silent Land!

3 Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land

Of holy meditation,

Lead us thither!

Whither inspiring fountains flow to rivers
 In waves of loving sweetness o'er earth's sand,
 To make it fair, as summer land,

Breathing its fragrance

Into the Silent Land!

4 Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!

Where all the boundless regions

Are perfection, [brighten

Where the sweet tender morning visions
 With beauteous souls of holy pledge and
 Who in Life's battle firm shall stand, [band;
 Bearing Hope's blossoms
 Into the Silent Land!

INCENSE.

With energy.

1. O Thou, to whom, in an - cient time, The lyre of He - brew
bards was strung, Whom kings a - dored in songs sub - lime,
And proph - ects praised with glow-ing tongue, And proph - ects praised with glow-ing tongue,

Inst.

124.

INCENSE OF THE HEART.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the Syrian well;

3 From ev'ry place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

VOICE OF PROGRESS.

Fine.

1. Hear ye not now the voice of God, From the great peo - ple's heart re-sound-ing?
See ye the light that is a - broad, Proud ru - lers of the earth con-found-ing?

D.C. Shout-ing with voice of fire and steam Deep cho - rus of pro-gress - ive thun-der. D.C.

Our world is wa-king from her dream, To snap her creed-forged chains a - sun - der,

THE HEART'S DEAD.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 2/2 time and B-flat major. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the bass. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The vocal part starts with "Rat - tle the windows, wind! Rain, drip on the pane! There are". The piano part provides harmonic support with chords. The bass part provides harmonic support at the bottom of the range.

1. Rat - tle the windows, wind! Rain, drip on the pane! There are
 tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes For the lie we live in
 vain. There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes For the
 life we live in vain.

125. VOICE OF PROGRESS.

¹ HEAR ye not now the voice of God,
 From the great people's heart resounding?
 See ye the light that is abroad,
 Proud rulers of the earth confounding?
 Our world is waking from her dream,
 To snap her creed-forged chains asunder,
 Shouting with voice of fire and steam
 Deep chorus of progressive thunder.

² Weak hearts may falter in the shade,
 May count the gloom of buried ages,
 But live men will not be dismayed,
 By phantoms dug from dusty pages.
 The living, not the dead, are ours, [us,
 Whose voices blend through death to cheer
 While heaven reveals the human flowers
 That bloom upon her borders near us.

3 Poor toiling millions, meagre fed,
 Are standing now at Freedom's portals,
 While daylight blossoms overhead,
 With sweet words from the dear immortals!
 No more shall bigotry enshroud
 Our dearest hopes in endless terror
 For light long hid behind the cloud,
 Breaks o'er the gloom of ancient error.

4 Kings, priests, and conquerors no more
 Shall chain our souls and steal our guerdon,
 For bloody blades shall fall before [den.
 Strong arms that share our common bur-
 Earth's song of peace is on our tongue;
 Archangels lean from heaven to hear it;
 Mind is our king whose name is sung
 In deeds, and tyrants must revere it.

126. THE HEART'S DEAD.

² GRAY ocean heaves and heaves,
 Rolls, rolls on the sand;
 And the blasted limb of the churchyard tree
 Solemn shakes like ghostly hand.
 3 Silent the dead are there,
 'Neath grassy wild waves;
 But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
 Than the earth in all her graves.

LAND OF BLISS.

1. O land of bliss, my heart now turns With long - ing hopes to thee,
As long the blos - soms of the spring That sun - beams strive to free!
O stream of time, on whose sweet wave, Like flowers up - on thy breast,
My thoughts thy flowing tide doth bend, Towards that sweet land of rest!

127.

LAND OF BLISS.

2 O LAND of fruit, that hangs so rich
Upon thy bending trees,
Oh, when shall I beneath thy shade
Inhale the swelling breeze?
And with these rapturous eyes behold
The white-robed angel band,
And drink the flowing landscape in,
The sweet and dewy land?

3 And with me, too, the beings loved
Find all of sorrow o'er?
When shall these tearful partings cease
On life's retreating shore?
And by those living streams may pluck
The amaranth and rose,
And drink the nectar from the streams
Where deathless water flows?

128.

FLOWERS.

1 EACH tiny leaf unfolds a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In ev'ry by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

2 They tremble on the Alpine height;
The fissured rock they press;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares, too, their blessedness:
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

O'ER BILLOWS BLUE.

129. LIFE'S SUNNY SEAS.

I 'M sailing o'er life's sunny seas;
I'm sailing 'neath bright cloudless skies;
And with such guards and lights as these,
How swift each golden moment flies!
My heart is light, my glance is bright,
While crowned with joy the fleet hours are;
In light canoe o'er billows blue,
I'm gliding to a land afar!

2 I've launched my bark from sullen shores,
Where angry waves have lashed her sides,
And far from surge and rush and roar,
I float along on peaceful tides.
Chorus.

3 There greets me now a spirit-hand,
And borne along on gentle breeze,
I catch the sweets of fairy-land
That woo me over sunny seas!
Chorus.

130. WHEN LAUGHING JOY.

1 WHEN laughing joy makes glad our way,
And mirth invites to harmless play,
More fair than eve's bright stars appear,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near.
They hover near, they hover near,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near,
More fair than eve's bright stars appear,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near.

2 When dark despair doth rule the hour
And make us feel its gloomy power,
Our guardians come in sympathy
To set us from our bondage free.
Chorus.

3 With blessings to each earthly home,
These messengers of heaven come,
Inspiring thoughts of higher life,
Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.
Chorus.

GREETING.

1. We give you joyous greeting, Friends of our no - ble cause,
Who have lit the torch of rea - son, By light of nature's laws;
We give you joy - ous greet - ing, Ye toil - ers in the field,
Who, the right with pa - tient work - ing, Will nev - er jus - tice yield.

131. SPIRIT GREETING.

1 WE give you joyous greeting,
Friends of our noble cause,
Who have lit the torch of reason
By light of nature's laws;
We give you joyous greeting,
Ye toilers in the field,
Who, the right with patient working,
Will never justice yield.

2 We give you joyous greeting,
Workers so bold, so free,
To unite your scattered forces
In ranks of harmony;
We give you joyous greeting,
Inspired with powers above
To demolish ancient error
By might of truth and love.

132. THE HEART.

1 'TIS bright where'er the heart is;
Chain nor a dungeon dim
Ne'er can check the mind's aspirations,
Or spirit's pealing hymn;
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power;
It is sunlight to its rippling,
And soft dew to its flower.

2 Sweet is the summer nectar,
Circling around the rose,
But far sweeter where the heart is
Imparting calm repose;
Oh, welcome its kind pulsing
To soothe thy troubled breast;
Ever keep the love that nestles
Therein a sunny guest.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Not too fast.

1. The pure, the bright, the beau - ti - ful, That stirred our hearts in youth;

D.C. The striv - ing af - ter bet - ter hopes, — These things shall nev - er die;

The im-pulse of a word-less prayer, The dream of love and truth,

The long-ing af - ter some-thing lost, The spir - it's yearn-ing cry,

133. THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

2 THE timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
That plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart, —
These things shall never die.

3 The mem'ry of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high, [met.
Those hands have clasped, those lips have
These things shall never die.

4 Let nothing pass, for ev'ry hand
Must find some work to do;
Let not a chance to waken love;
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

134. THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

1 BEFORE us heaven invites the way;
Death-damps behind us lie;
Before us dawns progressive day
Whose beauties never die.
The Eden with its angels bold,
With flowers and rivers free,
Is less a mystic story told
Than growing prophecy.

2 Within the spirit's perfect air,
Where love is pure and kind,
In innocence from selfish care,
The Eden we shall find.
So when the soul to sin hath died,
True, beautiful, and sound,
Then all our earth is sanctified,
A paradise around.

3 From spirit lands of peace afar
Disturbing force shall flee;
Impatient toil nor wrong shall mar
Immortal unity.
Oh, welcome day of saint and sage,
When childhood's holy heart,
With head of wisdom's golden age,
Shall love to man impart!

*REVELATION.**With Dignity.*

1. God of the granite and the rose! Soul of the sparrow and the bee!

The mighty tide of being flows Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.

D.S. Till from creation's radiant towers Its glory flames in stars and suns.

It leaps to life in grass and flowers, Through every grade of being runs.

135. NATURE'S REVELATION.

1 GOD of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows [thee].
Through countless channels, Lord, from
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

2 O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill, [ers],
Know that, like birds and streams and flow-
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your god-like spirit can confine.

3 God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all thy creatures back to thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,—
A mighty sea without a shore,—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

136. ENTRANCEMENT.

1 IN this vast temple of the soul,
What fairy glimpses here have we,
When closed are all the outer doors
From which the outer world we see;
And as our spirits then may roam
From land to land, and star to star,
And bring the Spirit-Land so near,
We once had thought so dimly far,

2 What truth and beauty then impress
The spirit's likeness on the face,
When, as the starlight meets the star,
That Spirit-Land and we embrace;
And thus are mirrored on the cheek
The shadows of that world of love,
As through the soul the figures pass,
The imaged forms of those above.

3 And as the tones of music rise,
And in successive scales must chime,
So next this world that round us lies
The Spirit-Land takes up the rhyme;
And all things here that now we have
Are types of those we there shall see,
As note to note, and scale to scale,
Here typify the harmony.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

1. More than build - ing show - y man - sions, More than dress or fine ar - ray,
 More than dome of loft - y stee - ples, More than sta - tion, pow - er, sway;
 Make your home both neat and taste - ful, Bright and pleas - ant, al - ways fair,
 Where each heart shall rest con - tent - ed, Grate - ful for each beau - ty there.

137.**MAKE HOME PLEASANT.**

1 MORE than building showy mansions,
 More than dress or fine array,
 More than dome of lofty steeples,
 More than station, power, sway;
 Make your home both neat and tasteful,
 Bright and pleasant, always fair,
 Where each heart shall rest contented,
 Grateful for each beauty there.

2 More than lofty, swelling titles,
 More than fashion's luring glare,
 More than mammon's gilded honors,
 More than thought can well compare;
 See that home is made attractive,
 By surroundings pure and bright,
 Trees arranged with taste and order,
 Flowers with all their sweet delight.

3 Seek to make your home most lovely,
 Let it be a smiling spot,
 Where, in sweet contentment resting,
 Care and sorrow are forgot;
 Where the flowers and trees are waving,
 Birds will sing their sweetest song,
 Where the purest thoughts will linger,
 Confidence and love belong.

4 There each heart will rest contented,
 Seldom wishing e'er to roam,
 Or, if roaming, still will cherish
 Mem'ries of that pleasant home;
 Such a home makes man the better,
 Sweet and lasting its control;
 Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
 Leaves an impress on the soul.

• VOYAGE.

1. Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child! A thou - sand dan-gers hide
A - long the cur - rent, now so mild, Whose riv - er thou must ride;
And golden lights will dance anon, To lure thee from thy way;
Oh, heed them not; push on! push on! And tell thy tempt - ers, Nay.

138.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

1 Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!
A thousand dangers hide
Along the current, now so mild,
Whose river thou must ride;
And golden lights will dance anon,
To lure thee from thy way;
Oh, heed them not; push on! push on!
And tell thy tempters, Nay.

2 Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!
These dangers cannot harm,
While thou dost keep thy soul unguiled,
Thy feelings pure and warm.
The world may threaten, keep thy boat
Straight, where thine angel beck;
Push on! push on! and thou shalt float
Safe, 'mid a thousand wrecks.

3 Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!
The waves will oft run high,
And storms will rage around thee wild,
And night will hide the sky.
But do not quit the helm, my boy;
Hold on! hold on! hold on!
No hurricane can thee destroy,
Until thy work is done.

4 Clouds may shut in like shrouds of death,
Loud breakers at thy bow;
But courage and a manly faith
Will save thee even now;
These twain will part the clouds, and free,
And show the dawning day;
Push on! a voice shall speak to thee,
And point thee out thy way.

RELEASED.

Not too fast.

A musical score for 'RELEASED.' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and common time, with a tempo marking of 'Not too fast.' The bottom staff is in bass clef and common time. The lyrics are as follows:

1. While the flesh the soul en - cum - bers, Here as pris - on - ers are we;
 Death, the war - den, nev - er slum - bers, Hold - ing fast the mys - tic key.
 But when age or ailment mortal Brings the fi - nal long release,
 O - pen wide he swings the portal, Bid - ding us depart in peace.

139.

RELEASED.

2 THEN the cast-off vestments flinging
 In the silent, darksome tomb,
 Up in joy the spirit springing,
 Radiant stands, in fadeless bloom.
 All earth's pains and troubles leaving,
 All its mocking, tinsel glare,
 Upward floating, softly cleaving,
 Cleaving still the crystal air.

3 To our Father's home returning,
 From the brief sojourn on earth,
 While ten thousand seraphs burning,
 Chant the spirit's higher birth.
 Then the spirit's view shall widen,
 And its aspirations rise,
 And deep truths that long lay hidden
 Shall rejoice the longing eyes.

140.

WOUND NOT THE HEART.

i DO not wound the heart that loves thee,
 Do not cause it needless pain,
 For the heart that once is blighted,
 Like the rose, ne'er blooms again;
 It may seem a goodly flower,
 And awhile delight the eye,
 But there is a secret anguish,
 That will cause it soon to die.

2 Do not wound the heart that loves thee,
 Bid it live beneath thy smile;
 Ever cause it to be happy,
 And its darkest hours beguile;
 If thy blessing will give pleasure
 To the heart that leans on thee,
 It will prove a priceless treasure,
 When thy summer friends shall flee.

ANGELS BRIGHT.

From "Psalms of Life," by permission of J. S. ADAMS.

1. Angels bright are drawing near
Lad - en with love: List, you shall their
voi - ces hear, Voi - ces a - bove, See! their forms you can behold, Float - ing a -
pace: Wait, they will us all en - fold In their em - brace.

141.

RISING MORN.

2 MUSIC sweet! we catch the strain;
Hark! soft and low,
Now it's borne to us again,
Gentle its flow.
Life, immortal life is theirs,
Joyful its hours;
Freed from mortal ills and cares,
It shall be ours.

3 Thanks to God with souls elate,
He gives us all;
Joyous in his presence wait,
List to his call.

'Tis his voice that bids us meet
Friends outward gone,
And with gladsome spirits greet
Earth's rising morn.

4 Angels bright are coming near
Bearing their love
Unto us, who, waiting here,
Trust God above.
See! their forms you can behold
Floating apace;
Wait! they will us all enfold
In one embrace.

GOD IS LOVE.

Teach us now the angel chorus, Thou art love and love a - lone. *Fine.*
D.C.

1. Love pa - ter - nal, great and ho - ly, Fearing nought we come to thee,-
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly, For thy love has made us free.

142.

GOD IS LOVE.

2 THOUGH the worlds in flame should per-
Suns and stars in ruin fall, [ish,
Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.

And though heaven thy name is praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the strains our hearts are raising,-
Thou art love and love alone.

HE LEADS US ON.

1. He leads us on, By paths we do not know; Up - ward he leads us,
 though our steps are slow, Though oft we faint and fal - ter on the way,
 Though storm and dark-ness oft ob-scure the day; Yet, when the clouds are
 gone, We know he leads us on.

He guides our steps through all these weary years,
 We know his will be done;
 And still he leads us on.

143. *HE LEADS US ON.*

2 HE leads us on
 Through the unquiet years; [tears;
 Through this dark vale of shadows and of
 Past all our dream-land hopes and doubts
 and fears,

3 And he at last,
 After the weary strife,
 After the restless fever we call life,
 After the dreariness, the aching pain,
 The wayward struggles which ne'er proved in
 vain,
 After our toils are past,
 Will give us rest at last.

GOD IS LOVE. Continued.

1. By the blue sky bend - ing o'er us! By the green earth's flow - ry zone!
 2. And though heav'n thy name is prais - ing, Ser - aphys hymn no sweet - er tone,

D.C.

THE OTHER WORLD.

1. It lies a-round us like a cloud, A world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet clos-ing of an eye May bring us there to be.
 Its gen-tle breez-es fan our cheek; A-mid our world-ly cares
 Its gen-tle voi-ces whis-per love, And min-gle with our prayers.

144. THE OTHER WORLD.

2 SWEET hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitate the veil between,
 With breathings almost heard.
 So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
 So near to press they seem,
 They lull us gently to our rest,
 They melt into our dream.

3 And in the hush of rest they bring,
 'Tis easy now to see
 How lovely and how sweet a pass
 The hour of death may be;
 Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care.

4 Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
 Press nearer to our side,
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.
 Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

145. THE HOME WE BUILD.

1 THERE is a place of peaceful rest
 Beyond this tearful earth
 Refined from its maternal source,
 Awoke to spirit birth;
 There is a home we each have built,
 Of many mansions bright,
 Unfolded from the hearts of this,
 Lit up with heav'nly light.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side;
 When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
 And foams the angry tide,
 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth immortal morn
 In floods of glory from that realm,
 To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that sweet home of fadeless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 Encircled in the arms of love,
 'Mid blessedness complete.
 There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not on that scene;
 But life and golden beauty shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

VALE.

1. From us pass dal - ly those we fond - ly love Down to the realms that in deep silence lie;
We watch them as their dear forms dimly move A-down death's vale till lost to mor-tal eye.

146.

YEARNINGS.

1 FROM us pass daily those we fondly love
Down to the realms that in deep silence lie; [move
We watch them as their dear forms dimly Adown death's vale till lost to mortal eye.
2 We know 'tis well; that light of love supreme,
Which brightens here our devious mortal path,
Still guides their feet with steady, kindly beam,
As tremblingly they tread the vale of death.

3 Yet fain our eyes would catch, athwart the gloom,
The radiance of their forms beatified,
Some rays of glory that those shores illumine
That lie so peaceful on the "other side."
4 Our love, our faith, our hopes, our fears, our grief,
Now burst the veil that darkly intervenes,
And in this rapturous vision find relief,
The loved commingling in heaven's blissful scenes.

FOUNTAIN.

1. Check at their foun - tain - head, O Love! the streams of strife;
Nor let misguided man re-joice To take his brother's life, To take his bro - ther's life.

147.

SACREDNESS OF LIFE.

2 STRIKE off the pomp and pride
That deck the deeds of war,
And in their gorgeous mantle hide
The blood-stained conqueror.
3 To history's blazoned page
Touch the pure wand of truth,

And bid its heroes stand unveiled
Before the eye of youth.
4 So shall the seeds of hate
Be strangled in their birth,
And peace, the angel of thy love,
Rule o'er th' enfranchised earth.

GOD IN THE SOUL.

1. Thou God, be - beneath no tem-ple's fane Our mock-ing vows we pay;

All prayers, all of - fer - ings are vain We on their al - tars lay.

Vain is the priest - ly sac - ri - fice, The off - 'ring and the blood;

On - ly with - in the soul can rise The in - cense true to God.

148.

GOD IN THE SOUL.

2 **W**ITHIN the heart's most deep recess,
Where holiest thoughts arise,
And sacred loves flow out to bless
The world and upper skies,
There is thine altar, there we bring,
With an adoring throng,
Our heart-felt offerings and sing
Our ever grateful song.

3 Thy golden threads of light and love,
Thy gems of purest joy,
Within life's endless web are wove,
That time cannot destroy.
'Tis meet we should adore thee thus,
When by this light we see
Thy life of life, innate in us,
And all our lives in thee.

149.

PASSAGE HOME.

1 **O**H, sweetly sinks this life of ours,
Through age's cloudy bars;
A fading flush on hill and sky,
And lo, the world of stars!
We bless thee, gracious God, for birth,
By which we hither come;
We bless thee for the gate of death,
The good man's passage home.

2 We bless thee for the heart to feel,
And for the eye to see;
For faith that reaches over time
And grasps eternity.
Oh, softly fades this life of ours,
Through age's silver bars;
A tender flush on hill and sky,
And lo, the world of stars!

WASHTENONG.

Not too fast.

1. An emerald bank of wood-land bowers, Be-spangled with bright rose-ate flowers,
 Be-girts this beau-teous for-est stream, That glides a-far like fair-y dream,
 Where wild birds with their vo-cal song, Chant praise to thee, fair Wash-te-nong.

150.

WASHTENONG.

2 HERE doth the wild deer feed, and lave
 His graceful limbs beneath thy wave;
 In stately form and conscious pride,
 The wild fowls on thy bosom ride,
 And whippoorwill sings pensive song
 Mid thy fair groves, fair Washtenong.
 3 Here bark canoes that once did rest
 Upon thy bosom's placid breast
 Have floated down time's trackless shore,

A name they've left, but nothing more.
 Methinks the Indian maiden's song
 Laments for thee, fair Washtenong.

4 Here wandered redman free as air,
 O'er stream and valley ev'rywhere;
 But ploughman now turns sacred sod
 Where forest kings have ever trod,
 Whose last sad echoing is a song,
 Revealing love for Washtenong.

CLEAR.

151.

CLEAR.

1 WHAT needs a conscience, clear and bright
 Within itself, an outward test?
 Who breaks his glass to take more light
 Makes way for storms into his rest.
 2 Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
 Until the white-winged reapers come.

JOY IN GRIEF.

There is a joy in grief when peace dwells with the sorrowful. — OSSIAN.

1. Oh, come, gen - tle peace, from thy heaven de-scend, To sorrows of mortals thy
pi - ty lend; O'er wounds of earth's stricken ones pour thy balm, And
strengthen their souls with thy sa - cred charm; Oh, come, gen - tle peace, with thy
sweet re - lief; Soothe the sad soul with thy joy in grief.

152.

JOY IN GRIEF.

1 OH, come, gentle peace, from thy heaven descend,
To sorrows of mortals thy pity lend;
O'er wounds of earth's stricken ones pour thy balm,
And strengthen their souls with thy sacred charm;
Oh, come, gentle peace, with thy sweet relief;
Soothe the sad soul with thy joy in grief.

2 Oh, come to the call of the captive lone;
Thou only canst stifle his heavy moan;
But faith doth abide, and a joy most rare,
In hearts of the sad, when peace dwelleth there.

Chorus.

3 All bitter repnings shall flee away
From souls that in meekness e'er own thy sway;
Dim doubts and dark fears in thy presence yield,
And bow to the power that thy wand doth wield.

Chorus.

4 Oh, hover, sweet peace, round the couch of pain,
And soothe the last hours that to life remain;
E'er turn the dim eyes to that country blest
Where none shall seek vainly thy holy rest.

Chorus.

JOY SHALL COME AT LAST.

1. When the day of life is drear - y, And when gloom thy course en-shrouds,
 When thy step is faint and wear - y, And thy spir - it's dark with clouds,
 Stead - fast still in thy well - do - ing, Let thy soul for - get the past;
 Stead - fast still the right pur - su - ing, Doubt not joy shall come at last,
 Come at last, come at last, Doubt not joy shall come at last.

153.

JOY SHALL COME AT LAST.

² STRIVING still, and onward pressing,
 Seek not future years to know,
 But deserve the wished-for blessing;
 It shall come, though it be slow;
 Never tiring, upward gazing,
 Let thy fears aside be cast,
 And thy trials tempting, bearing,
 Doubt not joy shall come at last.

3 Keep not, then, thy mind regretting;
 Seek the good, spurn evil's thrall;
 Though thy foes thy path besetting,
 Thou shalt triumph o'er them all;
 Though each year but bring thee sadness,
 And thy youth be fleeting past,
 There'll be time enough for gladness,
 Doubt not joy shall come at last.

PROGRESS.

Maestoso.

1. Step for-ward, dear friends, and keep time with the truth! Be man-ly as
 men in the ar-dor of youth; Step for-ward, not back-ward, nor
 e-ver a-side, At bid-ding of cus-tom, am-bi-tion, or pride;
 Step bold-ly, but tru-ly, e-rect-ly and well; The fruit of your la-bors the
 fu-ture will tell, If you are but faith-ful, and nev-er des-pair,
 But live for the truth, and its glo-ry de-clare.

154.

STEPS OF PROGRESS.

1 STEP forward, dear friends, and keep time with the truth!
 Be manly as men in the ardor of youth;
 Step forward, not backward, nor ever aside,
 At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride;
 Step boldly, but truly, erectly and well;
 The fruit of your labors the future will tell,
 If you are but faithful, and never despair,
 But live for the truth, and its glory declare.

2 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the right
 Leave error behind you, like angels of light;
 Step firmly but gently, nor even in ire;
 The bush on Mount Horeb burned not in the fire!
 Step onward and upward; what others have done
 But opens the way to fresh labors begun;
 Oh, learn the great truth that the right shall prevail;
 If you will but step, all oppression shall fail!

3 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the good
 That cometh to you in your loftiest mood;
 Step gently, but nobly, on errands of peace,
 Till slavery, warfare, and hatred shall cease;
 Step truly and firmly and boldly, but light!
 Ne'er crushing a worm by your cautionless might;
 Step kindly, but step, and you'll surely proceed;
 The true and the right and the good will succeed.

THE STARS.

1. Slow-ly, by God's hand un - furled, Down a - round the wea - ry world,

Falls the dark-ness; oh, how still Is the work-ing of his will!

Is the work-ing of his will!

2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
 Work in me as silently;
 Veil the day's distracting sights,
 Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought
 In the boundless realms of thought;
 High and infinite desires,
 Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy truth, eternal right,
 Let them break upon my sight;
 Let them shine serene and still,
 And with light my being fill.

155.

THE STARS.

1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
 Down around the weary world,
 Falls the darkness; oh, how still
 Is the working of his will!

THE LILY.

1. A pool of wa - ter pure as dew A - mid the rush-es shone,

And there a snow-white lil - y sat, Up - on her crys - tal throne;

The ha - lo of the set - ting sun Glanced through her milk - y wings,

She seemed to be a - side from all The dark de - cay - ing things;

But through the o - dors that a - rose From va - pors damp with death

My grate - ful sens - es caught the strength And sweet - ness of her breath.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The music is divided into four sections, each corresponding to a verse of the lyrics. The first section starts with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note. The second section starts with a quarter note followed by an eighth note. The third section starts with a quarter note followed by an eighth note. The fourth section starts with a quarter note followed by an eighth note. The lyrics are written in a simple, rhythmic style, matching the musical patterns.

THE LILY. Concluded.

O saint - ly lil - y of the pool! How sad thy lot must be
To blos-som in the drear - y marsh, Where none may wor - ship thee;
And, liv - ing 'mid the dead-ness, keep Thy - self from stains a - part,
Where on - ly pity - ing sun - beams smile, To light thy gold - en heart!

156.

2 THE blushing lily answered me,
 Distress thyself no more,
Since He who made me hath a boon
 To bless the loneliest shore.
I came from Him whose myriad pearls,
 So hard to seek or save,
Are sparkling in serenest hue
 Beneath the secret wave.
Why should I care for earthly praise,
 Or covet earthly crown?
He never doth forget to send
 Far holier blessings down.
To him I lift my stainless hands,
 And breathe my odorous prayer,
And am infilled from shower or sun,
 And bathed with balmy air.
My summer life must pass away
 From beauteous things apart,
A symbol pure of what lies deep
 In many a sinful heart.

THE LILY.

3 "The seeds of sin may rankly grow,
 The clouds may darkly gloom,
They shall not have the power to blast
 The hidden lily bloom.
There's not a soul so dead, so cold,
 So smothered under woe,
But that at last its hope shall spring,
 Its flower divine shall blow.
Oh, wait His hour of promise sure
 Whose patience ne'er grows old;
He sends his blessed sunbeams down
 To help the bud unfold;
For when the power of love breaks through,
 And opes responsive light,
The morning dawns, the noon tide floods,
 Nor ever cometh night!
And the immortal flower awakes
 From out the quickened sod;
Expanding thence through life and death,
 It blossoms up to God!

BLESSING.

1. Weep not! God's an - gel now is stand - ing by us; Our tears will
 blind us to the bless - ed sight; Doubt not such love in dark-ness sent to
 Life's selfish ways must all be left be -

Fine.

try us; For soon shall pour the heaven's eter-nal light! Faint not! 'tis
 hind us; We shall be braver for the past de - spair.

D.S.

Love whose hea - vy bur-dens bind us, Gird-ing our souls a high - er joy to share;

157.

BLESSINGS OF TRIALS.

1 WEEP not! God's angel now is standing by us;
 Our tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
 Doubt not such love in darkness sent to try us;
 For soon shall pour the heaven's eternal light!
 Faint not! 'tis Love whose heavy burdens bind us,
 Girding our souls a higher joy to share;
 Life's selfish ways must all be left behind us;
 We shall be braver for the past despair.

2 Oh, not in loss shall be our journey's ending!
 Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
 All our best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
 Shall dawn so golden when the death is past!
 Come, O Divine! for hard the trials pressing
 On our frail hearts that bleed at every pore;
 Securely lead us to the constant blessing
 Of Love's pure fountain in the evermore!

RELIEF.

1. The man of char - i - ty ex - tends To all a lib - 'ral hand;
His kin - dred, neigh - bors, foes, and friends His pit - y may com-mand,
His pit - y may com-mand.

2 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain,
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
3 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.
4 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

158.

RELIEF.

1 THE man of charity extends
To all a lib'r'al hand;
His kindred, neighbors, foes, and friends
His pity may command.

SPIRIT SERENADE.

1. What gen - tle mu - sic wa - kens me, And mur - murs in my ear?
O moth - er, see, who can it be, At this late hour, so near?

159.

SPIRIT SERENADE.

2 "I HEAR no sound, no form I see;
Sink to thy rest so mild;
No serenade comes now to thee,
Thou poor and sickly child!"

3 "It was no music born of earth
That made my heart so light;
O mother! 'twas the angels' song,
That serenade — good-night!"

LIVE THEM DOWN.

1. Bro - ther, art thou poor and low - ly, Toil - ing, drudging day by day,
Journeying pain - ful - ly and slow - ly On thy dark and des - ert way?
Pause not, though the proud ones frown, Pause not, fear not! Live them down!

160.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

2 THOUGH to vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt endure the slander,
And its woes thy soul must feel;
Jest of witling, curse of clown;
Heed not either! Live them down.

3 Hate may wield her scourges horrid;
Malice may thy pain deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through cross shall come the crown;
Fear not foeman! Live them down!

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Duet.

1. In the an - gel's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest;
There the loved have gone be - fore us, To ful - fil their souls' re - quest.

REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.

Chorus.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first section of the chorus has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'There is'. The second section has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'Where the'.

{ There is rest oth-er side for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y,
 On the other side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

 { There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.

161.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

2 THEY are fitting up our mansions,
 Which eternally shall stand
 For our stay will not be transient
 In that happy spirit land.

Chorus.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And its sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, O ye mortals,
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

Chorus.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Earnestly.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first section of the chorus has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'Stand for'. The second section has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'A'.

1. Stand for the right! though false-hood rail, And proud lips cold - ly sneer,

 A poi - soned ar - row can - not wound A con-science pure and clear.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first section of the chorus has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'Stand for'. The second section has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'A'.

Stand for the right! stand for the right!
 A poi - soned ar - row can - not wound A con-science pure and clear.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first section of the chorus has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'Stand for'. The second section has two lines of lyrics, each starting with 'A'.

2 Stand for the right! and with clean hands
 Exalt the truth on high;
 Thou'l find warm, sympathizing hearts
 Among the passers-by;

3 Men who have seen and thought and felt,
 Yet could not boldly dare
 The battle's brunt, but by thy side
 Will ev'ry danger share.

4 Stand for the right! Proclaim it loud!
 Thou'l find an answering tone
 In honest hearts, and thou'l no more
 Be doomed to stand alone.

162.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

1 STAND for the right! though falsehood rail,
 And proud lips coldly sneer,
 A poisoned arrow cannot wound
 A conscience pure and clear.

SERENADE. SOFT FLOWING RIVER.

Legato.

1. Soft flow-ing ri - ver; Star - lighted stream, Fill - ing with mu - sic
Night - ly her dream, Min - gling thy wa - ters, Roll by the shore,
But soft - ly, oh, soft - ly Thy mu - sic out - pour, But soft - ly, oh, soft - ly

Thy mu - sic out - pour.

Mingling your voices
Song and encore,
But softly, oh, softly
Your music outpour.

3 Dreamer, she sleepeth,
Tranquil and blest;
Evening to morning,
Sweet be her rest;
Mingling thy voices,
Night, as of yore,
But softly, oh, softly
Thy music outpour.

163. SOFT FLOWING RIVER.
2 BREEZES of evening,
Pilgrims of song,
Sing to the dreamer
All the night long,

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

1. With - out haste and with - out rest! Bind the motto to thy breast;
D.C. Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Bear it on-ward to the tomb.

164.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

1 WITHOUT haste and without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm and sunshine guide it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

2 Haste not! let no thoughtless heed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

RILL.

1. Let the still air re - joice, Be ev - 'ry youthful voice Blended in one;
 While we re - new our strain To God with joy a - gain,
 Who sends the even - ing rain, And morn - ing sun.

165.

TEMPERANCE SONG FOR CHILDREN.

2 HIS hand in beauty gives
 Each flower and plant that lives,
 Each sunny rill;
 Springs! which our footsteps meet,
 Fountains! our lips to greet,
 Waters! whose taste is sweet,
 On rock and hill.

3 Each summer bird that sings
 Drinks from dear Nature's springs
 Her early dew;
 And the refreshing shower
 Falls on each herb and flower,
 Giving it life and power,
 Fragrant and new.

4 So let each faithful child
 Drink of this fountain mild,
 From early youth.
 Then shall the song we raise
 Be heard in future days;
 Ours be the pleasant ways
 Of peace and truth.

5 Now let each heart and hand,
 Of all this youthful band,
 United, move!
 Till on the mountain's brow,
 And in the vale below,
 Our land may ever glow
 With peace and love.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT! Continued.

Bear it with thee as a spell; Storm and sun - shine guide it well!

3 Rest not! life is sweeping by,
 Go and dare before you die;
 Something mighty and sublime
 Leave behind and conquer time!
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
 When these forms have passed away.

4 Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate!
 Duty be thy proper guide,
 Do the right whate'er betide!
 Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Tenderly.

1. Night sinks on the wave; Hollow gusts are sigh - ing; Sea-birds to their cave

2. Stars look o'er the sea, Few and sad and shrouded! Faith our light must be,

Through the gloom are fly - ing. Oh! should storms come sweep - ing, Thou in heaven un -

When all else is clouded. Thou whose voice came thrill - ing, Wind and bil - low

sleep - ing, O'er us vig - il keep - ing, Hear, hear and save!

still - ing, Speak, our prayer ful - fill - ing; Power dwells with thee.

PATIENCE.

1. She doth not chide, nor in reproachful guise The griefs we cherish rudely thrust a - part;

But in the light of her immortal eyes, Revives the manly courage of the heart.

167.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

² DAUGHTER of God! who walkest with us here,
Who mak'st our ev'ry tribulation thine,
Such light hast thou in earth's dim atmos -
phere,
How must thy seat in heaven exalted shine!

³ How fair thy presence by those living streams,
Where sin and sorrow from their troubling
cease!
Where on thy brow the crown of am'ranth
gleams,
And in thy hand the golden key of peace!

CONGREGATIONAL AND SOCIAL.

SIGHING FOR HEAVEN.

1. The path of the soul through this des-ert of life Is a wearisome journey at best;
We struggle and strive till we faint in the strife, And our spirits are longing for rest.

Chorus.

When earth is shrouded in darkness and gloom, We think of that land that is e - ver in bloom.

Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee! Oh, when shall we e - ver get there?

168.

WHEN SHALL WE EVER GET THERE?

OUR crosses are many, our crowns are but few;
And our loss is much more than our gain;
We turn from the substance, and shadows pursue,
Till we find that our life has been vain.
While close pressed with trouble, with sorrow and sin,
We lift up our souls for the light to come in;
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming
Oh, when shall we ever get there? [of thee!]

3 We garner our treasures, our jewels so bright,
And we worship our idols of clay;
But Death steals within, like "a thief in the night,"
And he filches our jewels away.
But there's a happy bourn waiting the soul,
Where Death will give back all the jewels he stole;
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee!
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

FAMILY MEETING IN HEAVEN.

From "Happy Voices," by permission of
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

1. I have a father in the spirit-land, I have a fa-ther in the spir - it-land;

My fa - ther calls me, I must go To meet him in the spir - it - land. I'll a -

way, I'll a - way to the spir - it - land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the spir - it-land,

My fa - ther calls me, I must go to meet him in the spir - it - land.

Chorus.

169.

FAMILY MEETING IN HEAVEN.

1 I HAVE a father in the spirit-land,
I have a father in the spirit-land;
My father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the spirit-land.
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
My father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the spirit-land.

2 I have a mother in the spirit-land,
I have a mother in the spirit-land;
My mother calls me, I must go
To meet her in the spirit-land.
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
My mother calls me, I must go
To meet her in the spirit-land.

3 I have dear children in the spirit-land,
I have dear children in the spirit-land;
And when they call me, I must go
To meet them in the spirit-land.
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
And when they call me, I must go
To meet them in the spirit-land.

4 Yes, I shall meet them in the spirit-land,
Yes, I shall meet them in the spirit-land,
And clasp their hands, a joyous band,
In gardens of the spirit-land.
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
And clasp their hands, a joyous band,
In gardens of the spirit-land.

ANNIVERSARY.

With Vigor.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

- Staff 1: We have come un - to the mon - tain, and the et - ty of our God,
- Staff 2: To the ways of truth and beau - ty by the souls per - feet - eit trod,
- Staff 3: And the res - ur - rec - tion trum - pet shall not wake us from the sod,
- Staff 4: As we go march - ing on. Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
- Staff 5: Glo - ry! Glory Hal - le - lu - jah! Glory! Glory Hal - le - lu - jah! As we go marching on.
- Staff 6: (Repeating the last line of the chorus)

170.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

² BREAK the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care;
Ever in our Father's mansions there is bread enough to spare;
Surely, none need faint with hunger, while we have such blessed fare,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

3 Bind we up the broken-hearted, and confirm the feeble knees,
For the kingdom has been opened to the least of such as these,
And we need not ask St. Peter to be ready with his keys,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

4 Set the little children marching with their banners in their hands;
Gently drill them into service with the brave old veteran bands,
Till the tramping of our army shall be heard in distant lands,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

The Spiritual Harp.

5 Deepest thunders of Progression are now shaking tyrants' thrones ;
 For the breath of inspiration wakes "the valley of dry bones;"
 And the ancient altars crumble while the "King of terror" groans,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus.

6 Shout we then our loud hosannas to the land beyond the sea,
 Till the people of all nations shall be through the truth made free,
 And shall join the swelling chorus in our song of jubilee,
 As we go marching on.

*Chorus.**HOME ABOVE.*

1. Home a - bove! home a - bove! From this world of woe, Oh, how this long - ing
 heart with love And joy doth o - ver - flow! Bright vis - ions o - pen
 on my sight, Blest spir - its stand in view; They all are robed in
 radiant white, Their songs are e - ver new.

171.

HOME ABOVE.

2 HAPPY hearts, happy hearts,
 With mine that laughed in glee,
 Oh, how the pearly tear-drop starts
 With longings to be free !

Oh, ask me not to longer stay,
 Bid me no longer roam,
 Along my weary, weary way,
 But rise into my home.

3 Music soft, music sweet,
 Is stealing on my ear,
 And oh ! the sound of angel feet
 Is drawing, drawing near.
 Oh, the sweet fragrance of this breath,
 That bears me o'er the wave !
 Where is thy sting, O welcome death ?
 Thy victory, O grave ?

BETHANY.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book,"
by permission of MASON BROTHERS.

The musical score for "BETHANY" consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by a '4'). The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee." The music concludes with a final section of "Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

172. NEARNESS TO GOD.

2 THOUGH, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My bed a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
| : Nearer, my God, to thee, : |
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
| : Nearer, my God, to thee, : |
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
| : Nearer, my God, to thee, : |
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
| : Nearer, my God, to thee, : |
Nearer to thee!

173. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1 I'M but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home;
Glories are ever there;
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my father-land;
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There, on the other side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

CONFIDENCE.

1. O an - gel of the land of peace, When wilt thou ev - er come for me?
I fain would be where sor - rows cease; I dread no more thy kind re - lease.
I wait for thee, I wait for thee, I wait for thee.

174. REST FOR THE LOST ONES.

1 O ANGEL of the land of peace,
When wilt thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease;
I dread no more thy kind release.
I wait for thee.

2 Sleep shuns mine eyes; mine inner sight
Is turning dimly heavenward,
To that fair land of love and light,
Where spirits all the silent night
Earth's loved ones guard.

3 My yearning soul would fain demand,
O holy angel pure and blest,
Where 'mid yon happy, shining band,
In all the heavenly father-land,
My lost ones rest!

4 For thou, with sweet and loving smile,
Didst gently lure them to thy breast,
And bear them from this world of guile,
Thy sweet, pure angel lips the while
Upon them prest.

5 Dark grew my soul, till down the air
Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!
And then I knew, from sin and care,

That thou my little ones didst bear
With God to dwell!

6 O angel of the land of peace,
When wilt thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease;
I dread no more thy kind release.
I wait for thee!

175. THE SEA OF LIFE.

1 FAR out, where sky and ocean run
To one fine line of light and foam,
Our souls, afash with heaven's bright sun,
Are happy vessels bounding home
To our blest home!

2 On earth, things weary seem and worn,
Our eyes are stained with dust and tears;
But there, where holy hopes are born,
How firm and lovely life appears
In our blest home!

3 What storms and perils hardly passed!
What days of doubt and nights of fear!
How strained the hearts that now, at last,
Draw nearer home, and still more near
Our own dear home!

SHADOWS.

Not too fast.

1. There are moments when life's shadows Fall all dark - ly on the soul,
Hid - ing stars of hope bo - hind them In a black, im - per - vious scroll;
When we walk with trem - bling foot - steps, Scarce - ly know - ing how or where
The dim paths we tread are lead - ing In our mid - night of de - spair.

176.

STAND FIRM.

2 STAND we firm in that dread moment,
Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
Looking boldly through the darkness,
Wait the coming of the day;
Gath'ring strength while we are waiting
For the conflict yet to come;
Fear not, fail not, light will lead us
Yet in safety to our home.
3 Firmly stand, though sirens lure us;
Firmly stand, though falsehood rail,
Holding justice, truth, and mercy;
Die we may, but cannot fail.
Fail! it is the word of cowards;
Fail! the language of the slave;
Firmly stand, till duty beckons;
Conquer e'en the shadowy grave.

177. THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

1 IS thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with thy friend;
And through all the years of famine
There will be enough to spend.

Love divine may fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain,
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
Angels bear both it and thee!

3 Numb and weary on the mountains
Wouldst thou sleep amid the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee mourn:
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING.*Prelude and interlude.*

From "Sparkling Stream,"
by permission of TREMAINE, N. Y.

Lively.

1. The Temp'rance Ball is roll - ing, And the knell of vice is toll - - ing,

As the Power Di - vine comes grand - ly Rolling, roll - ing, rolling on.

Chorus.

Roll - ing on, rolling

178.**THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING.**

- 1 THE Temp'rance Ball is rolling,
And the knell of vice is tolling,
As the Power Divine comes grandly
Rolling, rolling, rolling on.
- 2 A mighty surging ocean
Is this great and vast commotion, [ing,
When the Temp'rance Bomb comes bound-
And our cause goes rolling on.
- 3 It shall fill up all your rum holes;
It shall shake up all your numb souls;
All humanity shall hail it,
As it goes rolling on.

- 4 Angel hosts now cheer it daily,
Human voices shouting gayly,
While our noble work brings blessing,
As it goes rolling on.
- 5 Soon the thousands yet delaying,
In the haunts of evil straying,
Shall swell the Temp'rance triumph,
And with it go rolling on.
- 6 So the Temp'rance Ball goes humming,
And the glad "good time" is coming,
To light up all the ages,
While our cause goes rolling on.

THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING. Concluded.

on, rolling on; Oh, the knell of vice is toll - ing, As our cause goes roll - ing on.

MANSIONS.

1. Lo, in our heav'n - ly Fath - er's house Are man - y man - sions true,
And each shall find his spir - it's own, With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown,
As each doth here pur - sue, As each doth here pur - sue,
With fruits of love or hates o'er - grown, As each doth here pur - sue.

179.

1 L O, in our heavenly Father's house
Are many mansions true,
And each shall find his spirit's own
With fruits of love, or hates o'ergrown,
As each doth here pursue.

2 Each soul must seek its kindred kind,
Of gross or pure desire;
All selfish lusts, and passions vile,
Whatever doth the soul defile,
Still feed its cankered fire.

MANSIONS.

3 But those of sweeter, holier loves
The balmy life shall breathe
Of joy from wisdom's lofty throne,
Whose wondrous glory, shining down,
Doth glory more inwreathe.

4 O Father, teach us thy pure truth,
And fill us with thy love,
That we may find our resting-place,
With holy ones of every race,
In thy pure climes above.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
 { No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
 No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
 Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
 Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 { Weary with parting and never to meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore;
 Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!

180.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

- 1 SOME one has gone from this strange world of ours,
 No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
 No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
 Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
 Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 Weary with parting, though soon we shall meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore;
 Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!
- 2 Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
 Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
 Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
 When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
 Weary with sowing in sorrow to reap,
 Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
 Some one's departed for heaven's bright shore;
 Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!
- 3 Angels were anxiously longing to meet
 One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
 Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest;
 Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest;
 Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
 One more to cherish, and one more to kiss;
 One more departed to heaven's bright shore;
 Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!

DO GOOD.*

Fine.

D.C. Chorus.

If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough
In every street and lane. [though rough,
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters,
Will be sure to return it again.]

2 If you've any old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
In the name of a brother confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft.
God careth for all, and his glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor;
Be thou like him and bless ev'ry one, ev'ry
You will find your reward evermore. [one,
Chorus.]

181. Do Good.

1 DO good! do good! there is ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day when to-morrow comes still.

* Observe ties when singing first stanza.

THE WELCOME BACK.

1. Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to meet us,
 Where hands are striving, as we come, To be the first to greet us.

When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath, And care has been sore - ly press-ing,
 'Tis sweet to turn from our rov - ing path, And find a fire - side bless - ing.

Oh, joy - ful - ly dear is our home-ward track, If we are but sure of a
 Oh, joy - ful - ly etc.,

wel - come back, If we are but sure of a ²wel - come back.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll,
 Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Chorus.
 Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

182. THE WELCOME BACK.

1 SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us,
 Where hands are striving, as we come,
 To be the first to greet us. [wrath,
 When the world hath spent its frowns and
 And care has been sorely pressing,
 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
 And find a fireside blessing.
 Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

2 What do we reck on dreary way,
 Though lonely and benighted,
 If there are lips to chide our stay,
 And eyes that beam love-lighted?
 What's the worth of brilliant diamond glow
 To glances that flash with pleasure?
 By words that welcome us back, we know
 We form the heart's chief treasure.
 Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

183. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

1 S^HALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll,
 Where, in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Chorus.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er;
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair celestial shore?
Chorus.

3 Where the songs of those before us
 Roll in harmony around,
 And creation swells the chorus
 With its sweet, melodious sound?
Chorus.

4 Yes, we'll meet them, all the loved ones
 Torn on earth from our embrace,
 We shall listen to their voices,
 Shall behold them face to face.
Chorus. We shall, etc.

*GARDEN.**Moderato.*

1. There is a gar-den where ev - er-more bloom The flow-ers of beau-ty, that van-ish be-low;

They scent the glad air with a pre-cious per-fume, And un-fold in eter-ni-ty's glow.

Then ban-ish the shadows of sor-row a-way; Our Fa-ther trans-plants the sweet flowers he gave

To heaven's bright garden; this life is the way, And its gate is the des-o-late grave.

184.

SUMMER-LAND BLOOM.

2 THERE is a world where there breathes not
 a blight, [woe;
 The light heart of joy knows no shadow of
There ring on the ear the soft sounds of de-
 More melodious than any below. [light,
Sweet peace, gentle peace sways her sceptre
 of love, [angels fly,
 While round her pure throne all the bright
But, oh, that haven lies far, far above;
 And to reach it the body must die!

3 There is a home where departed souls dwell;
 The home of our Father, how pleasant and
 fair! [they swell
His children all meet round the board, and
 Through the mansion a heavenly air.
Oh, happy are they, from the cares of earth
 fled,
 Their joy evermore unalloyed by a gloom;
Weep not in sorrow for those who are dead,
 For the door of that home is the tomb.

I'M A TRAVELLER.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '4'). The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '4'). The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff contains the first two lines of the lyrics: 'I'm a lone - ly trav' - ler here, wea - ry, op - pressed; But my'. The second staff continues with 'jour - ney's end is near, soon I shall rest; Dark and drea - ry'. The third staff concludes the verse with 'is the way, toil - ing I come; Ask me not with you to stay,'.

185.

I'M A TRAVELLER.

1 I'M a lonely trav'ler here, weary, oppressed;
 But my journey's end is near, soon I shall rest;
 Dark and dreary is the way, toiling I come;
 Ask me not with you to stay, yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here, I must go on;
 For my journey's end is near, I must be gone;
 Brighter joys than earth can give win me away,—
 Pleasures that forever live; I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land where all is fair,
 Where is seen no broken band; all, all are there;
 Where no tears shall ever fall, no heart be sad;
 Where the glory is for all, and all are glad.

4 I'm a traveller, and I go where all is fair.
 Farewell, all I've loved below; I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, all I resign;
 Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, if heaven be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler; call me not; upward's my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot, I cannot stay.
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all, pilgrim I'll roam;
 Hail me not; in vain you call, yonder's my home.

MASON.

Music written for this work.

1. Life of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of ev'ry sphere,
Yet to each liv-ing heart how near!

186.

THE LIFE OF LIFE.

1 LIFE of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy wak'ning ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow's arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine,

4 Assist us, then, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree,
Worthy thy intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

1. There is no death! The stars go down To rise up - on some fair - er shore,
And bright in heav - en's jew - elled crown They shine for e - ver - more.

187.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

2 THERE is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

3 The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

4 There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

5 And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

1. Ye who, a - mid the strife Of hu - man tongues and creeds, Sigh for di - vin - er
 life To work out no - bler deeds, Wear - y of doubt and care, And seek - ing
 pur - er rest, Ser - vants of truth, who dare By truth a - lone be blest,
 Shake off your fetters, from the dis - cord flee, Burst ev'ry chain, would ye in-deed be free.

188.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

1 YE who, amid the strife
 Of human tongues and creeds,
 Sigh for diviner life
 To work out nobler deeds,
 Weary of doubt and care,
 And seeking purer rest,
 Servants of truth, who dare
 By truth alone be blest,
 Shake off your fetters, from the discord flee,
 Burst ev'ry chain, would ye indeed be free.

2 Forth, where the breath of love
 Yet stirs the quiet air,
 Up to those heights above,
 And breathe in freedom there!
 Hope not in aught below,
 For man your flight would stay;
 God is your leader now,
 His will your law to-day;
 Be strong in trust, be faithful to the end,
 His angel-watchers all your ways attend.

3 Hear ye this thrilling call
 Unheard by worldly ears,
 Clearly its heart-tones fall
 To chide your faithless fears;
 Prove ye the holy worth
 Of ev'ry promise given,
 Live ye the life on earth
 That lifts us nearer heaven!
 For thus the hung'ring soul to him is led;
 His voice obey, would ye by him be fed.

4 Then will the dark'ning cloud
 Of doubt be rent in twain,
 Never its gloom to shroud
 The free-born mind again;
 Light from the world divine
 Will flood our world with light;
 Nature in glory shine,
 And there "be no more night."
 Give wing to thought, arise! and swiftly soar
 Where truth with love abideth evermore!

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

1. How hap - py, in the days of youth, Rolled ev' - ry hour a - way!

When hearts were light and fa - ces bright, And all the world was gay,

D.S. Oh! all was hope and hap - pi - ness In days when we were young.

When ev - 'ry chord with - in each breast To love and joy was strung;

189. THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

1 HOW happy, in the days of youth,
Rolled every hour away!
When hearts were light and faces bright,
And all the world was gay,
When every chord within each breast
To love and joy was strung;
Oh! all was hope and happiness,
In days when we were young!

2 And sweet the flowers that decked our path;
All nature's face looked fair;
Where'er abroad the world we trod,
What lovely things were there!
While o'er each view her gorgeous hue
Fair fancy ever flung;
Oh! all was bright and beautiful
In days when we were young!

3 Then, friendship, sweeter far than all,
We thought could ne'er decay;
Nor friends beloved, who faithful proved,
Would ever pass away.
Their voice was music to our ears,
Upon their smiles we hung;
Oh! all the loves and tender ties
Of days when we were young!

190. THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

1 CAN we forget the gloomy time,
When Bacchus ruled the day,
When dissipation, sloth, and crime
Bore undisputed sway?
The time, the time, the gloomy time,
The time now passed away,
When dissipation, sloth, and crime
Bore undisputed sway?

2 All honor to the noble band
Who feared no creature's frown,
And boldly pledged both heart and hand
To put intemp'rance down;
The band, the band, the noble band, —
The band of blest renown, —
Who boldly pledged both heart and hand,
To put intemp'rance down.

3 Nor shall the pledge be e'er forgot,
That so much bliss creates, —
We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate'er intoxicates;
The pledge, the pledge is not forgot, —
The pledge old Bacchus hates;
We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate'er intoxicates.

LIBERTY.

1. The world hath felt a quick'ning breath, From heav'n's e - ter - nal shore,
And souls tri - umph - ant o - ver death,

2
Re - turn to earth once more. For this we hold our ju - bi - lee,

For this with joy we sing, "O Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry?
O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry?

O Death! where is thy sting?"

191. SPIRITUAL LIBERTY.*

2 OUR cypress wreaths are laid aside
For amaranthine flowers,
For death's cold wave does not divide
The souls we love from ours,
From pain and death and sorrow free,
They join with us to sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

3 Immortal eyes look from above
Upon our joys to-night,
And souls immortal in their love
In our glad songs unite.
Across the waveless crystal sea
The notes triumphant ring,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

4 "Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!"
With loving hearts we cry;
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
The angel hosts reply. [free,
From doubt and fear, through truth made
With faith triumphant sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

* Adapted to Auld Lang Syne.

GLORY HALLELUJAH.

1. I have some friends be - fore me gone, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

And I'm re-solved to trav - el on, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

We soon shall reach the shin - ing shore, And there we'll meet to part no more,

Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Singing glory

glory, glory, halle - lu-jah, halle- lu - jah!

192. GLORY HALLELUJAH.

2 OUR friends are on the other side,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
They wait for us across the tide,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Chorus.

3 Then let us ever onward go,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Nor set our hearts on things below,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Chorus.

4 Oh, let us choose the better part,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
And work with angels hand and heart,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Chorus.

5 Nor let aught tempt our feet to stray,
Glory, glory hallelujah!

Outside the safe and shining way,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

6 Then when shall sink life's setting sun,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Immortal hosts shall shout "Well done!"
Glory, glory hallelujah!

Chorus.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by '3/4') and G major (indicated by a sharp symbol). The first staff begins with a treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are going by;
 There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the days are going by.
 If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
 Oh! the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

193.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

1 THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
 While the days are going by;
 There are weary souls who perish
 While the days are going by.
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh! the good we all may do
 While the days are going by!

2 There's no time for idle scorning
 While the days are going by;
 Be our faces like the morning
 While the days are going by.
 Oh! the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;
 Help your fallen brother rise
 While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
 While the days are going by,
 One by one, we leave behind us
 While the days are going by;
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow
 While the days are going by.

4 Should misfortune dark come o'er us
 While the days are going by,
 Think what brightness is before us
 While the days are going by;
 Think of heaven where all are blest
 Where no sorrow can molest,
 Where we all shall be at rest
 While the days are going by.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH.

1. A new relig - ion shakes the earth; Christ, un - be - known to out - ward sage,
De-scends, in forms of love, to birth, And leads from heav - en the golden age.

194.

NEW RELIGION.

1 A NEW religion shakes the earth;
Christ, unbeknown to outward sage,
Descends, in forms of love, to birth,
And leads from heaven the golden age.

2 A new religion, new, yet old,
The spirit's faith, the Eden theme,
Descends, the weary earth to fold
In joy transcending angel's dream.

3 Break chains, thrill heart, glow mind, for aye !
From heaven the angel splendors fall;
Wake eyes, shout lips, love's endless day
Consumes old error's darksome pall !

4 Whence comes the light, whence comes the power,
To burst the chains and break the rod ?
Whence comes the bright delivering hour ?
'Tis all of God, 'tis all of God !

DUKE STREET.

1. The per - fect world by mor - tals trod Was the first tem - ple built by God;
His fi - at laid the cor - ner - stone, And heaved its pil - lars, one by one.

195.

DEDICATION HYMN.

1 THE perfect world by mortals trod
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood
The sea, the sky, and all was "good;"
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 It is not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

FORSAKE NOT THE RIGHT.

1. In the dark hour of per - il for - sake not the right, Though the storm gather
wild on the o - cean at night; If the lone bark speed true on its tempest-tossed way,
To - morrow 'twill rest in the sun - lighted bay. For - sake not the right, for -
sake not the right, In the dark hour of per - il for - sake not the right.

196.

FORSAKE NOT THE RIGHT.

1 IN the dark hour of peril forsake not the right,
Though the storm gather wild on the ocean at night;
If the lone bark speed true on its tempest-tossed way,
To-morrow 'twill rest in the sun-lighted bay.

2 If foes gather round thee, forsake not the right;
Let truth cheer thee on with its beacons of light;
The hour is the darkest that heralds the morn;
That flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.

3 If friends should forsake thee, forsake not the right;
Heaven's shore is before thee, immortal and bright;
The love of false friendship is valueless there;
The friends that depart only purchase despair.

4 If sorrow encompass, forsake not the right;
The harvest of joy shall yet gladden thy sight;
The mourner that walks through the valley of tears
Shall travel the path of the glorified years.

5 In the pathway of life, oh, forsake not the right;
Joy comes in the morning, though dark is the night;
And the hour is the darkest that heralds the morn;
The flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.

GLORIA! AN ANGEL BORN TO-DAY.

1. A loved one gone! a loved one gone! Be - wails the lone one left for - lorn;
O mourn - er! cease that wail - ing cry, And hear the an - gels' soft re - ply:
"Thy friend be-loved has gained a shore Where tem - pests toss and beat no more;
There an - gels chant the joy - ous lay, 'Glo - ria! an an - gel born to - day!'
Glo - ria! an an - gel born to - day!"

197. GLORIA! AN ANGEL BORN TO-DAY!

1 A LOVED one gone! a loved one gone!
Bewails the lone one left forlorn;
O mourner! cease that wailing cry,
And hear the angels' soft reply:
"Thy friend beloved has gained a shore
Where tempests toss and beat no more;
There angels chant the joyous lay,
'Gloria! an angel born to-day!'"

2 Then weep no more! the spirit fled
Sleeps not amid the silent dead;
Oh, look beyond this veil of clay,
To where celestial fountains play.
List, list! oh, list the glad refrain!
As, freed from sorrow, freed from pain,
It joins the grand, anthemal lay,
"Gloria! an angel born to-day!"

3 An angel born! an angel born! [morn,
From earth's dark night to heav'n's blest
To dwell in light on holy hills,
By inspiration's sacred rills,
And swell the avalanche of song
That sweeps th' angelic shores along,
Till mortals catch the joyous lay,
"Gloria! an angel born to-day!"

LAND OF THE LIVING.

Slow and pathetic.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by '4') and the last two are in common time (indicated by '2'). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained bass notes and chords. The lyrics are as follows:

1. O land so full of break-ing hearts, O'er - hung with shad-ows blind - ing,
 Where half the world the oth - er half In sheet and shroud are wind - ing,

Cres.

Is this the bless - ed realm of life, So full of death and sigh - ing?

'Tis not the land for which our souls Are ev - er, ev - er cry - ing.

198.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

1 O LAND so full of breaking hearts,
 O'erhung with shadows blinding,
 Where half the world the other half
 In sheet, and shroud are winding,
 Is this the blessed realm of life,
 So full of death and sighing?
 'Tis not the land for which our souls
 Are ever, ever crying.

2 Love twines her roses round her head,
 And speaks in dulcet measures;
 The world seems in full bloom and song,
 And never fading pleasures;
 But ah! how soon the very bells
 Deride us with their wailing!
 How soon we see death's sable capes
 O'er life's white billows sailing!

3 Each year we see the brightest leaves
 In autumn's grasp the serest;
 Each year the bird-notes die away
 Which rang for us the clearest;
 Each day the wintry hand of death
 The end of earth is giving,
 And yet we call this wreck-strewn land
 The region of the living!

4 The land of life lies past the shores
 Where death's dark tide is sweeping;
 Our angels on its shining heights
 Watches for us are keeping.
 We string our hopes like priceless pearls
 Upon the life before us,
 And trust the treasures stolen here
 Its glory will restore us.

GOOD-BY.

1. As the sweet bird that sings Folds her bright star - ry wings,
When even - ing's long shad - ows draw nigh, So we ev' - ry one, When
our work is done, Would whis - per a gen - tle good - by, good - by.
Would whis - per a gen - tle good - by.

199.

THE SWEET GOOD-BY.

1 A S the sweet bird that sings
Folds her bright starry wings,
When evening's long shadows draw nigh,
So we every one,
When our work is done,
Would whisper a gentle good-by.

2 O ye children of light,
E'er by day and by night
You're guided by One from on high;
The innocent heart
From hope cannot part,
Though softly it whispers good-by.

3 Then dispel ev'ry fear,
While still lingering here,
And part not the lips with a sigh,
But join in the song
Soft floating along,
And give us an answering good-by.

4 Happy hours have been spent
In the sweetest content
By angels who came from on high;
They see that the good
Will be understood,
And gently they whisper good-by.

CONFERENCE.

1. Come, let us join in sing-ing, As hearts in love u-nite;
For an-gels now are wing-ing Sweet thought in liv-ing light.

Chorus.

True prayer is ev-er breath-ing Where love and kind-ness reign,
Where har-mo-ny is wreath-ing Our souls in friend-ship's chain.

200. CONFERENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

2 O H, be our worship ever
In spirit and in truth,
That chimes with strong endeavor
To guide aright the youth.

Chorus.

3 Peace sits in social bowers
Where mind is calm and meek;
And holy rest empowers
Where higher life we seek.

201. THEY ARE WAITING.*

1 O N the shore beyond the river,
Loved ones chant the cheering lay,
And their tones still linger ever,
As we journey on our way.

Chorus.

Over there beyond the river,
They are waiting on the shore;
Only waiting till the boatman
• In his bark shall bear us o'er.

* Observe small notes with these words.

2 On the shore beyond the river,
We shall find our trials here
Are recorded, and forever
Whiter make our robes appear.

Chorus.

3 On the shore beyond the river,
From our labors we shall rest;
When the cares of earth are over,
We shall mingle with the blest.

Chorus.

4 On the shore beyond the river,
When our hearts are torn with grief,
Angels whisper they will never
Fail to furnish sweet relief.

Chorus.

5 On the shore beyond the river,
When we join the host above,
Loving hearts no more shall sever;
All will there be one in love.

Chorus.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

Con moto.

Musical score for 'The Days Gone By'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature (indicated by '3:8'). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature (indicated by '2:8'). The vocal line begins with 'The days gone by! how in the mind, They lin - ger sweet and long,' followed by 'And fill the soul in pen - sive hour With mem' - ry's hap - py throng!' The score concludes with 'D.C. And bid us hope for bet - ter things, Those sweet, those by - gone days!' and 'D.S.' (Da Capo) at the end. The music ends with a 'Fine' marking.

202. THE DAYS GONE BY.

2 THE days gone by! what visions bright
Are in the present born,
When dreaming of the "long ago,"
Our youth's bright, cloudless morn!
They nerve the heart for braver deeds,
And bid us struggle on,
Still strengthened by their cheering light,
The light of days now gone.

3 The days gone by! though they may bring
Some relics of the past,
Which call the ready teardrop forth,
Because they could not last;
Their very bitterness is sweet,
And peacefulness is shed
In silv'ry rays upon the heart
By days that long have fled.

4 Then cherish them, the days gone by,
And let their mem'ry be
Fresh on the tablet of thy heart,
As breezes from the sea;
And in the eve of life when thou
Shalt backward turn thy gaze,
How sweet shall be their gentle light,
The light of by-gone days!

203. THE SPIRIT PICTURE.

1 THEY told me she was lost to me,
My glory and my pride;
My love, my joy, my soul's delight
Had faded from my side.
My soul cried after her from morn
Until the hush of even;
And through the weary shades of night
My grieving called to heaven.

2 "O monarch Death! bring back my love,
O Grave! give up thy prey!"
They told me she was lost to me,
That heaven was far away;
But, as the arrow pierced my soul,
A messenger of peace,
Transfigured by celestial love,
Soft bade my mourning cease.

3 Then, aided by the loved in heaven,
Beneath his hand there grew
The features graven on my heart,
The glance so pure and true;
Then, then, I knew those angel forms
Were never baseless dreams;
For lo! the canvas smileth forth
Each semblance as it seems.

COMING TO A CLOSE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C') and a key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'F'). The first staff begins with a bass clef, and the second staff begins with a treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

1. The race of life is pass-ing, love, We've al-most reached the au-tumn goal;
 How fast its time is un-wind-ing, love, The wait-ing, long-ing soul!

Chorus.

Oh, hap-py day to us, dear love, We're com-ing gen-tly to a close;
 Our thoughts are far a-bove, dear love, We're com-ing to a close!

204. COMING TO A CLOSE.

2 THE past seems but a dream, dear love,
 Whose scenes are all dissolving views,
 Like clouds before the fair evening, love,
 Lit up with golden hues.
 Oh, happy day to us, dear love,
 We're coming gently to a close!
 Our thoughts are far above, dear love,
 We're coming to a close!

3 Our white locks are the emblems, love,
 Of life that is forever new;
 Our wrinkles only are rifts, dear love,
 Where shines its glory through!
Chorus.

4 Oh, hear the angels speak, dear love,
 Who kindly welcome us before,
 "Come higher, higher! oh, higher, love!"
 United evermore!"
Chorus.

205. WE'RE GOING HOME.

1 HEART trusting heart, hand joining hand,
 A brave-souled and devoted band,
 We're going home to the summer land,
 We're going, going home.
 We're going home, we're going home,
 True friends of progress, with us come;
 No more 'mid doubts and fears to roam,
 We're going, going home.

2 We're going home to summer land,
 Where weave we crowns for ages grand
 That yet wilt compass this time-bound strand,
 We're going, going home.
Chorus.

3 We're going home to summer land,
 Ere long we'll sport on golden sand,
 And feel our brows by its soft winds fanned.
 We're going, going home.
Chorus.

GOLDEN SIDE.

1. There is man-y a rest in the road of life, If we on - ly would stop to take it;

And man-y a tone from the bet-ter land, If the quer-u-lous heart would make it!

To the sun-ny soul, that is full of hope, And whose beau - ti-ful trust ne'er fail - eth,

The grass is green and the flow'rs are bright, Though the win - try storm pre - vail - eth.

206.

GOLDEN SIDE.

1 THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul, that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

2 Better hope, though the clouds o'er you hang
Ever keep the sad eyes still lifted; [so low;
The sweet sunny sky will be peeping through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was ne'er a night but that had a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
The darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

3 There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That's richer by far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miserly hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a dear mother's prayers to heaven,
Or some lone wanderer's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

4 Oh, 'tis better to weave in the web of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's work with a cheerful heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the frail, tender, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And still sit and grieve and wonder.

BOYLSTON.

By permission.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in ho - ly love!

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

207.

SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in holy love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And gladly meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

BADEA.

1. God in each na - ture folds The fu - ture of its kind;

E - ter - nal love its bos - om holds, And thrills thy soar - ing mind.

208.

THE LAW WITHIN.

1 GOD in each nature folds
The future of its kind;
Eternal love its bosom holds,
And thrills thy soaring mind.

2 Oh, not in weening pride,
But calm in trust alone,
Put every alien law aside,
And govern by thy own.

3 Dogmatic clogs and creeds
Deform and fetter soul;
Life only from within proceeds,
Evolving perfect whole.

4 The heart, self-poised alone,
Obeys what God e'er bids,
Holds firmly its inviolate throne
As lofty pyramids.

GOD WILL REMEMBER THE WORLD.

1. Day will re-turn with a fresh-er boon; God will re-mem-ber the world!

Night will come with a new-er moon; God will re-mem-ber the world!

E - vil is on - ly the slave of good; Sor - row the ser - vant of joy;

The soul is mad that re - fu - ses food Of the meanest in God's em-ploy.

209. GOD WILL REMEMBER THE WORLD.

2 FOUNTAINS of joy are supplied by tears,
Love, lit by breath of a sigh;
Deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have angel sympathy nigh;
Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
The night will come with a newer moon;
God will never deny the world!

210. GOD IS FOREVER WITH MAN.

1 HEIRS of the morning! receive the light;
God is forever with man!
Day has come without any night;
God is forever with man!
Love is a judge in the human soul;
Justice is Deity's shrine;
And life's a journey to happier goal,
With its hope for the guiding sign.

2 Wisdom's not veiled to our mortal sight;
God is forever with man!
Truth within is the law of right;
God is forever with man!
Christ is the spirit in human guise;
Beauty in every part;
And heaven is gained by a sacrifice,
When allied with an angel's heart.

3 Sing, O ye birds, while on soaring wing;
God is forever with man!
Blossom, roses, and fragrance bring;
God is forever with man!
Warble green forest and breezy hill!
Echo, ye billows at play!
Oh, chant abroad the celestial trill,
That the earth is redeemed this day!

LOCK OF HAIR.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the line "The sun - ny spir - it passed from sight," followed by "Though closed to earth in star - ry night," "A - mid the melt - ing, ho - ly calm," and "Suf - fus - ing it with tear - ful balm." The second staff continues with "I bathe it oft with hallowed tears," "More precious far than gold," "And as it curls my fingers round," and "Life's mem'ries clear and meek." The third staff concludes with "Come pulsing with a loving sound;" and "That lock of hair doth speak!" The fourth staff ends with "I clipped a lock of hair."

211.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

ITS glory is undimmed by years;
Its charms new hopes enfold;
I bathe it oft with hallowed tears,
More precious far than gold.
And as it curls my fingers round
Life's mem'ries clear and meek
Come pulsing with a loving sound;
That lock of hair doth speak!

From it, oh, never will I part,
But feel its mute caress
The closer in my grateful heart,
All weeping hours to bless.
Unbroken shall this tie remain,
Though from its owner riven,
Enwoven into ringlet chain
That draws me up to heaven.

212.

NIGHT VIGILS.

SWEET Peace, descend with noiseless
And seek each human breast, [wing,
And through the night in sweetness sing,
And soothe to quiet rest.
Smooth every aching brow of pain
Till busy thought shall sleep;
Till morning light shall come again,
Keep thou thy vigil, keep!

Good-night! O eyes that look on mine!
Hope's golden dreams for thee!
May morning's hour bring joy to thine,
As daybreak to the sea,
Good-night! my soul pours out its prayer,
That heaven's eternal light
May be the mantle thou shalt wear,
Good-night, good-night, good-night!

OUR LOVED IN HEAVEN.

1. Come, all ye loved, to wis-dom's moun-tain, Come, view your home be-yond the tide,
 Hear now the voi-ces of the an-gels, Sing-ing so sweet the oth-er side;
 Some are sing-ing of bright palms of glo-ry, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore,
 Oh, the pros-pect! it is so trans-port-ing, And no dan-ger I fear from the tide,
 D.S.
 For the fond heart must ev-er be cling-ing To the faith-ful we love ev-er-more.

Let me go to the home of the an-gels, Let me stand robed in white by their side.

213. OUR LOVED IN HEAVEN.

2 THERE endless streams of light are flowing,
 There are the fields of living bloom,
 Mansions of beauty are provided,
 Open to all beyond the tomb.
 Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended,
 I shall join those who've passed on before,
 For my loved ones, oh, how I do miss them!
 I'll press on there to meet them once more.
Chorus.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
 Coming from that celestial shore,
 There, the departed live forever
 Live there immortal evermore.
 Would you sit by the banks of the river [side?
 With the friends you have loved by your
 Would you join in the song of the angels?
 Then be ready to follow your guide.
Chorus.

214. SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

1 O H, when we hear the music ringing
 Clear in the fair celestial dome;
 When sweetest angel voices singing
 Gladly shall bid us welcome home; [ing,
 Shall we there see the same bright eyes shin-
 Shining kindly on us as of yore,
 Shall we feel gentle arms softly twining
 Fondly round us in love as before?

2 Oh, yes, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
 Droop not, nor faint ye, by the way;
 Soon shall ye join the loved and lost ones,
 In summer-lands of perfect day!
 Thrilling harp cadence by angel fingers
 Murm'ring echoes in my raptured ear;
 Evermore their seraphic song lingers;
 We shall know all our loved over there!

THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO.

1. Though they may lay be -neath the ground The form of sis - ter dear,
I know her spir - it hov - ersround, And min - gles with us here;
Her home may be in heaven a - bove, Yet oft to us be - low,
She will re - turn to breathe her love; The an - gels told me so!

Chorus.

The an - gels told me so! She will re -turn to breathe her love; The an - gels told me so!

215.

THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO.

2 I'LL weep not on the silent bier,
Where all that's dust shall rest,
Nor shed a needless bitter tear
To give her heart unrest,
Lest she may feel my throbbing pain,
And sorrow o'er my woe;
I know that she'll come back again;
The angels told me so.
Chorus.

3 Oh, see! there is a spirit light!
I feel it on my brow!
My soul is rapt in sweet delight!
Oh, there is sister now!
I knew she would return to see
Those whom she loved below,
And be a sister still to me;
The angels told me so!
Chorus.

ASPIRATION.

1. Come to me, thoughts of heaven! My faint - ing spir - it bear,
 On your bright wings, by morn - ing giv'n, Up to ce - les - tial air;
 A - way, far, far a - way, From thoughts by pas - sion giv'n,
 Fold me in pure, still, cloud - less day, O bless - ed thoughts of heav'n!

216.

ASPIRATION.

1 COME to me, thoughts of heaven!
 My fainting spirit bear,
 On your bright wings, by morning giv'n,
 Up to celestial air;
 Away, far, far away,
 From thoughts by passion giv'n,
 Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day,
 O blessed thoughts of heav'n!

2 Come in my tempted hour,
 Sweet thoughts! and yet again
 O'er sinful wish and mem'ry, show'r
 Your soft effacing rain;
 Waft me where gales divine
 With dark clouds ne'er have striv'n;
 Where living founts forever shine;
 O blessed thoughts of heav'n!

217. THERE'S NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

1 SWEET is the song of birds
 In summer's leafy wild;
 But sweeter far the kindly words
 That grace a lovely child.
 The streamlet murmurs low
 As soft as cooing dove,
 But human heart alone can know
 The strength of mother's love.

2 When far in distant lands,
 Though skies be ever clear,
 We ever sigh for gentle hands
 And smiles of friends so dear.
 So through the waning years,
 We follow each above,
 Yet murmur, through our blinding tears,
 "There's none like mother's love."

BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

1. On, give me a harp on the bright hills of glo - ry, A home when life's

sor - rows are o'er, Where joys that a - wait the meek and the low - ly

Will more than famel E - den re - store; Where the new song is giv'n

To the loved ones in heav'n, An'l the an-gels re - ech - o the song, the song;

Where the new song is giv'n To the loved ones in heav'n, And the

ang - els re - ech - o the song, the song.

And with them adore the bounteous Giver,
Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.
Chorus.

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions
And bask in the fulness of love; [forever,
Where fields are all bright with flow'rets that
Shall wither in Eden above. [never
Chorus

218. BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

2 O H. there let me roam on the banks of the
Escorted by angels along, [river,

REST IN HEAVEN.

1. Should som - bre clouds of sor - row rise, And shad - ows o'er us fling,
And hopes that once had tak - en root Die in their ear - ly spring;
Should ev' - ry joy and bliss of life Fade like the hues of ev'n,

Fine.

We still have this sweet sol - ace left, There's rest for all in heav'n,
There's rest for all in heav'n, There's rest for all in heav'n.
There's rest in heav'n.

D.S.

219.

THERE'S REST IN HEAVEN.

2 O H, if life's path should seem to us
A dull and beaten track;
And all our deep and holy love
By grief be beaten back;
If we are like the wand'ring dove,
On shoreless oceans driv'n,
Oh, let us raise our eyes above,
There's rest for all in heav'n.
Chorus.

3 Should sickness pale the rosy cheek
And dim the radiant eye,
And ev'ry pulse that faintly throbs
Tell of departure nigh,
Oh, then indeed to that blest world,
Let holy thoughts be giv'n.
The new birth comes! cast off the clay!
There's rest for all in heav'n.
Chorus.

EDEN.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the
hap - py, the king-dom of love. Ye wand' - rers from God in the broad road of

Chorus.

fol - ly, Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go, will you
go, will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

220.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

I WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.

Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove.
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

3 No poverty there, no, the good are all wealthy,—
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy.
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

Chorus.

RESIGNATION.

1. O Fa - ther, in this tri - al hour, My soul cries out for thee;
 The dark - ness hides thee while thy pow'r En - folds me si - lent - ly.
 I can - not see thy guid - ing hand, Thy voice I hear no more,
 Thy will I do not un - der - stand, Yet would that will a - dore.

221. CHILDLIKE RESIGNATION.

2 WHERE'ER I turn, my pathway seems
 Bestrewn with thorns and woes;
 But where thy hidden presence beams,
 E'en there would I repose.
 The solemn mysteries of life
 I seek not now to read;
 Amid the anguish and the strife
 Do thou my footsteps lead.

3 Thou knowest all my needs, O God,
 My weakness and my fear;
 I murmur not beneath the rod,
 But own thy chast'ning dear.
 I ask not, " Wherefore dost thou chide?
 Why bow me in the dust?"
 In thy great love I still abide,
 And in thy goodness trust.

222. THE IMPROVISING POET.

1 COME, holy thoughts, so lily pure,
 And close my heart around!
 Oh, fold me gently in, secure
 From envy's cruel wound!
 Oh, poet spirit near with lays
 Of sweet words set in line,
 Lift me beyond the world's poor praise
 To angel realms divine!

2 Give me a martyr's wing so strong
 That I may mortals bear
 With truth's free freight of clarion-song
 To climes of purer air.
 Then shall the thoughts that in me burn
 Touch God's great thoughts above;
 Though scorners may malignant spurn,
 I'll bless with sunny love.

VISION.

1. Oh, hours most sa - cred to the soul, When our im - mor - tal sens - es see
 Those guid-ing an - gels which con - trol So much of hu - man des - ti - ny!
 They come from those ce - les - tial hills Which melt and glim-mer from a - far,
 And light the shadowed spir - it fills, Like evening's from her jew - el - star. .

223.

SPIRITUAL VISION.

2 THE stream of death is bridged with flow-
 O'er which the angels come and go, [ers,
 Descending from immortal bowers
 In lily wreaths and robes of snow.
 They wander to our thorny ways,
 Whene'er we need their counsels most,
 And gladden our o'er-clouded days
 When griefs beset and hopes are lost.

3 Supremely blessèd are those eyes
 Which drink their lucent glory in,
 And catch the landscapes of the skies
 Which lie beyond these vales of sin.
 They half forget earth's scars and tears,
 Who look beyond its bitter strife,
 And read the promise of bright years
 On the sublimer heights of life.

224. THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1 RING out the old, ring in the new.
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more :
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

2 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

PASSED OVER.

1. She's crossed the shin - ing riv - er, To meet the loved ones there,
Who wait with star - ry ban - ners Now float - ing in the air;
She's crossed the shin - ing riv - er, She's reached the gold - en shore,
Where mu - sic's voi - ces ech - o, "Dear sis - ter, weep no more."

225.

PASSED OVER.

2 SHE'S crossed the shining river,
The silver sparkling tide,
To cull undying flowers,

That bloom the other side;

She's crossed the shining river,

She's left the vale of tears,

She's gone where all is gladness,

Undimmed by doubts or fears.

3 She's crossed the shining river
On waves of azure hue;

To weave with fragrant garlands

A home of rest for you;

You'll cross the shining river,

You'll clasp her to your heart,

Where love shall reign forever,

Where dear ones never part.

226. WOMAN, THE ARCHITECT OF LOVE.

1 GO thou and search the archives
Of all recorded time;
And see whose deeds are greatest,
Most noble and sublime;

And truth, from hist'ry's pages,

This simple fact shall tell;—

That deeds of loving woman

All other deeds excel.

2 Who standeth by in sickness
When summer friends have fled?
Who smootheth down the pillow
Upon the suff'rer's bed?
Who watches o'er our slumbers
When all the world's at rest?
Who pillows aching temples
Upon her loving breast?

3 'Tis self-denying woman,
The architect of all,
Whose gentle acts of kindness
Like summer showers fall;
She holds within her spirit
The springs of weal or woe,
That, touched by skilful fingers,
In endless music flows.

PRAISE.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily fair,
Or marks the humblest flow'r that grows, But God has placed it there,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heav'nly skill is not displayed,
And heav'nly goodness seen.
3 There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, so dark or bright,
But wisdom gave it birth.
4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep or air,
Where love and beauty are not found,
For God is everywhere.

227. WISDOM IN NATURE.

1 THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or marks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

CONSOLATION.

1. The lov - ing Friend to all who bowed Be - neath life's wear - y load,
From lips bap-tized in hum - ble prayer His con - so - la - tions flowed.

228.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

2 THE faithful Witness to the truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

3 No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought him found
That God and heaven were there.

THERE'S A HOME FOR ALL.

1. There's a home for the poor on that beau - ti - ful shore, When life and its sorrows are
end - ed, And sweet - ly they'll rest in that home of the blest, By the
pres - ence of an - gels at - tend - ed. There's a home for the sad, and their
hearts will be glad When they've crossed o - ver Jor - dan so dreary,
For bright is the dome of that ra - di - ant home, Where
soft - ly re - pose all the weary.

229. *THERE'S A HOME FOR ALL.*

² THERE'S a home for the ill, and their bosoms shall thrill
With rapture of healthful emotion;
The invalid's moan there will never be known
In that world of sweet peaceful devotion.
There's a home for the old, beyond time and
its mold,
When the fair form of beauty has faded;
And brightly they'll bloom in that happier
home,
Where splendors of youth are not shaded.

HEREAFTER.

1. There are beau - ti - ful fields on the far - ther side, Where the hosts of im - mor - tals
stand; There are man - sions of beau - ty be - yond the tide, And the
light that beams o'er the wa - ters wide Is a light from the "Bet - ter Land,"
Is a light from the "Better Land."

3 There's a home for the young, where the angelic song,
That chorus celestial is singing,
While harps bright with gold and which never grow old,
Through the glittering arches are ringing.
There's a home for the good; no one there will intrude,
Neither tempt them with evil or folly;
They'll calmly repose, freed from trials and
In mansions prepared for the holy. [woes,

4 There's a home for the vile, all polluted with guile;
When cleansed by the quickening Spirit,
They, too, may be heir to that kingdom so
And may all its full glory inherit. [fair,
There's a home for us all; when the fiat doth
We will fly to the shore o'er the river, [call,
And join in the song of that beautiful throng,
And live in its wisdom forever.

230. THE BEAUTIFUL HEREAFTER.

1 THERE are beautiful fields on the farther
Where the host of immortals stand; [side,
There are mansions of beauty beyond the
tide, [wide,
And the light that beams o'er the waters
Is a light from the better land.

2 There are rivers that roll over golden sand
Through the midst of this realm so fair;
And the beautiful gardens of God are fanned
By the kindly breezes so soft and bland,
Ever sweet'ning the heav'nly air.

3 There's a city whose gates are of pearly
And its glories shall ever stand, [white,
O'er it never shall gather the shades of night,
For the love of God is the sun and the
In the midst of this blissful land. [light

4 How I long to be safe on the farther shore,
There to join in the happy song,
'Mid the forms of the loved who have gone
before, [yore,
'Mid the souls that passed in the days of
'Mid the bands of the glorious throng.

5 We shall join in the song which the angels
As they stand on the heav'nly plain; [sing,
We shall hear lofty cadences richly ring,
And the highest heavenly vault shall bring
Echoes sweet of the soul-refrain.

EVERGREEN SHORE.

1. This world of strife is not our home; We're bound for the ev - er - green shore,
 That land of beau - ty where loved ones have gone, Our loved ones for ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Rest, rest! for - ev - er at home; Where pain and dis - tress shall be o'er,
 We yearn to be free in those realms to roam, Our home on the ev - er - green shore.

231. THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

1 THIS world of strife is not our home;
 We're bound for the evergreen shore,
 That land of beauty where loved ones have
 Our loved ones for evermore. [gone,
Chorus.

2 They beckon on our way along!
 We press for the evergreen shore;
 We soon shall enter that heavenly throng
 Where parting shall be no more.
Chorus.

3 There fadeless garlands ever bloom
 In paths on the evergreen shore,
 Where pain and sickness, bereavement and
 Shall mar our repose no more. [gloom,
Chorus.

232. SPIRIT MUSIC.

1 I FEEL it float from Eden's plane,
 That sweetly bewildering strain,

Like first bright drops of a silvery rain,
 Electric with life again.

Chorus.
 List, list! the melody rings,
 Soft touching my heart-hidden strings;
 My answering spirit its fetters flings
 And soars on its bright, radiant wings!

2 I hear the trilling, clear and strong,
 That's borne on the billows along,
 Aloft where heavenly musicians throng,
 Entrancing my soul with song.

Chorus.

3 I see the fine seraphic fire,
 A wave on the quivering lyre,
 As ev'ry gushing of holy desire
 Inspireth the angel-choir.

Chorus.

FIRESIDE.

1. The earth hath treas - ures fair and bright, Deep bur - ied in her eaves,
And o - cean hid - eth man - y gems In dark blue curl - ing waves.

233.

WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

2 YET not within her bosom deep,
Or 'neath her dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home.

3 True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A welcome bright fireside.

4 I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If, with its splendor, he hath not
A world of love at home.

5 Though care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while I still have
A world of love at home.

GROVE.

1. There is a book, who thinks may read, Which heav'ly love im - parts;
And all the lore its schol - ars need, Pure eyes and will - ing hearts.

234.

GOD'S BIBLE.

1 THERE is a book, who thinks may read,
Which heav'ly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and willing hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How truth divine is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Reveals immortal love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

4 Thou who hast giv'n us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give to us hearts to find out thee,
And read thee ev'rywhere.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

From the "Silver Fountain,"
by permission of A. J. ABBEY.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee:
 In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee,

Chorus.

A beau - ti - ful home for thee, brother, A beau - ti - ful home for thee;
 In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

235. A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1 THERE'S a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
 A rest, a rest for thee;
 In those mansions above, where all is love,
 There, brother, 's a rest for thee.
Chorus. A beautiful rest, etc.

3 There's a beautiful peace for thee, brother,
 A peace, a peace for thee;
 When the battle is done, and vict'ry won,
 The angels will give it thee.
Chorus. A beautiful peace, etc.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
 A robe, a robe for thee;
 There's a robe of white, so pure and bright,
 A glorious robe for thee.
Chorus. A beautiful robe, etc.

5 Oh, that beautiful home we'll seek, brother,
 That home, that home above;
 In that land of light, where all is bright,
 That beautiful land of love.
Chorus. That beautiful home, etc.

236. MAGNETIC SPHERES.

1 THERE'S a fount of magnetic life flowing
 In deathless summer lands,
 And its loom of pulsing batteries
 Is working by spirit hands.
Chorus.
 Oh, come to this fount of God's wisdom,
 Enchanted with flow'r's above,
 And repose in bow'r's of beauty, where
 All hearts are so full of love.

2 'Tis a heavenly charm that guards ever,
 Angelic as we go;
 'Tis the soul's own feelers reaching forth,
 To know who's a friend or foe.
Chorus.
 3 'Tis a mantle that you may wear meekly;
 Oh, keep it pure as light;
 It will gird thee strong with spirit power,
 To climb to that golden height!
Chorus.

FLOWERS.

Fine

1. When in the bus - y haunts of men The meek im - mor - tals tread,
D.S. an - gel hearts, where ho - ly loves, In death - less bloom a - bound.
A fra - grance from the spir - it - land Up - on our souls they shed.
For, not like flow'rs of earth - ly mold, The flow'rs of heav'n are found, In

237.

CELESTIAL FLOWERS.

2 A ND when, 'mid earthly toils, they meet
The dear ones of their care,
They pluck a thorn from ev'ry breast,
And plant a blossom there.
Then be it ours, through gentle deeds
Of pure and perfect love,
To sow in human hearts the seeds
Of flow'rs that bloom above.

3 For ev'ry aspiration high,
Though earth's divinest thought,
Shall spring anew with brighter bloom,
And richer fragrance fraught;
And bear the fruits of peace and joy
Upon that genial shore,
And, plucked by angel hands, refresh
Our souls for evermore.

OMNIPRESENCE.

1. Father of all! in ev' - ry age, In ev' - ry clime, a - dored,
By saint, by sav - age, or by sage, The u - ni - ver-sal Lord!

238.

THE OVER-SOUL.

2 T HOU great First Cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, — that thou art good,
And that I may be blind;

3 If I am right, thy aid impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

LENOX.

1. Ho! ye ex - em-plars bold, Whose ev - er lift - ed sight Hath caught the gleaming gold
Of truth's new dawn - ing light, Speak forth the thought That
Speak forth the thought That swells with - in, Speak
swells within, Speak forth the thought That swells within, And crush the sin With sor - row fraught.
forth the thought That swells within, And crush the sin With sor - row fraught.

239.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

2 THOUGH custom thee assail,
And hoary error frown,
Before thee they shall quail,
And time thy efforts crown.
Thy earnest might
Shall conquer foes,
And strengthen those
Who love the right.

3 The battle may be long,
And mortal armor fail;
The truth shall make thee strong,
Heav'n's breezes fill thy sail.

Lift high thy light
To shine afar
A beacon star
Of promise bright!

4 Unveil the laws of life,
The source of good and ill;
The woes and pains of strife
Subject by dauntless will.
The age to come
Shall sound thy praise,
While grateful lays
Shall waft thee home.

CORONATION.

1. We love no triumphs sprung of force; They stain the brightest cause; 'Tis not in blood that Lib-er-ty
In-scribes her ho - ly laws, 'Tis not in blood that Lib - er - ty In-scribes her ho - ly laws.

240.

OUR CITADEL OF DEFENCE.

2 OUR spears and swords are truthful words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We've won great victories before,
And so we shall again.

3 We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;

We have a citadel in right
More durable and strong.
4 No widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

STREAM OF LIFE.

By permission.

Moderato.

1. Oh, have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream That flows thro' our Fa-ther's land;
Its wa - ters gleam bright in the heav-en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold-en sand.

Chorus.
Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream,
Its wa - ters so free are flow - ing for thee, Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream.

241.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

2 WITH murmuring sound doth it wander
Through fields of eternal green, [along,
Where songs of the blest, in their heav'n of
Float soft on the air serene. [rest,
Chorus.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are
And sweet to the weary soul; [pure,
It flows from the source of the Spirit alone,
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
Chorus.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is
O pilgrim, it flows for thee! [found,
Chorus.

5 Oh, will you not drink of the beautiful
And dwell on its peaceful shore? [stream,
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones,
And wander in grief no more." [home,
Chorus.

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

Duet.

1. Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, Neither let them be a - fraid,

For be - hold the bridegroom cometh In his wed - ding robes ar - rayed.

Chorus.

There is joy for the faith - ful, There is joy for the faith - ful, There is
joy for the faith - ful, There is joy for you; In the higher land of wisdom,

joy for the faith - ful, There is joy for you; In the higher land of wisdom,

Where the an-gels sing for glo - ry, Far be - yond death's rolling river, There is joy for you.

242.

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

2 DEEPLY drink of love celestial
From the fountain flowing free,
For it giveth joy forever,—
Joy o'er all that crystal sea.

3 Tell me not, ye weary laden,
There is nought but sorrow here,

<p>For the angels are descending To remove earth's blighting fear.</p> <p>4 Keep your minds in truth-light burning! Walk in virtue's humble way, And be ready for your exit To the realms of perfect day!</p>

RAY.

1. When the morn a - wakes in glo - ry, With its crim - son gold - en ray,
 And the half - re - mem - bered sto - ry Of the night hath fled a - way,
 D.C. Thrill - ing to my in - most be - ing, Come the tones of an - gel lyres.

Fine.

Then with - in the song-bird's car - ol, Hymn-ing forth the soul's de - sires,

D.C.

243. ANGEL MINSTRELSY.

2 WHEN around high noon is burning,
 Gleaming over lake and lea,
 And the mountain tops are turning
 Golden love-looks on the sea;
 Then within the insect's humming,
 As they kiss the honeyed flowers,
 Trill the love-songs of the angels
 From their amaranthine bowers.
 3 Aye, when evening's dewy splendor,
 And the stars, like loving eyes,
 Draw my heart with cords so tender
 To the gates of paradise;
 When my soul with pure devotion,
 Spreads her fondest, grateful wing,
 Floating on the ether ocean,
 Joins the song the angels sing.

244. SPIRIT HEALERS.

1 CROWNED of God! by holy angels
 Where the tides of virtue flow,
 Aided by Heaven's high evangelists,
 Bless the lofty and the low;

Bring from life's electric forces
 Spirit-balm for every ill,
 Fainting hearts with mighty forces
 Of magnetic healing thrill.

2 Souls aglow with loving kindness,
 Hope of mortals! joy of earth!
 Sensing all the mental blindness,
 Feeling all our social dearth,
 Oh! lift upward from this sorrow
 To a joyous, sure relief
 Those who long for heaven's morrow,
 Those who falter 'mid their grief.

3 Speak with "angel tongues" of gladness
 In the music of the spheres;
 "Cast out serpents," sin and sadness,
 Charm to nectar all the tears;
 Cleanse each "deadly drink" of error
 From the ages' stagnant fount;
 Smite the phantoms doubt and terror,
 Boldly climb truth's sacred mount.

VINA.

1. Ho, all ye that bloom in the morn-ing of life, Give ear to the
an - gels of truth That call you a - way from il - lu - sion and strife,
To share their ce - les - tial pur - suits, To share their ce - les-tial pur-suits;

245.

EARLY VIRTUES.

2 THEY hail you as spirits created to live
Through ages unnumbered to come,
And early the counsels of wisdom would give,
To guide their young protégés home.
3 Then welcome their proffers and meekly con-
To walk in the path of the blest, [sent]

Which brighter and brighter will shine to the
The day of perfection and rest. [end],
4 Oh, yes, we will go, loving angels, with you,
Though frailty and sin indispose,
Tho' narrow the way, and its pilgrims be few,
And strait be the gate ye disclose.

EDINBURG.

1. How cheering the thought that the angels of God Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod,
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

246.

HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT.

2 THEY come, on the wings of the morning
they come,
Impatient to guide some poor wanderer home,
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when
we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.

SPARKLING WATERS.

Prelude.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, showing a continuous flow of eighth-note chords in common time. The bottom staff is for the soprano solo, also in common time. The vocal part begins with a forte dynamic (f) and includes several melodic phrases with sustained notes and grace notes. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, starting with "Oh, I love the sparkling foun-tains, Which flow from the gold-en moun-tains". The piano part continues throughout, providing harmonic support for the soloist.

Soprano solo. *f*

1. Oh, I love the spark-ling foun - tains, Which flow from the gold - en moun - tains
p p Voices or Piano.

2. Wa - ters which each new-born spir - it Drinks deep till it may in - her - it

Of the spir - it - land; Streams that dance with cease - less pleas - ure,

Ev - er - last - ing life; Where the an - gels pure bap - tize you,

Keep - ing time to each glad meas - ure Of an un - seen band;

Till no sor - row can sur - prise you, And no thought of strife.

247.

THE MUSIC OF FALLING WATERS.

3 THEREFORE, when the clouds are o'er you, 4 All the tears you shed in anguish,
 We'll light the dark way before you, When in darkest night you languish,
 With the smiles of love; We will change to gems;
 And each bitter flood of sorrow And in crowns of love will weave them,
 Change to golden streams to-morrow, That your spirits may receive them,
 In the realms above. Lasting diadems.

HEART SONG.

Andante.

By permission of SEP. WINNER.

Sheet music for 'Heart Song' in Andante tempo, featuring two staves for treble and bass clef. The music consists of four measures, starting with a forte dynamic.

Sheet music for 'Heart Song' in Duet tempo, featuring two staves for treble and bass clef. The music consists of four measures, starting with a forte dynamic.

1. Love me, love me in the morn - ing, When the light breaks on the world;

Sheet music for 'Heart Song' in Duet tempo, featuring two staves for treble and bass clef. The music consists of four measures, starting with a forte dynamic.

And crimson glories sky a - dorn - ing Wave their ban-ners all un - furled,

Sheet music for 'Heart Song' in Duet tempo, featuring two staves for treble and bass clef. The music consists of four measures, starting with a forte dynamic.

Star-ry ban - ners light, so pearl - y — Love me in the morn-ing ear - ly;

Sheet music for 'Heart Song' in Duet tempo, featuring two staves for treble and bass clef. The music consists of four measures, starting with a forte dynamic.

HEART SONG. Concluded.

Cres.

Star - ry ban - ners light, so pearl - y— Love me in the morn-ing ear - ly.

248.

HEART SONG.

2 LOVE me in the sunshine, roaming,
When sweet beauty gems each tree,
And sparkles on the brine so foaming,
Woo as honey woos the bee,
Gently, purely, just as sweetly,
Love me truly and completely.

3 Love me when my cheek is fading,
And my sparkling eyes grow dim,
And flecks of gray my hair are shading,
And my form no longer trim.
Love me when I'm sinking lower;
Love me when the pulse beats slower.

4 Love me in the eventidning,
When the night is coming down,
When tempests in the air are riding,
And when storms begin to frown.
Draw me to thy breast the nearer,
Soothe my timid soul the dearer.

5 Love me when my life is ended,
And my soul is wafted o'er
The river, and with angels blended,
On the ever-blooming shore!
Love me, heart and soul and spirit,
With a love we'll e'er inherit.

SUPPLICATION.

249.

SUPPLICATION.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heav'n,
All hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In earth and heav'n the same;

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
And as we those forgive

Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive;

3 Into temptation lead us not,
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory ever be.

DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

1. We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear, Gone to the summer land,

We pine for the smiles and the tones so sweet, And the clasp of a gen - tle hand.

Chorus.

Weary are our hearts as we gather to-night, Sighing o'er our broken chain,

Longing for the gift of a clearer sight To see our loved a - gain;

Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night, Dream - ing of the loved ones dear.

250.

DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

2 WE'RE dreaming to-night of the loved ones
 Yonder a vacant chair [ones dear;
 Seems filled with a form, ever beloved and re-
 Crowned with halo of silv'ry hair. [vered,
Chorus.

3 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones
 Many a beaming face [dear;
 Of friend and companion our fancies woo
 To its old accustomed place.
Chorus.

4 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones
 Darlings with golden hair [dear,

Come back to be rocked in their empty cribs,
 And be fondled with tender care.

Chorus.

5 They're all here to-night; yes, our loved ones
 Come from the summer land! [dear
 And each has a smile and a word of cheer
 For our sorrowing, stricken band.
 Happy are our hearts, as we gather to-night,
 Viewing our unbroken chain;
 Ev'ry blank is filled by an angel bright;
 We see our loved again!
 Happy to-night! happy to-night!
 Happy with our loved ones dear!

TRANCE.

1. Rev - er - ent lis - ten! The pow'r of an an - gel Rings out the truths of the
 won - drous be - yond, Hon - or the tem - ple! It shrines an e - van - gel,
 Drawn to the earth by love's ho - li - est bond.

251.

THE INSPIRED SPEAKER.

1 REVERENT listen! The power of an angel
 Rings out the truths of the wondrous be-
 yond.
 Honor the temple! It shrines an evangal
 Drawn to the earth by love's holiest bond.

2 Truest of teachers, to heaven ascended,
 Hasten they back with the gems of the skies,

Blest that life's labors by death are not ended,
 Still they point upward and bid you arise.

3 Reverent listen! Uplifting to heaven
 Soul aspirations befitting the time,
 Since unto mortals such glory is given,
 Bright from the sun-land a presence sub-
 lime.

OH, COME, LET US GATHER.

*Solo.*

1. Oh, come let us gath - er Round the hearth - stone to - night; We
 heed not the weath - er When the fire burns bright, And loved ones

hast - en to bask in the light That beams from the hearth and the heart.

252.

THE HEARTH AND THE HEART.

1 OH, come, let us gather
 Round the hearthstone to-night;
 We heed not the weather
 When the fire burns bright,
 And loved ones hasten
 To bask in the light
 That beams from the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.

2 A seat for our father;
 Who so kindly as he?
 And one for our mother,
 With her babe on her knee;
 While sister and brother,
 In innocent glee,
 Add light to the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.

OH, COME, LET US GATHER. Concluded.

Chorus.

While an-gels that hov-er A-round as we gath-er So glad-ly re-peat,
In sym-pa-thy sweet, The songs of the hearth and the heart.

3 The father is smiling
Upon the loved throng,
The mother beguiling
Her babe with a song,
And lovingly checking
Each movement of wrong,
Thus guarding the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.

4 The light of the hearthstone,
The warmth of the love
That gathers around it,
Oh, may it e'er prove
A lamp to our feet,
If we're tempted to rove
From that God-given home of the heart.

Chorus.

MY HOME IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

1. I've a beau-ti-ful home on the oth-er shore, A home on the gold-en strand,
Some dear ones have gone to that home before, My home in the spir-it-land.

253.

MY HOME IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

I'VE a beautiful home on the other shore,
A home on the golden strand, [fore,
Some dear ones have gone to that home be-
My home in the spirit-land.

2 They come to me now since their souls are
And gently they press my hand, [free,
They say there are treasures in store for me,
At home in the spirit-land.

3 They tell me that beauties unceasing flow, •
Around where the angels stand;
They'll guide me along when I have to go
To dwell in the spirit-land.

4 I've a father and mother and sisters dear,
Who form there a happy band;
Oh, when shall I see that bright mansion fair,
My home in the spirit-land?

FORE-GLEAMS.

Lento.

1. Sweet star of Hope, so clear and bright, Shine on and cheer my yearn-ing sight.
 2. When fades the light of friend-ship's smile, When love and faith no more be-guile,

How dark the world would be to me, Did I not gaze, sweet star, on thee!
 And o'er the earth we blind-ly grope, How wel-come is thy light, sweet hope!

When som-bre clouds ob-scure the light, And all is wrapped in shades of night,
 A fore-taste of the realm di - vine Is giv-en forth by rays of thine..

FORE-GLEAMS. Concluded.

My eyes can pierce the gloom a-round
Shine on, sweet star, a - bove my way,
Un - til thy ra - diant beams are found,
And guide me to the per - fect day,

My eyes can pierce the gloom a-round
Shine on, sweet star, a - bove my way,
Un - til thy ra-diant beams are found.
And guide me to the per - fect day!

HOME.

For men's voices.*

1. Home's not mere-ly four square walls, Though with pic-tures hung and gilded; Home is where af-

2. Home! go watch the faith - ful dove Sail-ing 'neath the heav'n a-bove us; Home is where there's

fection calls, Filled with shrines the heart has build-ed.

one to love! Home is where there's one to love us!

255.

HOME.

- 3 HOME'S not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
- 4 What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's one who loves to meet us!

* May be rendered by mixed voices by singing the parts on the upper staff an octave lower.

NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK.

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

1. When the bright morn - ing star, the new day - light is bringing, And the
orchards and groves are with mel - o - dy ringing; Their way to and from them the

256.

NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK.*

2 WHEN a shower in a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all smiling with white and red clover,
And the honey-bee — busy and plundering rover —
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet, are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

3 Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade winds and head winds, like hurricanes blowing?
Why so sturdy are oaks, clouds, and ships, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

4 Now, if we have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all “bunged up,” and our noses all bloody,—
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
Why, we must have nothing but water to drink.

* Composed by John Pierpont at the National Convention of Spiritualists, assembled in Providence, R. I., in 1866. This was the last poem of this revered reformer whilst in the earth form.

NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK. Concluded.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "ear-ly birds winging, And their anthems of gladness and thanks-giv-ing singing;". The middle staff contains a bass line. The bottom staff contains a harmonic bass line. The section is labeled "Chorus." and includes lyrics: "Why do they so twit-ter and sing, do you think? Be - cause they've had nothing but wa - ter to drink. Why do they so twit-ter and sing, do you think? Be - cause they've had noth - ing but wa - ter to drink." The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

GLIMPSE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in 2/4 time, while the bottom staff is in 2/2 time. Both staves feature a continuous series of eighth-note chords, creating a rhythmic pattern throughout the section.

257.

MYSTERY OF NATURE.

1 WHO ever yearns to see aright,
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

2 So since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

Soprano or Tenor.

1. Lo! 'tis un-furl-ing, the em-blэм of glo-ry, Borne thro' hu-man - i-ty's

thun-der and flame, Bla-zoned in song and il-lu-mined in story,

Waved o'er the na-tions in Lib-er-ty's name! Up with this ban-ner bright,

Sprin-kled with star-ry light, Spread o'er all na-tions from

shore un-to shore, While, from the sound-ing sky, Loud rings the

an-gels' cry, World na-tion-al-i-ty! one ev-er-more!

Chorus.

UNION AND LIBERTY. Concluded.

258.

FLAG OF UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

1 O! 'tis unfurling, the emblem of glory,
Borne thro' humanity's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Waved o'er the nations in Liberty's name!
Chorus.

2 Light of earth's firmament, guide of her
nations,
Pride of her children all honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellations
Scatter each cloud that would darken a
star!
Chorus.

3 Brotherhood united! what foe shall as-
sail thee,
Bearing the standard of liberty's van?
Think not the angel of justice shall fail thee,
For it is gained now,—the birthright of
man!
Chorus.

4 Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and
sun!
Thou hast united us; who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!
Chorus.

SWEET BE THY REST.

Gently.

1. Good-night, good-night; The wea-ry hear it with de - light; The day grows silent
at its close, And bus - y fin-gers seek re-pose Un - til the morning light.

Good - night, good - night.

Good - night, good - night.

259.

SWEET REPOSE.

1 GOOD-NIGHT, good-night;
The weary hear it with delight;
The day grows silent at its close,
And busy fingers seek repose
Until the morning light.
Good-night, good-night.

2 Sweet be thy rest;
Each little bird is in its nest;
We hear no longer on the street
The rapid tread of busy feet;
The night cries, " Go to rest;"
'Tis best, 'tis best.

3 Good-night, good-night;
In sleep forget time's rapid flight.
To him whose peace life's cares destroy,
Be present dreams of blissful joy,
Till morning greets our sight.
Good-night, good-night.

4 Good-night, good-night;
Soft be thy dreams, and calm and bright;
In peaceful slumbers close thine eyes,
Fearless of grief or sad surprise,
Trust in our Father's might.
Good-night, good-night.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

1, Rap, rap, rap, Rap, rap, rap, Rap, rap, rap! Who is it rap-ping to - night?

On - ly in - vis - i - ble friends, Come from those cham-bers whose light

Ra - diant - ly earth - ward de - scends, Those whose dear forms you have.

covered from sight, And marked by a mar - ble shaft sol-emn and white,

Have come from the land where their life bloomed a - new, And

lo! by those raps they are talk - ing to you, talk - ing to you, talk - ing to you.

Rit.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The first staff begins with a treble clef, followed by four bass staves. The lyrics are written below each staff, corresponding to the musical phrases. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics describe spiritual experiences and sightings of celestial beings.

260.

2 RAP, rap, rap!
Daintiest fingers of air
Wake the most delicate sound
Rapping on table or chair.
Loved ones of earth gather round,
Making us know that our loved ones have
come
Come back to our hearts, and their dear earthly
home. [years.
Forget they will never, through glory-bathed
How lonely they left us in sadness and tears.

3 Rap, rap, rap!
Guests we would honor are here!
Hear the light rappings, and know
Visiting angels are near
Greeting their earth friends below!

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

Oh, bid them welcome, in garments of white,
To hearts which are pure and illumined with
light,
They wander at will o'er two wonderful lands!
Oh, list to their counsels, and give them your
hands!

4 Rap, rap, rap!
Loved ones are rapping to-night!
Heaven seems not far away!
Death's sweeping river is bright!
Soft is the sheen of its spray!
Magical changes those rappings have wrought!
Sweet hope to the hopeless their patter has
brought! [flowers!
And death is bridged over with amaranth
Blest spirits come back from their bright
homes to ours!

HERO.

Earnestly.

Music written for this work.

Fine.

261.

TRUE HEROISM.

2 BE thou like the first apostles;
Never fear, thou shalt not fall.
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly! Speak it all!
Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God!

2 Thrusting all that's base behind us,
Build with purpose firm and good,
That each welcome day may find us
One step nearer heaven and God;
And no longer gazing blindly,
Vision dimmed, and heart grown cold,
We shall greet each trial kindly
As the test which tries the gold.

262.

GOLD OF THE SOUL.

1 LOVES that in the past lie scattered,
Brightest visions, joys, and fears,
Friends that ever fawned and flattered,
All were lost in earlier years;
Yet upon these fragments hastened,
We may build a better life,
With our souls subdued and chastened
By affliction's fiery strife.

3 Then encourage aspiration;
For life is no vale of tears,
But a time for preparation
For a life in higher spheres.
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Nearer to the destined goal,
All experience undisguising,
As the text-book of the soul.

WHEN WE ARE GONE.

Andante.

1. The flow'rs will bloom, when we are gone, As fresh and sweet as now,
 And droop in beau - ty o'er the clay That wraps our mould -'ring brow;
 The state - ly trees will rear a - loft Their leaf - y heads as high,

WHEN WE ARE GONE. Concluded.

The gladsome breeze that through them steals Will not our requiem sigh.

pp morendo.

263.

WHEN WE ARE GONE.

2 THOSE beauteous hills of green o'er which
Our youthful feet have trod
Will still remain, although our dust
May slumber 'neath the sod.
The flowers, the trees, the grand old hills,
The years still gliding on,
Will smile back to the guardian stars
As bright when we are gone.

GENTLE WORDS.

1. Each gen - tle word is a bird of love That wings its way through the sky above,

To sing a song on the gold - en strand, To give thee joy in the summer-land,

To give thee joy in the summer-land.

264.

GENTLE WORDS.

2 EACH gentle word is a blooming vine,
That winds its way 'mid the stars that
shine,
To weave a wreath on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.

3 Each gentle word is a music tide
That passes on to the other side,
To chant a lay on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.

4 Each gentle word is a sweet guitar
That blends its notes with the harps afar,
That angels touch on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.

5 All gentle words are the silver bells
That echo forth from the heart's deep wells,
To ring a chime on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.

*"BIRDIE'S" SPIRIT SONG.*By permission of
OLIVER DITSON & CO.

1. With rose-buds in my hand,
2. Oh, no! for an-gels bright,
3. Moth-er! I could not stay;
4. Oh! were you with me there,

Fresh from the sum-mer- land,
Out of the bless-ed light,
In a sweet dream I lay,
Free from your earth-ly care,

Ha-ther, I come and stand
Shone on my won-dring sight,
Waft-ed to heav'n a-way,
All of my joy to share,

Close by your side! You
Sing-ing, we come, Lamb
Far from the night. Then
I were more blest; But

cannot see me here,
for the fold a-bove,
with a glad surprise
it is best to stay

Or feel my pres-ence near,
Ten - der, young, nest-ling dove,
Did I un-close my eyes
There in the earth-ly way,

"BIRDIE'S" SPIRIT SONG. Concluded.

And yet your "Birdie" dear
Safe in our arms of love,
Under those cloudless skies,
Till the good angels say,

Never has died.
Haste to thy home!"
Smiling with light.
"Come to your rest!"

Chorus.

Cheek, then, the fall - ing tear, Think of me still as near, Fa - ther and moth - er dear,

Soon on that shore, Where all the loved ones meet, Rest - ing your pil - grim feet,

Shall you with bless - ings greet "Bird - ie" once more.

REALM OF THE WEST.

*Soprano or Tenor Solo.
With Vigor.*

1. Have ye heard of the beau - ti - ful realm of the west, En - circled by oceans and
kissed by the sun? Have ye heard of the na - tions that thrive on her breast,
Bright heirs of her grandeur, the "Many in one"? Kings can - not gov - ern this
land of our choice; Lib - er - ty loves us, and Peace is our guest; Shout for the Union with
heart and with voice; Right is our might in this realm of the west.

266.

THE REALM OF THE WEST.

2 HAVE ye heard of the wonderful conflict of old?
The lion was torn by the bird of the Sun:
Through the world has the fame of our Washington rolled, [in one!] And Heaven sealed to freedom the "Many Chorus.

3 'Tis the psalm of the free that is borne on the breeze:
It leaps from the heart of each patriot son;
While the full, surging chorus is sung by the seas,
For ever and ever, "the Many in one!" Chorus.

MORNING LAND.

Duet.

1. Oh, sail from out the sun-rise In - to the light of day, In - to the blaze of noon-tide,
 With all its gorgeous ray; Out of the night of darkness, Out of the house of pain,
 Swift through the morn-ing sun-rise, Swift through the day a - gain.

Chorus.

Sail on! sail on! Life's flow-ing riv - er Leads for - ev - er to the Giv - er.
 Sail on! sail on! thy bark must be For - ev - er toward e - ter ni - ty.

267.

THE MORNING LAND.

² I NTO the silent darkness,
 Into the unknown deep;
 Over the silent river
 Pass we, and never weep!
 Oh! on the shore there's waiting
 The loved, to clasp thy hand;
 And joys of the hereafter
 Are in that Morning Land.

Chorus.

13

3 Oh, catch the gleams of beauty
 That speed by winds of heaven!
 Bring back thy freight of blessing
 To souls by sorrow riven.
 Oh, brighter blaze of noontide,
 And fuller cup of bliss,
 Oh, richer Land of Morning,
 For joys ye bring to this!

Chorus.

*O LIFE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE!**Solo.*

1. O Life, beau-ti-ful Life! Thy glories unveiled I see;
 2. O Life, beau-ti-ful Life! The haven of love and truth;

Musical score continuing in G major, 6/8 time. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords and lyrics.

O Life, beautiful Life! That the Angel of death brought me,
 O Life, beautiful Life! Thou hast giv-en me back my youth,

Musical score continuing in G major, 6/8 time. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords and lyrics.

Thou hast made me one of the noble, Thou hast made me one of the free,
 I rise on your mys-ti - cal pinions, I breathe in your mag - i - cal breath.

Musical score concluding in G major, 6/8 time. The vocal line concludes with eighth-note chords.

O LIFE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE! Concluded.

O Life, beau - ti - ful Life! I sail on thy crys - tal sea;
 O Life, beau - ti - ful Life! For me there is no more death;

Chorus.

O Life, beau - ti - ful Life! I sail on thy crys - tal sea;
 O Life, beau - ti - ful Life! For me there is no more death;

O Life, beau - ti - ful Life! I sail on thy crys - tal sea.
 O Life, beau - ti - ful Life! For me there is no more death.

I sail, I sail, on thy crys - tal sea
 For me, for me there is no more death.

ECLIPSE.

1. Call it not dark! the in - ner spir - it sense Sees hol - ly light and beauty all a-round;

They come to us from climes we know not whence, At ev - 'ry touch and ev - 'ry soothing sound.

2 THOU hast, within thy contemplative mind,
 The brightest glimpses of all glorious things;
 Conceptions clearly pictured and defined,
 That come and go on starry spirit wings.

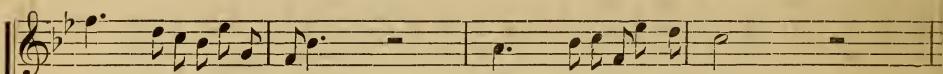
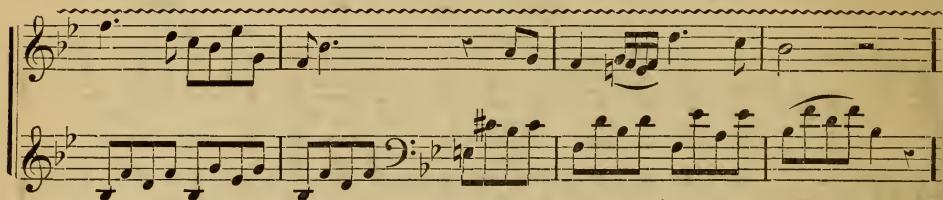
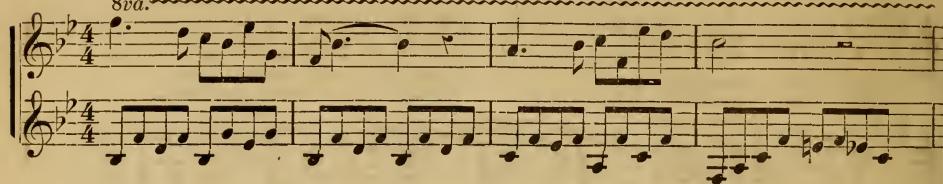
3 Call it not dark! 'tis rich, this transient world,
 Tho' shrouded from thy ever longing gaze;

NOT BLIND IN SPIRIT.

The flag of truthful beauty is unfurled
 Within thy spirit's all-resplendent rays.

4 The light of wisdom is within thy heart,
 And love serene is glowing brightly there;
 While these are ever thine, where'er thou art,
 This changing world must still be bright
 and fair.

GENTLE SPIRITS, ARE YOU NEAR ME? J. HENRY WHITTEMORE, Detroit, Mich.
8va.



1. Is it fancy? is it dreaming?
2. Do your tender voices whisper

Do you come in very deed,
Com - fort to my doubting soul?



All unseen around us stealing,
Do you gently lead me nearer

Giv - ing to our daily need?
To the upward, onward goal?



270.

GENTLE SPIRITS, ARE YOU NEAR ME?

3 POINT me to the life celestial,
Arm my soul with patient hope;
Give me faith in things immortal,
Teach me with life's ills to cope.

Gentle spirits, linger near me,
When the lamp of life is low;
When the sky is dark above me,
And the cheek has lost its glow.

GENTLE SPIRITS, ARE YOU NEAR ME? Concluded.

Gen - tle spir-its, are you near me,
Still be near me, loving pres-ence,

When the lamp of life is low,
On the toilsome, weary way,

When the sky is dark above me,
In the dreary vale of silence,

And the cheek has lost its glow?
In the dark - ning of the day.

rall.

rall.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

For men's voices.

1. Let your summer friends go by With the summer weather ; Hearts there are that will not fly, Though the storm [should gather.

271.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

1 LET your summer friends go by
With the summer weather;
Hearts there are that will not fly,
Though the storm should gather.

2 Summer love to fortune clings,
From the wreck it saileth,
Like the bee that spreads its wings
When the honey faileth.

3 Rich the soil where weeds appear ;
Let the false bloom perish ;
Flowers there are, more rare and dear,
That you still may cherish.

4 Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,
Hearts that cannot wither
These for thee shall bide the storm,
As the sunny weather.

HUSH-A-BY.

(CRADLE SONG.)

Dolce.

1. Hush - a - by, ba - by! Al - read - y re - pose To thy lip and thy cheek brings the
 smile and the rose, As soft dews of twilight the flow-er-et steep, Flows
 round my sweet ba - by the spir - it of sleep, Sleep! Sleep! Hush - a - by.

272.

HUSH-A-BY.

2 HUSH-A-BY, baby! Oh, never again
 Might sorrow come near thee, or sick-
 ness, or pain!
 Oh, hush-a-by, baby! — asleep on my breast
 I rock thee, I kiss thee, I sing thee to rest.
 Rest! Rest!
 Hush-a-by!

3 Baby, my baby! Ah! never again
 Shall sweet "Hush-a-by!" soothe thee in joy
 or in pain.

The bird has forsaken the desolate nest,
 And never again shall I sing thee to rest.
 Rest! Rest!
 Hush-a-by!

4 My arms were thy cradle; they wrapt thee
 around, [found;
 But the little child-angels thy cradle they
 And tenderly, softly, my baby they bear,
 Yes, up into heaven, and "Hush-a-by!"
 There! There! [there.
 Hush-a-by!

MILLENNIUM.

Soprano Solo.

0 ♫ 4. In the a-ges to come a good time shall appear, When man shall his brother es-teen,
 For the mild Prince of peace shall dis-pel ev'-ry fear, And his love the wide race shall re-deem.

Chorus.

Work on and despair not, brave toilers for the right; The bat-tle though long shall be won;
 For we have the truth, and the an-gel's of light Shall say to each lead-er, "Well done!"

273.

THE MILLENNIUM.

2 SOON the sword and the cannon shall rest side by side,

No navies shall whiten the sea,
 And the slave-ship no more o'er the ocean shall glide,
 For all men in all climes shall be free.

Chorus.

3 Granite cells for the guilty no more shall be reared, [stead;

The school-house shall stand in their Ev'-ry man truly noble no more shall be feared; [fled.

Bloody crime from the earth shall have

Chorus.

274. FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

1 LIKE the arch of the rainbow upreared in the sky,
 'Mid azure and purple and gold,

Is the pure, brilliant halo of faith beaming high,

Where the shadows new beauties unfold.

Chorus.

See there, oh, great brotherhood! coming now to man

Is glory that angels drop down! [van!
 Up, speed thee so strong, for they lead in the Progression shall win thee a crown!

2 Like a star that is glowing aloft in the sky,
 To guide thro' the darkness and gloom,
 Is a fresh hope immortal ascending on high,
 Triumph-star over death and the tomb!

Chorus.

3 Like a white fleecy cloud, whence the sweet spirit dove
 Descends with a beauty impearled, [above
 Comes the mild angel Charity, swift from To forgive and redeem all the world.

Chorus.

BUILD HIM A MONUMENT.*Prelude on opposite page*

1. Build him a mon - u - ment! high as the skies, Broad as the
land is and deep as the sea, That the na - tions may look on with
won - der - ing eyes, And learn 'tis a glo - ri - ous thing to be free.

275.

BUILD HIM A MONUMENT.

2 BUILD him a monument! In coming years,
When light of justice hath banished the cloud,
Dusky pilgrims will wash it with gratitude's tears,
And white, black, and red will be equally proud.

Chorus.

3 Build him a monument! Lincoln the good!
Chief of philanthropists, highest in power;
Standing bravely and firm where no other hath stood,
And placing the capstone on Liberty's tower.

Chorus.

4 Build him a monument! sacred to heaven,
In hearts of freed ones from slavery's thrall;
Oh, to him let glad anthems and peans be given;
True Liberty, now, and forever, to all.

Chorus.

BUILD HIM A MONUMENT. Concluded.

Chorus for each Stanza.

Ay! a mon - u - ment! glo - ri - ous mon - u - ment,
Fame-wreathed and gar - land - ed ne'er to de - - cay.

Prelude.

DAY.

Gently.

1. The gloomiest day hath gleams of light, The dark-est wave hath bright foam
near it, And twinkles through the blackest night Some sol - i - ta - ry star to cheer it.

276.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

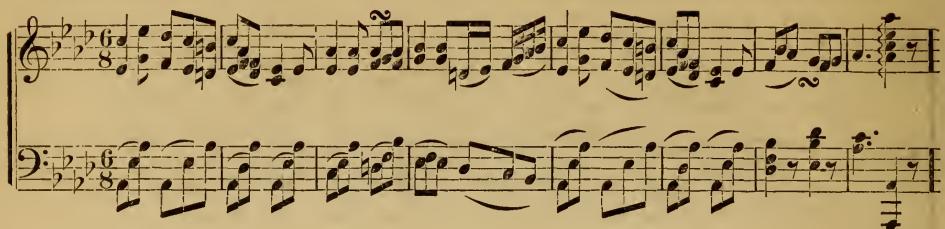
1 THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near
And twinkles through the blackest night, [it,
Some solitary star to cheer it.]

2 The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom, [ness.
There stands some ling'ring beam of glad-

3 Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life nor death the future closes,
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

4 Sweet prophecies, these rifts of light,
Revealing all the glories o'er us,
And brighter, for the shades of night,
Will burst the day that lies before us.

MY WIFE'S HAND.



1. Ev' - ry night, when the stars come out, And the birds have gone to rest, A
2. Clings to my neck and clasps my arm, 'Till, tired of its ca - ress, And

3. Yet each night as the stars come out, And I near the heav'n-ly land, I

lit - tle hand, like a coo - ing dove, Nest-ling a - bout my breast,
fal - len a - sleep with - in my own .That pure white hand I press.

feel, as I felt in my ear - ly days, The touch of that gen - tle hand.

Smoothes my fore-head and pats my cheek, Pass - es its fin - ger - tips
Many a year has come and gone, The lit - tle hand is cold.

Yet each night as the stars come out, And I near the heav'n-ly land,

MY WIFE'S HAND. Concluded.

O-ver my eye-lids and through my hair, Lin - ger - ing on my lips.
Children's children are on my knee, And I am grow - ing old.

Still I feel as in ear - ly days, The touch of that gen - tle hand.

NATURE.

1. Think me not un - kind and rude, That I walk in grove and glen;

A - lone I go to the God of the wood, To bring his pure word to men.

278.

INNER LIFE OF NATURE.

2 TAX not thou my sloth, that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated so light in the sky
Writes bright letters in my book.

3 Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Each trembling aster I hold in my hand
Goes loaded with truest thought.

4 There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Nor secret ever in life-history,
But birds tell it in the bowers.

5 One rich harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
And now the second crop broad acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, I am so wea - ry, wea - ry! And the night grows dark and wild;
 The cold wind whis- tles drea - ry, drea-ry, Mother, round your or - phan child.
 Oh, I'm dy - ing, mother, dy - ing, Here up - on the cold earth ly - ing,
 Spurned, re - ject - ed, and re - viled, Spurned, re - ject - ed, and re - viled!

279.

THE RAG-PICKER.

¹ O H, I am so weary, weary!
 And the night grows dark and wild;
 The cold wind whistles dreary, dreary,
 Mother, round your orphan child.
 Oh, I'm dying, mother, dying,
 Here upon the cold earth lying,
 Spurned, rejected, and reviled!

2 Ask I work, the poor don't need me,
 But they look with pitying eye;
 I ask the rich, they will not heed me;
 No! but pass me coldly by.
 Oh, I am so weary, weary,
 And the night wind moans so dreary,
 Mother, hear me ere I die.

3 All day long I've wandered picking
Foul and filthy rags to sell,
And in my feet sharp stones are sticking.
Oh, how they begin to swell!
And my limbs so ache and pain me,
I cannot from grief restrain me,
And they too begin to swell.

4 All my limbs the frosts are numbing,
And my frame it shivers so;
I seem to hear the wild bees humming,
As they used to long ago
In our garden 'mong the flowers,
In those bright, bright sunny hours,
As I used to long ago.

5 Yes, I seem to hear thee calling,
And thy voice so sweet and clear,
"Ch, come, my darling!" now is falling
Softly, gently on my ear.
Winds all through my tangled tresses
Are so like thy loved caresses,
And each raindrop seems a tear.

* Do not repeat this line with voice, but play the melody with instrument.

ARE WE NOT BROTHERS?

1. Hushed be the bat - tle's fear - ful roar, The warrior's rush - ing call!

Why should the earth be drenched with gore? Are we not broth - ers all?

Are we not broth - ers all?

280. ARE WE NOT BROTHERS?

1 HUSHED be the battle's fearful roar,
The warrior's rushing call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

6 All around me now it brightens;
Am I lying on a bed?
And oh, how clear and still it lightens!
But no thunder jars my head;
Is it lightning, O my mother?
No! and there's my little brother!
Why, I thought that he was dead!

7 Some one seems to bear me gently;
Oh! I'm soaring up so high;
My breath it comes so faintly, faintly,
Oh! I'm passing to the sky.
Now I've neither pain nor sorrow;
I shall pick no rags to-morrow;
Mother, I am coming — I! *

8 And the night wind caught her wailing
As her last lone breath she sighed;
And rudely whistling through the paling,
On its fitful wing it hied;
Like the cold, cold stones around her,
Stark and stiff next morn they found her
On the pavement where she died.

2 Want, from the starving poor depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Great God, subdue th' oppressor's heart!
Are we not brothers all?

3 Sect, clan, and nation, oh, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love the voice of discord drown,—
Are we not brothers all?

4 Let love and truth and peace alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

*"I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE."*By permission of
ROOT & CADY.

1. I stand on mem' - ry's golden shore, And muse and dream, this autumn night,
 2. O thou un - lov - ing, dreamy past, Give back what I have giv'n to thee,
 3. Yet sometimes vis - ions come to bless; A-gain with her I seem to stand,
 4. I dream, but dream - ing is in vain, To res - ur - rect the buried dead,

Re-call-ing forms that never- more Shall bless on earth my weary sight.
 Flow'r's that love's tree a-bor-tive cast, Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasures be.
 And full of new born long-ings, press, With trembling clasp her gentle hand.
 And waking but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

I reach in vain to grasp the hands That beckon from the further side,
 Life's tender buds that I have kissed, And wa-tered with my anxious tears,
 Dear lov-ing spir - it, leave me not To wend these wea - ry shores a-lone,
 In vain I tread on mem'ry's shore, And plead with tears for what is gone,

"I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE." Concluded.

Where gleam the shin - ing sil-ver sands, Where mur-murs soft the sil-ver tide, —
 I see not through the gath'-ring mists Of doubt, and vain dis-trust and fears, —
 Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot, Full of sweet love and near thine own? —
 The ho - ly past re-turns no more; I walk the shores of life a-lone, —

Where gleam the shin - ing sil-ver sands, Where mur-murs soft the sil-ver tide.
 I see not through the gath'-ring mists Of doubt, and vain dis-trust and fears.
 Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot, and near thine own?
 The ho - ly past re-turns no more; I walk the shores of life a-lone.

Chorus.

I stand on mem'-ry's gold-en shore, gold-en shore; I tread life's wea - ry rounds a -
 lone, a - lone; The dear de - part - ed comes no more, nev - er more;
 The all of life I love is gone, is gone.

COLD WATER FOR ME.

1. Oh, come with me, and sing with glee, Each Temp'rance son and daughter,
A hap - py band, joined hand in hand, In praise of pure cold wa-ter.

282.

COLD WATER.

2 FOOLS may combine to sing of wine,
Of whiskey, gin, or porter;
But we delight with all our might
To sing of pure, cold water.
Chorus.

3 This Adam's ale does not turn pale,
Nor human victims slaughter;
Sparkling and bright as rays of light
Is pure, life-giving water.
Chorus.

4 Down mountain side behold it glide,
A joy to son and daughter,
From rocky cell in shady dell
Springs forth the pure, cold water.
Chorus.

5 Distilled on high, down from the sky
It drops in every quarter;
Man makes the wine, but Love divine
Creates the pure cold water.
Chorus.

283. SCIENCE.

1 FAIR Science bright, from realms of light,
We yield thee homage ever:

We're gathered here, a band sincere,
To ask thy smiles forever.

Chorus.

Oh, haste the day when thy blest sway
To earth is universal given,
And light shall shine around thy shrine,
In beams of wisdom down from heav'n,
Shine wisdom from heav'n.

2 We've joined to raise for ardent gaze
The veil that hides thy glory,
And joyous pore o'er ancient lore
And famed heroic story.
Chorus.

3 We've sought to trace through endless space
The path of world's bright gleaming;
And hand in hand thy pages scanned
While heav'nly truth is beaming.
Chorus.

4 And now we'll bear thy mandates fair
To all who cluster round us;
And grateful raise glad songs of praise
For blessings that surround us.
Chorus.

COLD WATER FOR ME. Concluded.

Chorus.

Cold wa - ter pure, cold wa - ter free, The drink for you, the
 drink for me. Oh, shun the cup, Oh, shun the bowl, It
 kills the bod - y, kills the soul! Cold wa - ter for me.

GERM.

1. A trav - 'ler on the road Strewn a - corns on the lea,
 And one took root and sprout - ed up, And grew in - to a tree.

284.

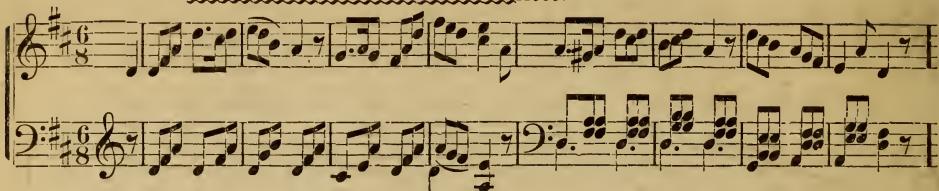
LITTLE THINGS.

2 A SPRING had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn.
 3 Years passed, and lo! the well,
 By summer never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

4 A man amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart
 Let fall a word of hope and love
 Unstudied from the heart.
 5 O germ! O fount! O love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

8va. Loco.



1. Make your home beau - ti - ful; bring to it flow'rs, Plant them a - round you in
 2. Make your home beau - ti - ful; weave round its por - tal Wreaths of the jas - mine and

3. Make your home beau - ti - ful, gath - er the ro - ses, Hoard in the sun - shine with

bud and in bloom; Let them give life to your lone - li - est hours,
 del - i - cate sprays Of red fruit-ed wood-bine, with gay im - mor-telle That

ex - qui - site art; Per-chance they may pour, as your dark - ness clo - ses,

Let them bring life to en - li - ven your gloom, Make your own world one that
 bless - es and bright - ens wher - ev - er it strays; Gath - er the blos - soms, too,

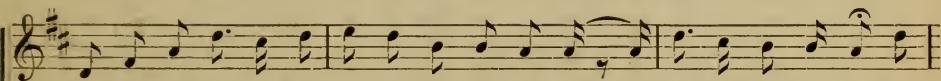
That sum - mer sun - shine down in - to your heart! If you can do so, oh,

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL. Concluded.



nev - er has sor - rowed, Of mu - sic and sun - shine and gold sum - mer air; A
one lit - tle flow - er; Va - ried ver - be - na, or sweet mign - o - nette,

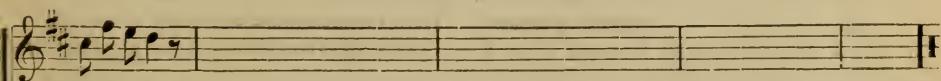
make it an E - den Of beau - ty and glad - ness! re - mem - ber, 'tis wise, 'Twill



home world whose fore - head care nev - er has fur - rowed, And whose cheek of bright beau - ty will
Still may bring bloom to your des - o - late bow - er, Still may be some - thing to



teach you to long for that home you are need - ing, That heav - en of beau - ty be -



ev - er be fair.
love and to pet.



yond the blue skies.



THE SONG THAT I LOVE.



With tenderness.

1. Oh, no! not for thee can I sing that sweet song, Whose low-throbbing
 accents flow soft-ly a-long, Like the strains that are waft-ed on

Musical notation for the first line of 'The Song That I Love' in 3/4 time, treble clef, key of G major. The music consists of two staves. The top staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff starts with a half note followed by eighth notes.

Musical notation for the second line of 'The Song That I Love' in 3/4 time, treble clef, key of G major. The music consists of two staves. The top staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff starts with a half note followed by eighth notes.

286.

THE SONG THAT I LOVE.

2 'TWAS the song that he loved, when, in life's balmy morn,
 The laurel of fame his fair brow did adorn; It hallowed his pleasures, it soothed him in pain,
 And with what rapture he lingered on each And the last words he said, — how I treasure them now! — [brow,
 E'en then the death angel was blanching his His voice breathing low as the murmuring dove,
 "Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

3 Then how can I sing for thee now that sweet song,
 If never that dear one shall join life's glad That soft voice, whose rich tones sounded al-most divine,
 Shall it never again here be blended with

All so lonely and sad, through the deepening gloom
 Must I pass on my way, but that low voice will come
 With musical tones to my ear as I rove,
 "Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

4 Then bid me no more sing for thee that sweet song,
 My harp on the low, drooping willow is hung; All its chords are untuned, and my tremulous voice
 Will no longer with melody make me rejoice; For the spirit of mirth from my heart fled away,
 Nor will it return till to me he shall say In regions of light, when I meet him above,
 "Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

THE SONG THAT I LOVE. Continued.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is divided into four sections by rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

zeph-yr's light wing, From the bow - ers of glo - ry where cher - u - bims sing;

For that beau - ti - ful lyr - ic so ten - der - ly sweet Was taught me by

one now in death's lone re - treat; And oft would he say when at

eve we would rove, "Oh, sing to me, sis - ter, the song that I love!"

*THE SONG THAT I LOVE. Concluded.**Chorus.*

"The song that I love!" Oh, what mem - o ries gleam Through the shad - o w - y
past, like a star's gen - tle beam! And I hear those low ac - cents wher-
ev - er I rove, "Oh, sing to me, sis - ter, the song that I love!"

BEAUTY.

1. Beau - ti - ful fa - ces they that wear The light of a pleas-ant spir - it there;
It mat-ters lit - tle if dark or fair, Dark or fair, dark or fair.

287.

BEAUTY.

1 BEAUTIFUL faces they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
It matters little if dark or fair.
2 Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Patient and busy the long day through.

3 Beautiful feet are they that go
So swiftly to lighten others' woe, [snow.
Through summer's heat or through winter's
4 Beautiful children rich or poor.
Who, walking the pathways sweet and pure,
Lead on to mansions of rest secure.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, MOTHER.*

Music from "Lyceum Banner."

by permission of LOU M. KIMBALL.

1. Oh, my breath is fail-ing fast, mother, Come closer, my sight grows weak; This
 2. I shall rest, so sweet-ly rest, mother, From sickness and sor-row's night; In the
 3. Thou hast known the bit-ter of life, mother, Hast tasted full much of its sweet; Soon will

rack-ing pain has now pierced my brain; 'Tis but lit-tle I can speak. Oh, how
 haven of love, in that home above, Where no sadness comes to blight. Then
 an-gel Death steal thy mor-tal breath; Thy work is nearly complete. Oh,

hap-py am I that thou, mother, Art present here with me now, To
 will-ing ly let me pass, mother, Plead no longer, dear mother, for me; I am
 I shall be look-ing for thee, mother; Our parting will not be long; On, that

give me love's power in this tri-al hour, To soothe my ach-ing brow.
 pin-ing to go where I bliss shall know; Mo-ther, there I'll wait for thee.
 heav-en-ly plain we shall meet again, Welcomed by the an-gels' song.

* Play first four measures of melody for prelude and interlude.

TRANSFIGURATION.

1. Lo! a cloud of guiding light Dawns upon my raptured sight,

Drift-ing mu-sic rains on the men-tal plains, Chang-ing crys-tal tears

in - to haloed spheres Of ce-les-tial glo - ry, Of ce-les - tial glo - ry!

289.

THE CLOUD OF TRANSFIGURATION.

2 SEE! through vistas of the skies,
Sparkling with unnumbered dyes,
Comes the spirit dove in baptismal love,
Hov'ring o'er my brow with a new heart-vow,
Throbbing full of goodness,
Throbbing full of goodness!
Chorus.

3 Lo! a wreath with wisdom rife
Coronates my trial life, [thought,
Blooms with flow'rs fraught with angelic

Sweet with Eden truth in immortal youth,
Heav'n within me folding,
Heav'n within me folding!
Chorus.

4 Oh, for joy my spirit springs,
As it soars on hopeful wings,
Shouting glad adieu for the brighter view,
Robed in vestures white, rising in the light
Of eternal progress,
Of eternal progress!
Chorus.

TRANSFIGURATION. Concluded.

Chorus.

Come up high - er! weep - ing child, Tranced in a cloud-light that gives thy soul re - lease;

Pure in heart, unbeguiled, Rest in the sunbeams of an - gels' ho - ly peace!"

WAITING BY THE RIVER.*

From "The Casket,"
by permission of ASA HULL, Phila.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv - er; We are watching on the shore,

On - ly wait-ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

290.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

2 THOUGH the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
Wafted on the other shore.
Chorus.

3. Of the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
Chorus.

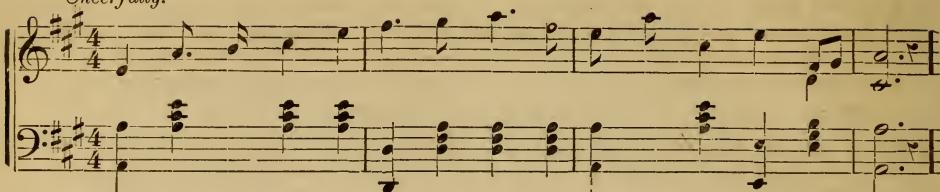
4 Over there is many a loved one;
We have seen them leave our side,
And with rapture we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.
Chorus.

5 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
And have gained the other shore,
In that realm of light and beauty
We shall live for evermore.
Chorus.

*Sing first stanza as chorus after 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th.

GOLDEN AGE. (*Solo with vocal accompaniment.*)

Cheerfully.



1. Bright days of which the an - gels sing, Speed on - ward with your end - less spring,

**M*

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff for the bass voice, and the right hand of the piano. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of sustained chords.

And let the gold - en age come in, Tri - umphant with no stain of sin.

**M*

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff for the bass voice, and the right hand of the piano. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of sustained chords.

Chorus.

Sweet gold - en age! we long to see The per - fect reign of har - mo - ny.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff for the bass voice, and the right hand of the piano. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of sustained chords.

Sweet gold - en age! when will its light Steal down from its ce - les - tial height?

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff for the bass voice, and the right hand of the piano. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of sustained chords.

*Sustain the tones with lips closed.

291.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

1 BRIGHT days of which the angels sing,
Speed onward with your endless spring,
And let the golden age come in
Triumphant with no stain of sin.
Chorus.

2 Justice will then have done with wars,
And valor need not carry scars;
Mercy will be a name unknown
When love sits sceptred on her throne.
Chorus.

3 How beautiful will life be then
When earth can cry, "Behold my men!"
And woman in her perfect state
Be womanly, and yet be great.
Chorus.

4 Then childhood with heaven's dews impearled
Will make more bright a sunny world,
And famished faces, wild and wan,
Will nowhere haunt the paths of man.
Chorus.

5 Mankind will all be brothers then,
Not prince, nor slaves, but only men;
For Love will sanctify all hearts,
And link them by her wondrous arts.
Chorus.

6 Not till these lips which sing are dust,
Will dawn that age of perfect trust,
We sow, with labors, prayers, and tears,
Truths which will bring those golden years!
Chorus.

THERE'S ROOM IN THE WORLD.

Bold and energetic.

1. 'Tis a law of our being most point-ed - ly shown That each man must
live out a life of his own, Ah! be not too rash to judge of an-other,
But ev - er re - member that man is your brother, But ev - er re -
mem - ber that man is your brother.

292. THERE IS ROOM IN THE WORLD.

2 GOD made the owl see where man's sight
is dim; [him.
The light that guides you may be darkness to

'Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win
it, [it.
There's room in the world for all there is in
3 Down, deep, in the innermost depths of the
soul,
A voice ever sings of a heavenly goal.
We only by callings differ from others,
There is but one God for all of us brothers.
4 Then let us not proudly monopolize right,
Nor ask of our brother to see with our sight.
'Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win
it,
There's room in the world for all that is in it.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Prelude.*



1. The buds are burst - ing in the vales, And chang - ing in - to flow'rs,

2. So from my home of end - less bloom, Like a wild bird, gay and free,

And mer - ry, mer - ry birds of spring Are glad - ning all the hours.

I come to the hearts of those I love, Whose watch-light burns for me.

Chorus.†

Are glad - ning all the hours, Are glad - ning all the hours;
Whose watch-light burns for me. Whose watch-light burns for me;And mer - ry, mer - ry birds of spring Are glad - ning all the hours.
I come to the hearts of those I love, Whose watch-light burns for me.

* Play last half of prelude for interlude.

† Chorus may be omitted.

HEAVEN OUR HOME. (Song with vocal accompaniment.)

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains lyrics: "The fields with flowers are blow - ing; They all be - hind us lie," followed by a repeat sign and "The fields, etc." The second staff is for the piano, showing a bass clef and a common time signature. The third staff continues the vocal line with "Our autumn it draw - eth nigh; But, O my friends, we are going". The fourth staff continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal part concludes with "To the summer hills on high, To the sum - mer hills on high."

293.

HOMeward Bound.

3 NOT o'er the chilling stream of death
Did I paddle my fairy bark,
But o'er the radiant river of life,
Whose waters are never dark!

4 Whose white-capped waves your lilies bear
From the cold dark soil of earth,
To plant them on the other side
And bless with heavenly birth.

5 Then dream no more of a river dark,
And a boatman pale with years,
Who'll come to guide you through the mist,
And end of mortal tears;

6 For only an angel full of love,
With roses and lilies crowned,
Will come to ferry you o'er the stream,
When the soul is homeward bound!

294. O MY FRIENDS, WE ARE GOING.

1 THE fields with flowers are blowing;
They all behind us lie,—
Our autumn it draweth nigh;
But, O my friends, we are going
To the summer hills on high.

2 We're vexed with wars and warring,
Our strifes with days increase;
There cometh a swift release,
For, O my friends, we are nearing
The beautiful realms of peace !

3 The winds are beating, blowing;
Our hearts are frosted white;
We're drawing more near the night!
But, O my friends, we are going
To the morning-land of light!

4 The winter brings rough weather;
Into the chill and gloom,
We go, but again we'll come!
And, O my friends, we shall gather
At the last in heaven, our home!

WHISPER IT SOFTLY. (Duet with vocal accompaniment.)

mf

1. Whisper it softly, when no - bod - y's near, Let not those accents fall harsh on the ear;
Whisper, etc.

pp

She is a blossom too ten - der and frail For the keen blast, the pit - i - less gale.

pp Chorus for each stanza.

Whis - per it soft - ly, whisper it soft - ly, whisper it soft - ly,

1st. *2d.*

Whisper it softly, when no - bod - y's near, Whisper it soft - ly, when no - bod - y's near.

295.

THE MAGDALENE.

1 WHISPER it softly, when nobody's near,
Let not those accents fall harsh on the
She is a blossom too tender and frail [ear;
For the keen blast, the pitiless gale.

2 Whisper it gently; 'twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches the stubborn may
Noble the conquest aided by love. [move,

3 Whisper it kindly; 'twill pay thee to know
Penitent tear-drops a-down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue e'er wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.

4 She has no parent, and none of her kin;
Lead her from error, and keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee? oh! cherish the trust;
God to the kindly ever is just.

MATERNITY.

1. From gold - en sun-lands Of pa - ter-nal bands, Where the life - tree of
vir - tue is flow - er - ing In the gar - den of wis - dom em - bow - er - ing,
Forth from love's spring, Swift on thought-wing, A spir - it ce - les - tial de - scends,
En - cir - cled with beau - ty and blends Both heav - en and earth
For ho - li - er birth, Un - der the sil - ver veil.

296.

THE WELCOME CHILD.

REVERE thy love-child
With welcome unguiled,
In the answer to prayer for futurity,
As the Christ of immaculate purity,
As the song-bird
That the heart stirred
For angels to guard o'er with care,
Thy burdens of trial to share,
Till every pain thrills
To harmony's trills,
Under the silver veil.

3 Oh, 'tis a blest joy
Of grateful employ
To unfold with a faith glowing cheeringly
Thy fair blossom of promise endearingly,
Bright with truth pearl'd
For the glad world!
So tenderly cherish it pure,
Devoid of all passion's allure:
Ennable and free
The angel to be,
Under the silver veil.

*SILENT RIVER.**Air and Alto. Duet. Gently.*

Sop. ppp

1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er, And I stand up-

Alto. When for me, etc.,

Tenor

on the shore Of the strange For- ev - er, Shall I miss the loved and known?

Shall I vain - ly seek mine own? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?

297.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

1 WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp th' unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou life-giver!
Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before.

DREAM VERIFIED.

Moderato.*Duet or Solo.*

1. As on my couch in calm re-pose I lay, I dreamed an an-gel hov-ered near to pray.
 Her ho - ly words filled me with thoughts sub-lime, Lift-ing my soul a-bove the things of time.
 Oh, such a dream! so sooth-ing, sol-emn, sweet, With ho - li - est e - mo-tions so re-pl-e-te,
 That my whole heart was filled with peace and love, True em-a-na-tions from the fount a-bove!

The vocal parts enter at measure 4. The bassoon part continues throughout the piece.

298.

DREAM VERIFIED.

² SO vivid did the vision seem to me,
 I deemed on earth the real could not be;
 But in my slumbers did I fervent pray
 That angel-face might bless my wan-ing
 day;
 That my ideal real might assume,
 To guide my future and my soul illume.
 My prayer was heard! That vision re-ap-pears,
 To soothe my sorrows and assuage my tears.

3 The bride vouchsafed me, which the angel
 brought, [thought.
 Claims for her home the mighty realm of
 A beacon-light she comes to guide the way
 Of human souls to the eternal day,
 Where wisdom, peace, and love without al-loy,
 All fully in the future shall enjoy.
 Her name is Freedom! and with joy supreme
 I bless the day that verified my dream!

The Spiritual Harp.

Words and music composed for this work by J. G. CLARK.

WHERE THE ROSES NE'ER SHALL WITHER.

By permission.

1. Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with - er,
 2. Where the hills are ev - er ver - nal,

Nor the clouds of sor - row gath - er,
 And the springs of youth e - ter - nal,

We shall meet, we shall meet, Where no win - try storm can roll,
 We shall meet, we shall meet, Where life's morning dream re - turns,

Drying sum - mer from the soul, Where all hearts are tuned to love,
 And the noon - day nev - er burns, Where the dew of life is love,

On that hap - py shore a - bove, Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with - er,
 On that hap - py shore a - bove,

Chorus.

Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with - er,
 Nor the clouds of sor - row gath - er,

An - gel bands will guide us thith - er,

Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with - er.

299. *THE ROSES NE'ER SHALL WITHER.*

3 WHERE no cruel word is spoken,
 Where no faithful heart is broken,
 We shall meet, we shall meet,
 Hand in hand and heart to heart,
 Friend with friend no more to part,
 Ne'er to grieve for those we love,
 On that happy shore above.

SWEET LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

By permission of SEP. WINNER.

1. The darkness and sorrow Of earth's dreary wand'ring Are fading as death brings re - lease, The
 2. The sweet light of heaven Be - fore me is shining; I fol - low its ra-di - ant beam, From
 3. A - round thee for ev - er My spir - it shall hover, To guide thee to portals of bliss, And

warfare and tumult, All mortals surrounding, Are followed by gladness and peace. I
 life's weary pathway To mansions immortal Where dwelleth our Father su - preme; Oh!
 whispers of courage Shall come to thee ev - er, To help thee to bear life like this; Good

leave earthly pleasures With - out pangs of sadness, To go to the dear promised land, Where
 weep not in sorrow That I am departing; My spir-it shall come back a - gain, To
 by not for ev - er, But till death shall sever The ties that now bind me to clay, Till
 rall.

tempo.

an-gels are dwelling In blessed com-mu-nion; I'm longing to join their bright band.
 lead thee to heaven, Where, angels are chanting A glo - ri - ous hap - py re - train,
 darkness shall vanish And sweet light of heaven Shall show me God's bright, blessed day.

tempo.

Chorus.

Good - by not for - ev - er, But till death shall sev - er The ties that now bind me to clay,

Till darkness shall van - ish And sweet light of heav - en Shall show me God's bright blessed day.

ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE. (Quartet.)

For men's voices.

1. The moon-beam on the bil - lowy deep, The blue wave rippling on the strand,

The o - cean in its peace - ful sleep, The shell that murmurs on the sand,

The cloud that dims the bend-ing sky, The bow that on its bos-om glows,

The sun that lights the vault on high, The star at midnight's calm re - pose,—

ff

These praise the power that arched the sky, And robed the earth in beau - ty's dye,

These praise the power that arched the sky, And robed the earth in beau - ty's dye.

301.

ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.

1 THE moonbeam on the billowy deep,
The blue wave rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The star at midnight's calm repose,—
These praise the power that arched the sky,
And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

2 The melody of nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with the thrilling notes
That peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats
Or sinks in dying cadence there,—
These all to Thee their voices raise
A fervent voice of gushing praise.

3 The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As darkest shadows fit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew-drop gleaming on the spray;
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
Doth living praise ascend to Thee.
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of thy name.

4 Father, thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea;
Thou bad'st it ope at summer's hour;
Its hues of beauty speak of thee!
Thy works all praise thee; shall not man
Alike attune the grateful hymn?
Shall he not join the lofty strain
Echoed from harps of seraphim?
We tune to thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

UNITY.

1. Lo! the Christ a - ris - en By the sec-ond birth Seeks the "souls in pris-on,"
 Bound by wrongs of earth: Lifts the veil of blind - ness, Heals the men - tal sight,
 With a win - ning kind - ness Leads them to the light.

302.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

2 TOUCHED by love so holy,
Dwellers of the earth,
Welcome ye the lowly
To a higher birth!
Drive them not, forsaken,
To their gloom again,
Though their coming waken
Agonies of pain.

3 God hath giv'n you teachers
Gentle, wise, and true,
Be ye, also, preachers,
Lifting them to you;
Heaven and earth, thus blending
In the upward march,
Step by step ascending
To the "Royal Arch."

ANGEL WATCHERS' SERENADE.

1. Sleep on your pillows, earth's dear - est and best, An - gels are
sooth-ing your tired hearts to rest; Fair ones a - bove ye Their ho - ly watch
keep, Sing - ing, "We love ye, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!" Sing - ing, "We

303. ANGEL WATCHERS' SERENADE.

2 CLEAR be your visions
Through all the calm night;
Charmed be our numbers
So flowing and light;
Starry wings hold ye,
As softly they sweep;
Rosebuds enfold ye;
Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

3 Come, mates, to love-land,
'Mid musical showers;
Oh! come where beauty
Beguiles the swift hours,

Lips have no scorning,
And eyes do not weep;
Rest ye till morning,
Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

4 Life's links dissevered,
Ye'll soar as the dove,
Where isles of heaven,
Are sunny with love,
Angels attending,
And silv'ry vines creep,
Soul with soul blending;
Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

5 Peace now be with ye;
We pass to our rest,
Waiting to greet ye
In realms of the blest;
Fairy our bowers
Where crystal springs leap,
Fadeless our flowers;
Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

ANTHEMS, SENTENCES, CHORUSES.

JOY COMETH.

1. Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?

Joy com - eth, joy com - eth; The morn is break - ing;

Truth is making mighty con - quests, Truth is making mighty con - quests,

Truth, etc. Truth, etc.

Truth is mak - ing might - y con - quests. Lift up your heads, O faith - ful souls,

Truth, etc.

Rit.

For all the people!
Mind is ruling land and ocean.
Lift up your heads, etc.

For your re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh.

3 Angels! what of the day?
Angels! what of the day?
Peace dawneth! peace dawneth!
With glory shining!
Love is banding all the nations.
Lift up your heads, etc.

304. JOY COMETH.

2 FREEMEN! what of the right?
Freemen! what of the right?
Great vict'ry! great vict'ry!

MY GOD! HOW SHALL I THANK THEE?

1. My God! how shall I thank thee for thy love? Tears must de - file my

sac - ra - men - tal words, and dai - ly prayer be dai - ly pen - i - tence for actions,

feel - ings, thoughts which are a - miss; yet will I not say "God, for - give;" for

thou hast made the ef - fect to fol - low cause, and bless the err - ing, sin - ning

man. Then let my sin con - tin - ual find me out, and make me clean,

make me clean from all trans - gres - sion, pu - ri - fied and blessed.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.

Slow.

1. Cre - ate in me a clean heart, O God; cre - ate in me a
 clean heart, O God, and re - new a right spir - it, and re - new a right
 spir - it, a right spir - it with - in me; cre - ate in me a clean heart, cre -
 ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re - new a right spir - it with - in me.

CELESTIAL CLIME.

1. O spir - it, freed from earth, Re - joice thy work is done! The weary world's be -

neath thy feet, Thou bright-er than the sun.

307.

RISEN.

2 A WAKE, and breathe the air
 Of the celestial clime!
 Awake to love which knows no change,
 Thou who hast done with time!

3 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
 See, all heav'n's host appears!
 And be thou glad exceedingly,
 Thou, who hast done with tears.

BLESSED IS THE HEART.

1. Bless-ed is the heart that keep-eth pure, un-de - filed in all its temp - ta-tions; its
 med - i - ta - tion is with an - gels of pa - tience in the coun - cils of wis - dom.

Lo! there is joy in the de - ni - al of self; yea, it is peace - ful and
 beau - ti - ful day and night. Sweet char - i - ty rules that heart blos - som-ing with
 flow - ers of meek - ness and fruit - ful with the les - sons of good - ness, and
 fruit - ful with the les - sons of good - ness. Its love like a flow - ing

BLESSED IS THE HEART. Concluded.

fountain, shall quench the thirst of the weary for - ev - er, Its love like a flowing
fountain shall quench the thirst of the weary for - ev - - - er.

COME UNTO ME.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, and
I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - - on you, and learn of me, for
I am meek and low - ly in heart; and ye shall find rest un -

to your souls. Come, come, come un - to me.

*ALL HAIL, SUBLIME! Invocation.**Not too fast.*

1. Fa - ther of earth and sky! Whose all - be - hold - ing eye
 2. God of the un - seen world! Thy mys - tic might un - furl'd

Looks through all time, Whose fin - gers weave the light Of morn - ing's
 O'er this dark sphere, A - round us leads in the light Thy view - less

glo - ry bright Up - on the woof of night, All hail, Sub - lime!
 chil - dren bright Who stand for thee and right, — Our friends, still dear.

Whose more than match - less will The thun - der bids be still,
 Oh! may the gen - tle show'r Of sweet e - the rial pow'r

Or light - 'nings gleam; Who o - ver earth and air, Sys - tems di -
 Dew - like and free, Re - fresh us e - ven now, Our souls with

vine - ly fair, Spheres bright with beau - ty rare, Reign - eth su - preme!
 love en - dow, And lift us while we bow, Near - er to thee.

311.

THE LYCEUM BAND.

1 OUR Lyceum, 'tis of thee,
Sweet band of liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Band where our songs resound,
Band where no creeds are found,
But deeds of love abound,
And pleasures bring.
God bless our little band!
Firm may we ever stand,
Stand for the right!
May all we say and do,
May all our teachings show
Our sympathy for woe,
Our search for light!

2 Let us our voices raise
To God in songs of praise,
The God of truth!
May our young hearts be meek,
May we for wisdom seek,
When we together meet,
Now in our youth.
Unfurl our banners all,
And to the angels' call
Gladly we come.
Let us our voices raise
In songs of joyful praise,
For heav'n's immortal days,
And purer home.

WE'LL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It also contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third staff continues the bass line from the second staff. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts of the staves. A 'Chorus.' section is indicated between the second and third staves.

1. Come in my partners in dis-tress, We'll be gathered home; My comrades through this
wil-der-ness, We'll be gathered home. We'll meet our loved ones there, We'll
meet our loved ones there, We'll meet our loved ones there, When we are gathered home, gathered home.

312.

WE'LL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.

1 COME in, my partners in distress,
We'll be gathered home;
My comrades through this wilderness,
We'll be gathered home.
Chorus.

2 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope,
We'll be gathered home.
It lifts my fainting spirit up;
We'll be gathered home.
Chorus.

3 Our sufferings here will soon be o'er;
We'll be gathered home.
Then we will sigh and weep no more;
We'll be gathered home.
Chorus.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears;
We'll be gathered home.
How bright th' unchanging morn appears;
We'll be gathered home.
Chorus.

GOD HATH ENDOWED US.

1. God hath en - dowed us with rea - son to main - tain our do - min - ion.

He hath fit - ted us with language to improve by so - ci - e - ty, and ex - alt - ed our

minds, and ex - al - ted our minds with powers of med - i - ta - tion.

Oh, praise his good - ness with joy - ful songs, Oh, mag - ni - fy his wisdom with

harp and with or - gan, mag - ni - fy, mag - ni - fy his wis - - dom,

and med - i - tate in si - lence on the won - ders of his love. Let our

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for a soprano or alto voice, and the bottom staff is for a bass or tenor voice. The music is in G major and common time. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the notes. The score includes various dynamics and articulation marks typical of early printed music notation.

GOD HATH ENDOWED US. Concluded.

hearts o - ver - flow with grat - i - tude and ac - knowl-edge - ment; let the
 lan - guage of our lips speak praise and ad - o - ra - tion; let the
 ac - tions of our lives show our love to his laws.

BEATITUDE. (Sentence.)

Bless-ed are they that keep jus - tice, bless-ed are they that
 keep jus - tice, and he that do - eth right-eous-ness at all times, and
 he that do - eth right - eous - ness at all times.

GLAD SOME LIFE.

1. This gladsome life, when free from strife, Shall fill our hearts with glee,
Birds as they sing on buoy - ant wing, And fall - ing show'rs on field and flow'rs,
Shall make us pure, shall make us pure and free.

And brows are bright with sunny light
That catch the soft, sweet breeze.

3 Beautiful songs of unseen throngs
• O'erflow this world of ours;
Angels of love from realms above,
By willing hands in holy bands,
Bedeck our paths with flowers.

4 There is no death! the Father's breath
Restores our hearts to youth;
Life springs to view with vigor new;
A spirit wave destroys the grave
For him who loves the truth.

315. THE GLAD SOME LIFE.

2 THERE are clear beams in laughing streams
And music in the trees;
Love-lit are eyes with heavenly dyes,

PEACEFUL REST.

Fine.

1. Ev - 'ry day hath toil and trou - ble,
Meek - ly bear thine own full meas - ure,
God shall fill thy mouth with glad - ness,
And thy heart with love.

Fine.

Ev - 'ry heart hath care;
And thy bro - ther's share,
And thy heart with love.

D.C.

Fear not, shrink not, though the bur - den Heav - y to thee prove;

316.

PEACEFUL REST.

2 LABOR, wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storms above thee low'ring
Fill thy heart with fear,

Wait in hope: the morning dawneth
When the night is gone;
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

ANTHEM OF LIBERTY.

1. An-theum of lib - er - ty, sol - emn and grand, Wake in thy loft - i - ness;
 sweet through the land! Light in each breast a - new pa - tri - ot fires,
 Pledge the old flag a - gain - flag of our sires! Fling all thy folds a - broad,
 ban - ner of light! Wave, wave for - ev - er, flag of our might! God for our
 ban - ner, free-dom and right.

317. ANTHEM OF LIBERTY.

2 COME, kindly trinity, noble and blest,
 "Faith, hope, and charity," rule in each
 breast;
 Faith, in our father-land, hope in our Lord,
 Charity, still, to all blindly who've err'd!
 God save our government! long, it defend!
 Thine the republic, Father and Friend!
 Thine be the glory, world without end!

318. OUT OF THE SHADOW.

1 WELCOME her back to the board and the
 hearth! [pain;
 Long hath she languished in sorrow and

Sad was the household, and hushed was the
 mirth;

Let the house ring with sweet laughter
 again. [home,

Long has the angel Death hung o'er thy
 Now he hath fled and joy-spirits come;
 Sunshine and music brighten the hearth!

2 Soon will the pallid cheek flush like the rose;
 Soon will the languid heart strengthen and
 thrill; [snows,
 Soon will the crimson tide, melting the
 Rush through the veins till they darken and
 fill.

She will be hopeful and cheerful, ere long;
 Daily her step will grow steady and strong;
 Lo, the dark cloud will blossom the
 rose!

GOD IS SPIRIT.

O God, O Spir - it, O God, O Spir - it, Light of all that live! Who

dost on them that sit in dark - ness shine! The darkness ev - er with the

light doth strive, Yet pour on us a - gain thy beams di - vine.

O breath from out th' E-ter - nal Silence! blow soft - ly, blow soft - ly up-

on our spir - its' bar - ren ground, Blow soft - ly, blow soft - ly up-

on our spir - its' bar - ren ground. O, Fountain! that dost un - ex - haust - ed

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top two staves are soprano voices, and the bottom two are bass voices. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, the third with a treble clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated directly below each staff, corresponding to the musical phrases.

GOD IS SPIRIT. Concluded.

flow, To quench the thirst that seeks thy wa - ters clear, O God, O Spir - it,
 Life of life! flow now in - to the qui - et hearts which seek thee here,
 flow now in - to the qui - et hearts which seek thee here.

MEDIA.

Andante.

1. They are the pi - - o - neers That bring the world re-lease From fetters of tra -
 di-tion's years, To freedom's age of peace, To freedom's age of peace.

320.

MEDIUMS.

2 THEY are the mystic lyres,
 Attuned by hands above,
 That wast from heav'n's celestial choirs
 The songs of angel-love.

3 They are the hunted birds
 Of bruised and bleeding breast,
 Whose loving deeds and spirit words
 Soothe angry hearts to rest.

4 They are the trembling palms,
 With healing influence rife,
 Whose wounded leaves are Gilead balms
 Restoring all to life.

5 Oh, cherish them with care,
 Their dying hopes renew;
 In all their many sorrows share,
 As loving angels do.

MORN OF FREEDOM.

1. Soon shall the trump of free - - - dom Re - sound from shore to shore;

Soon, taught by heaven - ly wis - dom, Man shall oppress no more;

But ev - 'ry yoke be bro - ken, Each cap - tive soul set free,

And ev - 'ry heart shall wel - - - come The day of ju - bi - lee,

MORN OF FREEDOM. Continued.

And ev'-ry heart shall wel - come The day of ju - bi - lee.

Bass Solo. *Animato.*

Then ty - rants' crowns and scep - tres, And vic - tors' wreaths and ears, And
gall - ing chains and fet - ters, With all the pomp of wars, Shall in the dust be trod - den,

And rule the earth no more; And peace and joy from heav'n, The Lord on earth shall pour.

*MORN OF FREEDOM. Continued.**Duet.*

The morn of peace is beam - ing, Its glo - ry will ap - pear;

Cres.

Be - hold its ear - ly gleam - ing, The day is drawing near!

The spear shall then be bro-ken, And sheathed the git'-ring sword;

The ol - ive be the to - ken, And peace the greeting word.

MORN OF FREEDOM. Concluded.

A musical score for 'Morn of Freedom' in F major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

1. Yes, yes, the day is break - ing! Far brighter glows its beam!
The na - tions round are wa - king, As from a midnight dream.

The second section of lyrics is:

They see its radiance shedding, Where all was dark as night;
'Tis high - er, wi - der speed - ing, A bound-less flood of light,

The final section of lyrics is:

'Tis high - er wi - der speed - ing, A bound-less flood of light!

DIVINE GOODNESS.

O! ye dwellers on the earth! O! ye dwellers on the earth! ye know not how
 well and fervent - ly ye are loved by the an - gels, else would your
 hearts wax strong, else would your hearts wax strong in the
 hour of tri - al; and a ho - ly peace that no earth storms could dis -
 turb would po - sess your souls, and a ho - ly peace that no
 earth storms could dis - turb would pos - sess your souls.

O BRUISED AND BLEEDING HEART! Sentence.

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The key signature changes from G major (two sharps) to D major (one sharp) and then to A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature alternates between common time (4/4) and 2/4. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the vocal part providing the melody and the piano part providing harmonic support. The lyrics describe a heart that is bruised and bleeding, seeking solace and encouragement from those whose love grows not weary.

O bruised and bleed-ing heart, who, in thy wea - ry strug-gling,

found not a sin - gle earth-friend true and tried, the angels will nev - er de-

sert thee. A voice of warn - ing, and a word of en - couragement, comes

to thee in thy dark - est hour from those whose loves grow not

wea - ry, and whose faith in hu - man - i - ty's un -

sha - ken, and whose faith in hu - man - i - ty is un - sha - ken.

THE COMING DAY.

Soli.

See the twi - light on the hills! See the leap - ing moun-tain rills!—

Comes the wish'd - for, long'd-for day Roll - ing on its sun - ny way,

Roll - ing on its sun-ny way. The world's long night is flee-ing now,

For young day tints the moun-tain's brow; And er - ror's i - cy chains give way

Be - fore his warm and ge-nial ray. Hark! swell - ing on the morn-ing breeze,

What soul - en - tranc-ing sym-pho - nies, Bright an-gels from the realms a - way

THE COMING DAY. Concluded.

Are her - ald - ing the com - ing day, Are her - ald - ing the com - ing day.

Wake, drowsy earth! from sleep a - rise! Light waits to bless up - lift - ed eyes!

Thy mists must van - ish, darkness fly, For truth illumes the east - ern sky;

And lov - ers of the dus - ky night, May hide their heads, for lo, 'tis light!

BLESSED IS THE MAN. Sentence.

Bless - ed is the man who shall ev - er walk with meekness and in -

teg - ri - ty, and in whose spirit there is no guile, and in whose spir - it there is no guile.

Inst. *Voices.*

WHEN WE GO HENCE.

When we go, let no wail in the mansions be heard, No wavelet on
 soul-sea, or heart-chord be stirred; But let calm-ness and trust their
 faith off'rings bring To blend with the rapture, — "O death! where's thy sting?"

Let the hour be morn, while the first breeze is steal-ing O'er for-est and
 flow'r, in sweet notes re - veal - ing The soul's as - pi - ra - tions, like
 hymns in the air, That rise like the in - cense of flow'rs bent in prayer.

326.

WHEN WE GO HENCE.

1 WHEN we go, let no wail in the mansion be heard,
 No wavelet on soul-sea or heart-chord be stirred;
 But let calmness and trust their faith-off'rings bring
 To blend with the rapture, "O death! where's thy sting?"
 Let the hour be morn, while the first breeze is stealing
 O'er forest and flow'r, in sweet notes revealing
 The soul's aspirations, like hymns in the air,
 That rise like the incense of flow'rs bent in prayer.

2 O'er the grave let no willow in minor tones moan,
 The false dogma, "died," ne'er be carved on the stone;
 For such breathe not the truths o'ergleaming the ports
 That gladden forever the heavenly courts.
 Oh, these death-scenes are sweet, for the soul pens for ages
 Vast volumes of thought on unwritten pages;
 While each throe of despair, of deep sorrow and pain,
 Will burnish the links in life's mystical chain.

3 Let the harps of the angels be newly restrung!
 There's mirth to be made; there are songs to be sung;
 For a pilgrim has passed from the care-lands of earth
 To realms of the loved, where the spirit had birth.
 'Twill be joy to stand in that bright world of glory,
 Where wisdom and love are themes of life's story,
 Where the cross shines a crown that to angels is given,
 With loved ones who glide through the azure of heav'n.

HEAR! O MAN. Sentence.

Hear! O man, hear! O man, the plead - ings from the an - gel land, nor

close thine ear a-against na-ture's voi-ces; for it is God, the Fa - ther, who speaks.

*UNIVERSAL PATRIOTISM.**With animation, but not too fast.*

1. Oh, the glo - ry! Oh, the glo - ry! That shall come to our dear moth-er world, When the lightning

2. Oh, the glo - ry! Oh, the glo - ry! That shall come to our dear moth-er world, When the spir-it

of truth bright'ning With the a - ges as they roll, Puls-ing, puls-ing Tides of love from
we in - her - it, Stri - king val-i-ant 'gainst the wrong, Shout-ing, shout-ing "E - qual rights to

soul to soul, Shall dis - sev - er all op - pres - sions, And de - stroy all
all be - long!" Shall e - man - ci - pate the ra - ces, And shall con - se-

false con - ces - sions To a par - ty, sect, or clan; Shall a - bol - ish
crate all pla - ces Ho - lly in a com - mon cause, Till there is a

all re - la-tions Of the boun-da - ries of na-tions That en - slave our broth - er man!
heart com-mu-nion Of hu-man-i - ty in u - nion, Ruled at last by "high - er laws!"

Oh, the glo - ry! Oh, the glo - ry! That shall come to our dear moth-er world.
Oh, the glo - ry! etc.

FEAR NOT.

1. Fear not, O friends, the win - try storms of life; The sweet ar - bu - tus
And a - corns driv - en by the wind's rude strife, From pa - rent trees, them -

blooms beneath the snow; 1 2 Fear not, though right be smitten of the wrong,
selves to stout trees grow.

And all your good intents seem emp - ty breath; But learn ye then to sing the

old - en song: From grief springs joy, from weakness com - eth strength,

But learn ye then to sing the old - en song: From grief springs joy, from

weak - ness com - eth strength.

329.

BLOSSOMS IN TRIAL.

² SOME souls there are that need the frosts of fate
To fall upon the seeds of truth they bear,

That they may burst their cells and germinate,

And come to blossoms and to fruitage fair.
Know, then, O friends, with wisdom comes content,

And each event of life to us is blest
When we accept in trust whate'er is sent.
And learn to say, "God's will is mine -
tis best."

INDIAN HUNTER.

1. Oh, why does the white man fol - low my path, Like the hound on the ti - ger's

2. The Spir - it a - bove thought fit to give The white man corn and
track? Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath? Does he
wine; There are gold - en fields where he may live, But the
covet the bow at my back?

Like the hound on the tiger's
for - est shades are mine. The white man corn and

track; Does the flush on my dark cheek wa - ken his wrath? Does he
wine; There are gold - en fields where he may live, But the
co - vet the bow at my back? He has riv - ers and seas where the
for - est shades are mine. The ea - gle hath its
billows and breeze Bear rich - es for him a - lone; And the sons of the wood nev - er
place of rest, The wild horse where to dwell; And the Spir - it that gave the

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics describe the Indian hunter's life and thoughts, mentioning the white man, the tiger, the eagle, and the sons of the wood.

INDIAN HUNTER. Concluded.

plunge in the flood Which the white man calls his own, Yha - - - then
bird its nest, Made me a home as well. Yha - - - then
why should he come to the streams where none But the red skin dares to
back, go back from the red man's track, For the hunt - er's eyes grow
swim; Why, why should he wrong the hunt - er, one Who nev - er did harm to
dim, To find that the white man wrongs the one Who nev - er did harm to
him? Yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha.
him. yha, yha, etc.

FELLOWSHIP.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love, His spir - it on - ly
can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.

331.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

- 2 WALK in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

*UNION.**Maestoso.*

As the mountain torrents, Gath'ring in - to one, Broad-er, deep-er, grand - er
 hast - en proud - ly on, Thus the firm and faith - ful, with their un - seen bands,
 Mingling souls and voi - ces, Join-ing hearts and hands, Form a migh-ty magnet,
 Drawing from the sea, Where the el - e - men - tal truths of a - ges be.

Full Chorus.

Ho! ye friends of pro - gress, Lov - ing God in - - deed,
 Join your ea - ger for - ces For the com - ing need, the com - ing

UNION. Concluded.

Musical score for 'UNION. Concluded.' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are:

need, the com-ing need, Join your ea-ger for - ces for the com-ing need.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Andante.

Musical score for 'GOOD-NIGHT.' in 3/4 time. The lyrics are:

1. Good - night! good - night! all our la - bor now is done;
 Day-light sweet-ly round is clos - ing, Bus - y hands and heads re - pos - ing,
 Till to - mor - row's ris - ing sun. Good - night! good - night!

The score includes dynamics: Crescendo (Cres.) and Diminuendo (Dim.).

333.

GOOD-NIGHT.

2 NOW to rest! now to rest!
 Let the weary eyelids close!
 Sleep on every eye is lying;
 Hark! the whippoorwill is crying;
 All invites thee to repose.
 Good-night! good-night!

3 Rest in peace! rest in peace!
 Till the morning gaily breaks;
 Till the day, its cares renewing,
 Calls us to be up and doing.
 Rest in peace! thy Father wakes!
 Good-night! good-night!

334.

HOPE FOR THE INSANE.

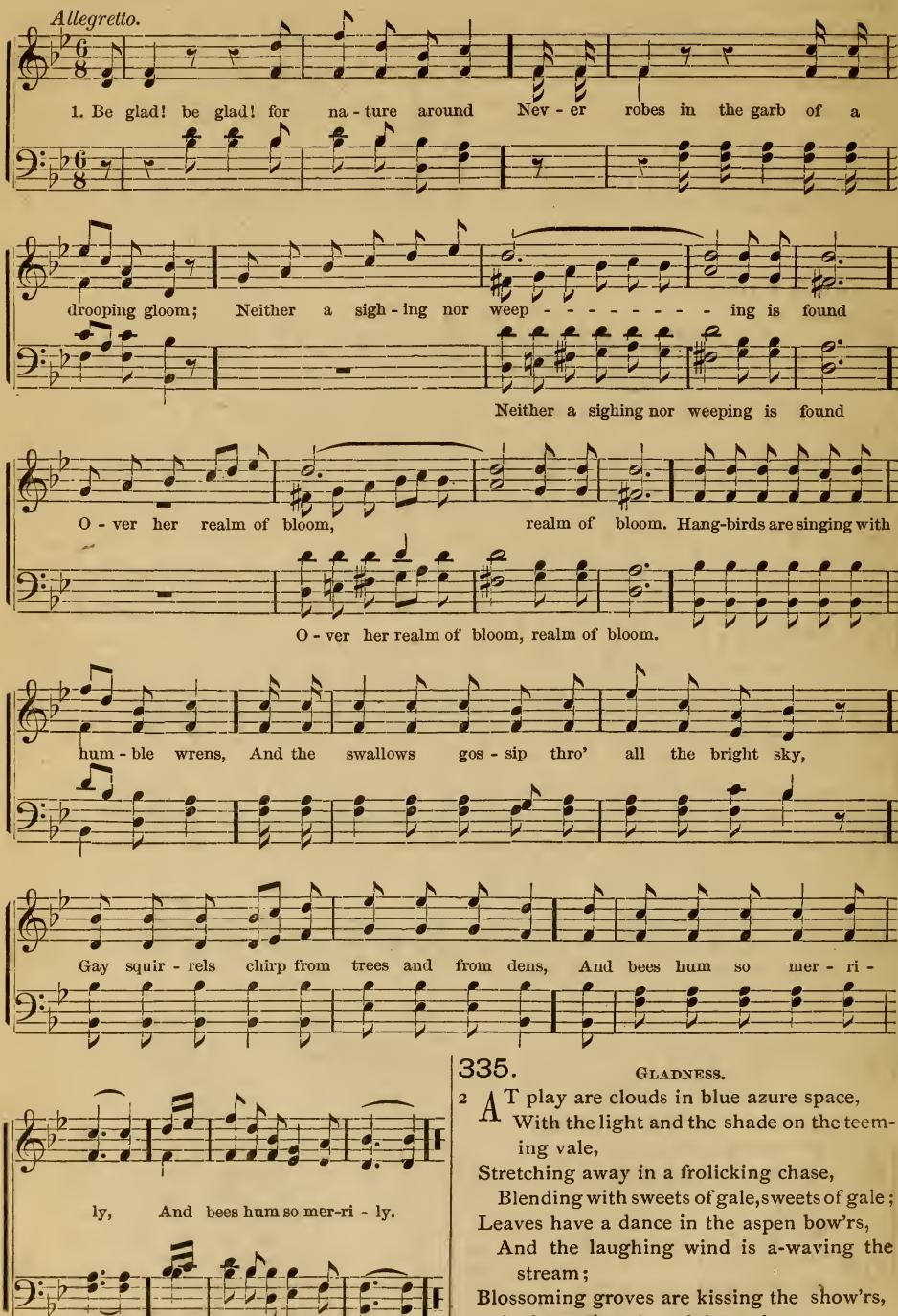
1 ANGELS bright, charged with light,
 Are now in the prison rooms,
 O'er the minds of weepers bending,
 Ev'ry seal of terror rending,
 Op'ning all the mental tombs.
 Sweet light! sweet light!

2 Reason dawns! reason dawns!
 Hark! the cries of sorrow cease!
 For the angels' magic power,
 Healing in electric shower,
 Charm by beauty, love, and peace!
 Sweet light! sweet light!

GLADNESS.

Allegretto.

1. Be glad! be glad! for na - ture around Nev - er robes in the garb of a
 drooping gloom; Neither a sigh - ing nor weep - - - - ing is found
 Neither a sighing nor weeping is found
 O - ver her realm of bloom, realm of bloom. Hang-birds are singing with
 O - ver her realm of bloom, realm of bloom.
 hum - ble wrens, And the swallows gos - sip thro' all the bright sky,
 Gay squir -rels chirp from trees and from dens, And bees hum so mer - ri -
 ly, And bees hum so mer-ri - ly.



335.

GLADNESS.

2 A T play are clouds in blue azure space,
 With the light and the shade on the teem -
 ing vale,
 Stretching away in a frolicking chase,
 Blending with sweets of gale,sweets of gale;
 Leaves have a dance in the aspen bow'rs,
 And the laughing wind is a-waving the
 stream;
 Blossoming groves are kissing the show'rs,
 And courting the rainbow gleam.

3 The broad-faced sun! how genial it smiles
 On the dew-sprinkled earth that reflects its
 Blessing the waters and far distant isles, [ray,
 Smiling thy fears away, fears away.
 Stars in the night are our world's bright crown,
 As they drink the light from the fountain
 above,
 Bathing our heads with silvery down,
 And glowing our hearts with love.

4 Rejoice! rejoice! in innocent glee;
 Make thy heart ever pure here in life's great
 school;
 Sunshine is brightest in souls that are free,
 Loving the golden rule, golden rule:
 Giving to others as nature parts [hand,
 With her beauteous gifts from her generous
 Asking no pay of famishing hearts,
 For all are a brother-band.

*PUSHMATAHA.**Adagio.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as *Adagio*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the line "My chil-dren will walk through the for-ests," followed by "for-ests, and the Great Spir-it will whis-per in the tree-tops, and the flow'rs will spring up in the trails; but Push-ma-ta-há will hear not, he will see the flow'r's no more!" The second staff continues with "His peo-ple will know that he is gone! The news will come to their ears, as the sound of the fall of a might-y oak in the stillness of the woods." A dynamic instruction *Rit e piano.* is placed above the second staff.

CHANT No. 1.



337.

ETERNAL PROGRESS.

1 ETERNAL progress! watchword | of Re- | form!
Hark, how the great thought-echoes of the past
Ring roundly from the | silver | trump of | time!

2 What living fire their clarion | roundel | stirs
In souls that dare live out the conscious truth
So trembling into | whispered | life with- | in!

3 O virtue grandest, that which | dares to | trust
The voice of God be- | fore the | art of | man!

4 Eternal progress blazons | grandly | down
The arch-angelic | battle- | ments of | light,

5 And beacons mankind upward | unto | joy:
Come up higher! O | ye that | thrill with | hope,

6 And feel the groping | myste . . ry of | life;
Come up from darkest slavery, and learn
Pure, righteous freedom : | truth shall | make you | free!

338.

THE MEADOWS.

1 EACH form that the eye beholdeth is fresh with the | life of | God,
The bird in the elm-tree branches, the | flowers . . of the | golden | rod;

2 And I yield my soul in rapture to the sweet and | sacred | flow
From the central fount of being to | man . . and the | world be- | low.

3 Oh, what are the cares and sorrows that come in a | fearful | throng,
Oh, what are the pain and anguish, the | loss . . and the | cruel | wrong,

4 Whén the eyes of the soul are lifted, and the holiest | depths are | stirred,
By the ceaseless hymn of Nature in the | lonely | meadows | heard!

CHANT No. 2.



339.

THE ANGELS OF CONSOLATION.

1 WITH silence only as their benediction, God's | angels | come,
Where, in the shadow of a great af- | flic . . tion, the | soul sits | dumb.

2 Yet would we say, what ev'ry heart approveth, our | Father's | will
Calling to him the dear ones whom he | lov . . eth is | mercy | still.

3 Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel hath | evil | wrought;
The fun'r'al anthem is a glad e- | van . . gel; the | good die | not!

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly what | he has | given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as | true . . ly as | in his | heav'n.

CHANT NO. 3. O SACRED PRESENCE.

1. O Sacred Presence! Life Divine! We rear for thee no gild - ed shrine;
2. We will not mock thy holy name, With titles high, of emp - ty fame;
3. All souls in circling orbits run, Around thee as their cen - tral sun;

Unfashioned by the hand of art, Thy temple is the child - like heart.
For thou, with all thy works and ways, Art far beyond our fee - ble praise;
And as the planets roll and burn, To thee, O Lord! for light we turn;

No tearful eye, no bended knee, No servile speech we bring gift to thee;
But freely as the birds that sing, The soul's spontaneous name we or bring,
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space, Shall rob us of our place;

For thy great love tunes ev'ry voice, And makes each trust - ing soul re - joice.
And like the fragrance of the flow'rs, We con - se - crate to thee our pow'r's.
But we shall love thee and adore, Through end - less a - ges ev - er - more!

Chorus. lively.

341.

GRACES OF HEART.*

- 1 BRÉATHE through our hearts the spirit | life di- | vine,
Inspire with wisdom, | warm with | radiant | love,
- 2 Direct our powers to work with | heaven's design,
That deeds of chari- | ty our | faith may | prove;
- 3 And send thy watchful guardians | from a- | bove;
Teach us our earth-born | vices | to de- | stroy;
- 4 And, as along life's varied | lines we move,
All gifts and graces | may we | so employ,
- 5 That, when the birth of | death shall come,
It may come with | glory | and with | joy.

* Music, Chant No. 1 or 2.

CHANT No. 4.

1. Joy is the main-spring | in the | whole Of endless | na - ture's | calm ro - | tation;
 Joy moves the shining | wheels that | roll In the great | time - piece | of cre - | ation.

342.

Joy.

2 JOY breathes on buds, and | flow'rs they |
 are; [heaven;
 Joy beckons, | suns come | forth from |
 Joy rolls the spheres in | realms a - | far,
 Ne'er to thy | glass, dim | wisdom, | giv'n!
 3 Joyous as suns ca - | reering | gay
 Along their | royal | paths on | high,
 March, brothers, march your | dauntless |
 As | chiefs to | victo- | ry! [way,
 4 Joy, from truth's purest | lambent | fires,
 Smiles out up- | on the | ardent | seeker;

Joy leads to virtue | man's de- | sires
 And cheers as | Suf'ring's | step grows |
 weaker.
 5 High from the sunny | slopes of | faith,
 The gales her | waving | banners | buoy;
 And through the shattered | vaults of | death,
 Lo, mid the | choral, | angels | joy!
 6 Then bravely bear this | life, ye | millions,
 Bear this for | that be- | yond the | sod,
 Assured that o'er the | star pa- | villions
 Re | ward a- | waits with | God.

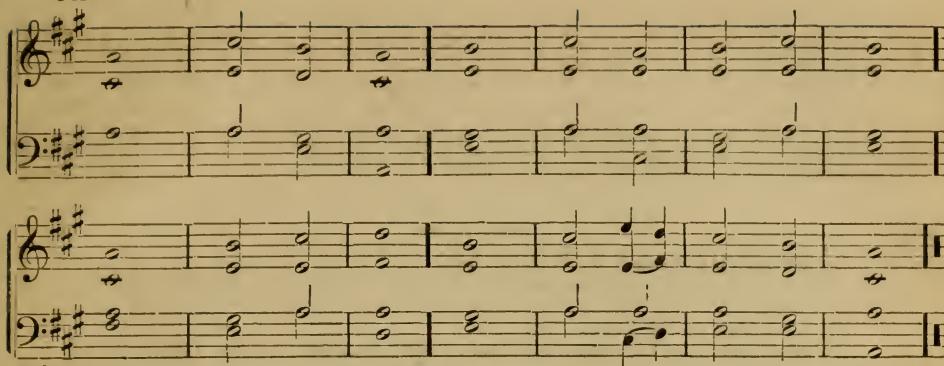
CHANT No. 5. *MISSION OF TRIAL.*

Permission of D. A. WARDEN, Phil.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray,
 2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 3. What though in lonely grief I sigh
 4. Should pining sickness waste a - way
 5. But if by midnight's glim'ring star,
 Far from my home on Let me be still and
 mur - mur long - er
 For friends belov'd no My life in prema -
 ture de - I see the loved ones
 life's rough
 not,
 nigh,
 eay,
 from a -
 way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,— Thy will, O God, be done.
 And breathe the pray'r di vine - ly taught,— Thy will, O God, be done.
 Submissive still would I reply,— Thy will, O God, be done.
 In life or death teach me to say,— Thy will, O God, be done.
 Oh, let my soul not stand a - jar,— Thy will, O God, be done.

CHANT No. 6.

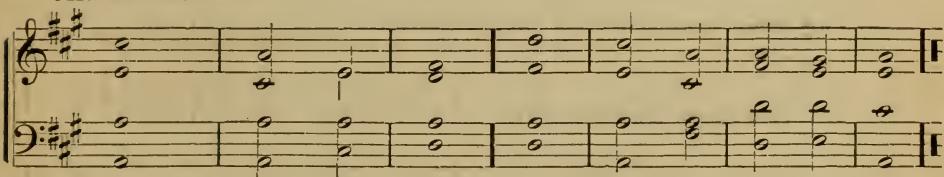


344.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

- 1 LAUNCH thy bark! launch thy bark on the | swelling | tide,
But oh, look up and lean on heav'n, as | swiftly | on you | glide;
For perils all around thee lie, like rocks up- | on the | sea;
And he who slumbers on the watch a | shapeless | wreck may | be!
- 2 Hoist thy flag! hoist thy flag! nail it | to the | mast;
The flag of truth, the flag of love, up- | on the | breezes | cast;
And 'neath that banner's glorious folds spread out thy | flowing | sail;
Press onward to the destined port be- | fore the | fav'ring | gale!
- 3 Speed thee on! speed thee on, o'er the | troubled | sea;
But oh, let wisdom guide thy bark, and | truth thy | compass | be;
Unloose thy sail; God speed thee now; thy vigil | never | cease,
Till, anchored in the heavenly port, thou | find e- | ternal | peace.

CHANT NO. 7.



345.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 1 HUSH! 'tis a holy hour; the | quiet | room
Seems like a temple, | while yon | soft lamp | sheds
- 2 A faint and starry radiance, | through the | gloom
And the sweet stillness, | down on | fair young | heads,
- 3 With all their clust'ring curls, un- | touched by | care,
And bowed, as flowers are | bowed with | night, in | prayer!
- 4 Oh, take the thought of this calm | vesper | time,
With its low murmur'ring | sounds and | silv'ry | light,
- 5 On through the dark days fading | from their | prime,
As a sweet dew to | keep your | souls from | blight!
- 6 Earth will forsake — Oh! happy | to have | giv'n
The unbroken heart's first | fragrance | unto | heav'n!

CHANT No. 8.



346.

HUMAN LIFE.

1 WISDOM divine! O | human | life!
In countless joys and endless strife for- | ever | art thou | blending:

2 Creation's causes | meas'ring | out,
With changing life's exultant shout, ever | changing, | never | ending;

3 All life's blessings, | all its | sadness,
All its sorrows, all its gladness, mingling | bitter | with the | sweet;

4 Reason's torch each | pathway | lighting;
Frosts of age can have no blighting while these | endless | life-tides | meet.

5 And ever thus, O | human | life!
With more of joy, and less of strife, fill | up thy | golden | bowl;

6 While ever living, | never | failing,
God endures, the all-availing soul of | life, and | life of | soul.

347.

ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.

1 THE angels are about us when we think not | they are | near;
And those of angel natures are to | angels | wedded | here.

2 As we walk with bleeding feet over life's un- | even | way,
We know that angels guard us thro' the | night and | thro' the | day.

3 When hope is shrouded like the sun, and life is | bowed by | care,
And all the chambers of the soul are | haunted | by de- | spair,

4 Let us heed the gentle whispers of the angels | ever | near,
And ghosts of grief like shadows from the | soul shall | disap- | pear.

CHANT NO. 9. MIDNIGHT WATCHERS' PRAYER.

Hush! 'tis midnight, and the earth is still. They sleep while we watch; 'tis our Father's will.
We are freed from earth's darkness; entered.. the light; Oh, teach us, Great Spirit, to guide .. them a | right.
we have

2. May the songs of the angels fall | sweet on their | ears, Dispelling the darkness, sub | du - ing their | fears!

CHANT NO. 9. Concluded.

And when earth's last shadow bids the | soul take its | flight, | Oh! lead them, our Father, to regions of light.

CHANT NO. 10.

349.

EVENING OF LIFE.

1 WHEN eve empurples | cliff and | cave,
Thoughts of the | heart, how | soft ye
Not softer on the | western | wave, [] flow;
The golden | lines of | sunset | glow.

2 Then all by Provi | dence re- | moved,
Like spirits | imaged | on the | eye,

3 Whate'er we liked, what- | e'er we | loved,
And the whole | heart is | memo | ry!
And life is like this | fading | hour,
In beauty | dying | as we | gaze;
Yet as its shadows | round us | lower, [blaze].
Heav'n pours a- | bove the | brighter |

CHANT NO. 11.

350.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

1 CONSIDER the lilies of the field, whose | bloom is | brief:
We are as they; like them we fade a- | way, as | doth a | leaf.

2 Consider the little sparrows, tho' of | small ac- | count:
He guards us too, for God doth view when they | fall or | when they | mount.

3 Consider the lilies that do neither | spin nor | toil,
Yet are most fair: what profits all this | care and | all this | moil?

4 Consider the birds that have no barn nor | harvest | weeks:
God gives them food; to do us good, much | more our | Father | seeks.

351.

PERPETUAL INSPIRATION.

1 IS God asleep, that he should | cease to | be
All that he was to | prophets | of the | past?
All that he was to poets of | olden time?
All that he was to | hero- | souls, who | clad
Their sun-bright minds in ada- | man-tine | mail,
Of constancy, and | walked the | world with | him,
And spake with his deep music | on their | tongue,
And acted with his | pulse with- | in the | heart.

CHANT No. 12.

A - - men,

352.

TRUTH.

- 1 "THE truth shall make you free;" for | truth is | God's,
And hath a power | sacred | unto | it,
- 2 A power that stirs the living | souls of | men,
And lifts them up from | lowli- | ness to | light.
- 3 "The truth shall make you free; for | hope, fair | hope,
And all her train of eloquent resolves,
Do stand upon the | watch, and | guard you | well.
- 4 "The truth shall make you free;" for | faith, strong | faith,
Stands sterling sentinel upon the rock and tower
Of God's eternal | purpos- | es with | man.
- 5 "The truth shall make you free;" for | love, pure | love,
Is God's divinest attribute, and wins
All human hearts to | learn and | keep his | law.
- 6 And faith, hope, truth, that teach us | to be | free,
Do culminate and | bosom | all in | love.
- 7 For "God is love;" if we but | trust him | so,
Then all these goodly | gifts take | root in | us.

353.

HOW SWEET THE THOUGHT.

- 1 WHEN clouds above our earthly way shut out the | sunshine | clear,
How sweet the thought that angels come to | whisper | words of | cheer;
- 2 The spirits of those gone before, the loved and | lost of | ours,
Come back from gardens bright and fair to | strew our | paths with | flowers.
- 3 How sweet the thought that God will hear the humblest | mortal's | prayer,
That none can gather in his name with- | out his | presence | there.
- 4 Let not our earthly eyes be drawn to fleeting | pageant- | ry;
Let not our ears shut out the song of | all e- | terni- | ty.

CHANT No. 13.

354.

RELIGION.

- 1 HAIL! spirit of devotion, | light of | life,
That lifts away the | veil 'twixt | earth and | heav'n,
- 2 And bids the soul look up with | filial | trust.
Hail, hail, religion! | maid of | gentlest | name,
- 3 Whose diadem shines queenly a- | mong the | angels;
Whose sweet voice whispers | to the | waiting | heart,
- 4 "Thy God is near, and angel | minis- | tries
Have charge of all thy | spirit | march of | prayer."

CHANT NO. 14.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and also has a key signature of two flats. Both staves feature a series of quarter notes and eighth notes, primarily in common time.

355.

WEEP NOT.

1 WHY droopest thou, sad soul,
Over this | crumbling | clay?
Why sadly sit and weep?
Has | all hope | fled a- | way?

2 Is there no star above thee?
No fond heart | still to | love?
No breast whereon to slumber,
Thy | faith, thy | trust to | prove?

3 Take heart, take heart, sad soul;
Be firm, be | strong, be | free:
Put forth thy hand to grasp
The | moments | as they | flee,

4 And ope the golden portals
That hang the | worlds be- | tween,
The mortal and immortal,
The | unseen | and the | seen.

5 The dead are not departed;
Only the | dross laid | by;
The good and the true-hearted
Are | ever | hov'ring | nigh.

6 Then wake, sad soul, to cherish
The loves en- | kindled | here;
The form alone can perish,
Then | wherefore | weep a | tear?

CHANT NO. 15.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and also has a key signature of one flat. Both staves feature a mix of quarter notes and eighth notes, primarily in common time.

356.

LIGHT OF HOME.

1 THE light of home! how | bright it | beams |
When evening | shades a- | round us | fall,

3 When we are tired with | toils of | day,
The strife of | glory, | gold, and | fame,

2 And from the lattice | far it | gleams,
To love and | rest and | comfort | call.

4 How sweet to seek the | quiet | way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name,
A- | round the | light of | home!

357.

BEATITUDES.

1 BLESSED are the poor in spirit; for their's is the | kingdom . . . of | heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn; | for they | shall be | comforted.

2 Blessed are the merciful; for they | shall ob- . . . tain | mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart; | for they | shall see | God.

3 Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the | children . . . of | God.
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth | peace, good- | will to | men.

CHANT NO. 16.

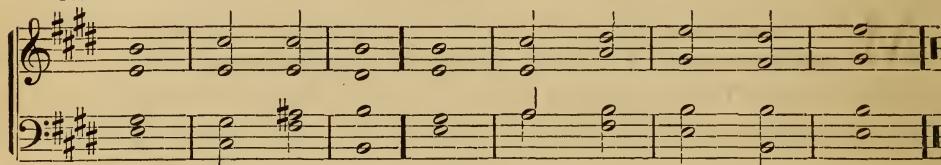


358.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

- 1 O God, I cannot fear, for | thou art | love,
And wheresoe'er I | grope I | feel thy | breath!
- 2 Yea, in the storm which | wrecks an | argosy,
Or in the surges | of the | sea of | men,
- 3 When empires perish, I be- | hold thy | face,
I hear thy voice which | gives the | law to | all.
- 4 The furies of the storm and | law pro- | claim,
“Peace, troubled waves, serve | ye the | right—be | still!”
- 5 I cannot fear a single | flash of | soul
Shall ever fail, out- | cast from | thee, for- | got.
- 6 Father and Mother of all | things that | are,
I flee to thee, and | in thy | arms find | rest.

CHANT No. 17.



359.

ONWARD.

- r “O NWARD!” shouts earth, with her | myriad | voices,
Singing a re- | sponse . . . to the | song . . . of the | seven,
- 2 As like a winged child of God's | love . . . she re | joices,
Swinging her | cens . . . er of | glo- . . . ry in | heav'n.
- 3 And lo, it is writ by the | fin- . . . ger of | God,
In sunbeams and | flow'r's . . . on the | liv . . . ing green | sod:
- 4 “Onward forever, for- | ever- . . . more | onward,”
And ever she | turn . . . eth all | trust- . . . fully | sunward.

360.

CHORUS OF NATURE.

- 1 THRO' the sounding aisles of the | dim old | woods,
A | ceaseless | hymn is | heard;
- 2 The low, soft sigh of the | soli- | tudes,
The | song . . . of the | gladsome | bird;
- 3 The whispering wind and the | murmur'ring | rill,
And the | voice . . . of the | lofty | trees;
- 4 The calm blue sky, with its | face so | still,
And a | thousand | harmo- | nies;
- 5 Nameless and strange by the | heart-harp | made,
In a | full, grand | chorus | swell,
- 6 On hill, in valley, and | woodland | shade,
The | Father's | love | to | tell.

SPIRIT ECHOES.

DIVINE PATERNITY.

God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

—*John.*

God is truth, and light is his shadow.

—*Plato.*

God is a spirit ; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

—*Jesus.*

Our Father and our Mother !

Help us to love the good, the beautiful, the true.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

MAY this soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent.

—*Rishis, the Orient.*

Hallowed be thy name.

O Vishnu ! who art Spirit, self-existent and imperishable, who, with the three qualities, — cause of creation, preservation, and destruction, — art the parent of nature and all the ingredients of the universe, bestow upon us understanding and final emancipation.

—*Purana.*

Give us a part in all good actions and all holy words.

—*Zend Avesta.*

SPIRITUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

LET us take refuge with God from dark and evil thoughts which molest and afflict us.

The eyes of Purity saw thee by the lustre of thy substance.

Intelligence is a drop from among the drops of the ocean of thy place of souls. The soul is a flame from among the flames of the fire of thy residence of sovereignty.

O Thou who showerest down blessings ! O Light of lights !

Rescue us from the fetters of dark and evil matter.

—*Persian Prophets.*

IMMANUEL.

SOUL of souls ! by our senses thou seest, hearest, tastest, smellest, feelest ; by our heart thou lovest ; by our mind thou thinkest !

We are one with thee !

O God above and within us ! by the love of thy still voice of wisdom, Call us aloft where angels are.

— *Prophet of To-day.*

ANGELIC HARMONY.

WE beseech thee for nothing, for thou doest all things well.

Every moment thou art calling minds out of darkness.

In thee they find strength and enlightenment and sanctification.

They love, and they fear not.

They walk, and do not stumble.

They look upon thee, and their doubts flee away.

We beseech thee for nothing, because thy gracious omniscience comprehendeth the least as well as the greatest ; thy life is in all and through all.

In thee all live and move and have their being.

O Father ! O Mother ! O Light !

Receive from all thy children everlasting love. Amen.

— *Arabula.*

PROGRESS.

IMMORTAL force — servant of Deity —

Works forward, never backward. From the plane

Of nature's pyramidal base it moves

Upward in transmutations glorious,

Tracing the thought of God. Inward fires

That flame at nature's heart, the strength and power

Of all material method, the ascent,

The terrible abyss, the tempest wrath,

The beauty of the blossom and the leaf,

The glory of the rainbow and the cloud,

The music of the bird and bee and stream,

The harmony of things, the restless toss

And mystery of the changing opal sea, —

All are refined, transmuted, and conserved,

And wrought into the foetal angel — MAN.

The human organism perishes,

To aid the wondrous alchemy of life ;

And Force, sublimed to phosphorescent mind,

Mounts upon pinions of celestial flame,

Sphering the germ-spark of a seraph's fire,

And burning upward to the INFINITE.

— *Augusta Cooper Bristol.*

PEACE BE STILL.

Let the truth of in-spi - ra-tion o'er us roll, Till the joy of love's com-mu-nion fills the soul;
 Pure in think - ing, pure in will, Sweet - ly breath - ing, Peace be still!

INVOCATION TO THE ANGELS.

ANGEL ministry cheers the darkest days of our pilgrimage here with the confident assurance that there is not an aspiration after good, nor a dream of the beautiful, during the earthly life, that will not find a nobler field and fairer realization when the pilgrim has cast off his burden and reached the better land.

— R. D. Owen.

I heard voices saying, Come up higher !

— John.

How vast is the power of spirits ! An ocean of invisible intelligences surround us everywhere. They cause men to purify and sanctify their hearts. How important that we should not neglect them ! — Confucius.

The angels are with us ; the place is holy ; aspiration is worship.

Blessed evangels of the Divine Spirit ! they inspire us with pure thought ; they succor us in adversity ; they encircle us with rainbows of hope ; and in the fading scenes of life, the mystic gates ajar, they roll up the curtains of immortality and show us those we love.

O faithful spirits ! save us from abusing your heavenly oracles.

*
Feed us with the bread of God that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

*
Teach us the virtues of sincerity, meekness, innocence, and heavenly-mindedness ; the sacredness of orderly marriage and its holy uses for paternity ; and awaken in us sweet tempers and the loves of spiritual devotion.

*
Inspire us with the enlightenments of normal reason and harmony.

* Indicates the place for the music. When there are no words opposite the star, sing the words set to music.

CHANT. NO. 1.

The night has gathered up } cur - tains gray, And orient gates, that } hinges, .. Let in the day.
her moonlit fringes and move on silver

NATURAL WORSHIP.

The night has gathered up her moonlit fringes And cur - tains gray,
And o - rient gates, that move on sil - ver hin - ges, Let in the day.

NATURAL WORSHIP.

NATURE calls with many voices to worship in her temple.

The willing spirit answers, and I go forth into the great fane that is consecrated by the Divine Presence.

Nature's great heart beats under our feet and over our head.

The currents of all pervading life flow into every form of the natural world, and therefore do all forms partake of the divine energy.

God is here, and the quick soul feels his presence in the midst of his temple.

— Brittan.

Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

* The morning sun his golden eyelash raises
O'er | eastern | hills ;
The happy summer-bird, with matin | praises . .
The | thicket | fills.

A day will come to every soul when into the channels of its purified being will pour the love, the truth, the beauty of the world.

— Finney.

* And nature's dress, with softly tinted roses,
And | lilies | wrought,
Through all its varied unity dis | closes . .
God's | perfect | thought.

More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and become human and public in my regards and actions. Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly flows.

— Emerson.

* Oh, drop, my soul, the burden that oppresses
 And I cares that I rule,
 That I may prove the whispering wildernesses
 | Heaven's | vesti | bule !

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

— Pope.

* For I can hear, despite material warden
 And I earthly | looks,
 A still small voice, and know that through his | garden ..
 The | Father | walks.

LIBERTY.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes:

Then shall come the new - born state, Jus - tice sit with - in the gate,

Free - dom, like a gi - ant strong, Tri - umph o'er the an - cient wrong.

LIBERTY.

WHATEVER is just is the true law, nor can this true law be abrogated by any written enactment.

Cicero.

The spirit of liberty is principle at work.

— Burke.

The primary aim of government is to protect individuals in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which were vested in them by the immutable laws of nature.

— Blackstone.

Obey God manifest in thyself.

Hopeful and glorious are the times, when men can exercise the right to speak and publish the truth.

— Tacitus.

* Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

— Moses.

The aim of the people is liberty. In every corner of the known earth at this day the cry is “ Liberty ! liberty for the body, liberty for the soul ! ”

— Emma Harding.

* Give the public freedom, noble aims ; busy them with great work.

*

CHANT. NO. 2.



PURITY.

There's a pure white lily That is bloom - ing in the earth, A
beau - ti - ful lily, And it hath im - mor - tal birth, The lily of the soul.

PURITY.

VIRTUE is nobility without heraldry.

— *Sallust.*

Unto the pure all things are pure.

— *Paul.*

Be not ashamed of thy virtues.

— *Ben. Johnson.*

* There's a | pure white | lily
That is | blooming | in the | earth,
A | beauti . . ful | lily,
And it hath immortal birth,
The | lily | of the | soul.

Sully not the honor of thy house ;

Fix not a withering stigma upon thy children.

— *Phocylides.*

* There's a | pure white | lily
That is | drinking | heavenly | rain,
A | beauti . . ful | lily
That's without a scar or stain,
The | lily | of the | soul.

Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth ;

And without it age plants more wrinkles in the spirit than on the forehead.

— *Sanskrit.*

* There's a | pure white | lily,
And its | petals | are un | furled,
A | beauti . . ful | lily,
For the glory of the world,
The | lily | of the | soul.

Pure affections, pure thoughts, pure habits, clothe the person with attributes of beauty.

* There's a | pure white | lily
That is | fresh with wisdom's | dew,
A | beauti . . ful | lily,
Of a sweetness ever new,
The | lily | of the | soul.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they see God.

—*Jesus.*

* There's a | pure white | lily
That will | blossom | soon at | hand,
A | beauti . . ful | lily,
In the golden summer-land,
The | lily | of the | soul,

Oh, take heart! a pure and honorable life is possible to all.

—*Grace Greenwood.*

WOMAN.

THE universal human heart, even though blind and cold, pays a certain involuntary homage to the mothers whose children have acted the Christ-part in their generations.

—*Mrs. Farnham.*

The heart cannot be true to others that to itself is false.

—*Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.*

Woman! take courage to elevate thyself; strive to free thyself from fetters, and the great-souled men will haste to thy rescue.

—*Mrs. Mary F. Davis.*

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

—*Tennyson.*

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence.

The awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels and sweetened by her endearments.

Happy is the man who has made her his wife; happy is the child that calleth her mother.

—*Sanskrit.*

The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers.

The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

—*Whitman.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

COME now, let us reason together, saith the Spirit: Though your sorrows be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow; though they be as the sands of the sea, they are gold dust in the eye of Wisdom.

O Spirit of Love! thy children are athirst on the desert of life.

Within thee may be found the oasis of rest, with its dews of mercy, springs of justice, sunshine of truth, and beauty of virtue.

O Spirit of Love! thy children are worried with cares and disappointments.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

O Spirit of Love! thy children murmur amid hatreds and repinings.

Great peace have they that love my law of forgiveness, and nothing shall offend them.

O Spirit of Love! save us from distrust. In hallowed silence let us meditate on thy wonderful goodness.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

REFORM.

IT is so cheap to praise what all applaud,
To bend the supple knee and bow the head
Over the graves of the illustrious dead,
Extol the past in popular accord,
And with the lips confess that Christ is Lord!
If we have not the martyr strength to tread
Their thorny paths, lead onward as they led
Far in advance of ancient bounds, unawed,—
If, cowards in the present, we recoil
From grappling with the evils of our time,
Content with bygone, vanquished sins to moil,
Our praise of olden heroes is but slime,
And we are naught but cumberers of the soil,
And parasites, and panderers to crime.

— *William Lloyd Garrison.*

REFINEMENT.

WERT thou never refined in pitiless fire
From the dross of thy sloth, and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love hath its roots in woe,
Thou would'st never unriddle the complex plan,
Or reach half-way to the perfect man;
Thou would'st never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of his ways.

— *Chas. McKay.*

CHANT. NO. 3.

Great truths, they come | heaven have | birth; They spring to | thrills the | list'ning | earth.
from God! In | life from each | prophetic | word That

TRUTH.

Great truths, they come from God! In heav'n have birth;
They spring to life from each pro - phet - ic word That thrills the list'ning earth.

TRUTH.

WHAT is truth?

—Pilate.

Truth is the soul's divine conviction.

—Spirit of John.

Master mind, and you have mastered the universe. —Perasee Lendanta.

Search for truth on all occasions, and espouse it in opposition to the world.

* —The Bard's Druidic Creed.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. —Jesus.

* With myriad wrongs they wage
An | endless war,
And shed their lustre o'er each passing age,
Like | morning's golden star!

The way to gain admission into the temple of science is through the portal of doubt.

—Socrates.

* Great souls are filled with love,
Great | brows are | calm,
Serene within their might, they soar above
The | whirlwind | and the | storm.

Be persuaded that those things are not your riches which you do not possess in the penetralia of your reasoning powers.

—Demophiles.

Brave the world; be firm in truth, liberal and generous. —E. V. Wilson.

CHANT. NO. 4.

They shall cease, they shall cease, For the Angel of Peace Shall whiten the earth, not with bones of the slain, But with flow'rs for the sheaves . . . for the wain.

THEY SHALL CEASE.

They shall cease, they shall cease, For the An-gel of Peace Shall whi - ten the earth, not with bones of the slain, But with flow'rs for the gar-land and sheaves for the wain.

Rit.

PEACE.

THE life of man is sacred.

There is a higher law.

The government is for the people, not the people for the government.

Man before and above his institutions.

Wherefore the wisdom of law binding us to rob, maim, starve, or destroy our fellow-men? wherefore the worth of a church or state that sacrifices life to preserve its authority? wherefore the charge of guilt to him who slays only his neighbor, but the plaudits of glory to the hero who slays his thousands?

Are we not all brethren? hath not one Father created us? — *Malachi.*

Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

The dawn will break —

The dawn of brotherhood and love and peace,

The light of a new time, when there shall cease

This clang of armies over Christian lands;

And nations, tearing off their Lazarus-bands,

Shall rise — see face to face — and sadly say,

Why were we foes? why did we serve and slay?" — *Garibaldi.*

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. — *Jesus.*

The trumpets that blow when the battle's red star
Whelms the world with its blood, as it bursts from afar;
When the demon of wrath beats his war-drums that roll,
And clashes his steel as the steeple-bells toll —

*

The death-smitten eyes that look up to the sun,
And see only the cannon-smoke darkling and dun ;
And the lips that in dying hurl curses at those
Whom the Father made brethren, but evil made foes —

*

The groans of the wounded, that fled but to die,
The death-shot that scatters the ranks as they fly,
The wild, fierce hurrah ! when the fratricide host
Have driven their brethren to Hades' red coast —

*

The temples where Moloch is worshipped, and blood
From the innocent spirits wrung out like a flood,
Where the curse of perdition is shot from the bow
Of the bigot, whose creed is a terror and woe —

*

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will to men.—*Angels.*

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

IN action, preserve self-possession; in opportunity, be prompt; in danger, be wary; in labor, patient; in determining, just; in discourse, persuasive; let your manner be ingenuous. — *Pythagoric.*

Think before you speak. — *Chilo.*

Press forward not too hastily; follow the middle path at a steady pace. — *Theognis.*

Give just measure and weight.

Listen not to a whisperer and slanderer, for he tells you not anything out of good-will; but as he exposes to you the secrets of others, so will he expose your secrets to them. — *Socrates.*

Sincerity of heart is the first of virtues. — *Confucius.*

In your most secret actions, suppose you have all the world as witnesses. — *Isocrates.*

Denial of self is the nobility of manhood.

A truly noble nature cannot be insulted. — *Syrius, the Syrian.*

Speak not injurious words, either in jest or earnest. — *Geo. Washington.*

Do to others what you would they should do unto you, and do not unto others what you would not be done unto you. — *Chinese Analects.*

Make thy soul the birthplace of thy Saviour.

— *H. C. Wright.*

BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD.

Crys - tal rills from sum-mer - land moun-tains! Crys - tal drops from mu - si - cal foun-tains!

Crys - tal rills! crys - tal drops! Whence comes the sweet dove, Ce - les - tial a - bove,

Beau - ti - ful child-hood, beau - ti - ful child - hood, Bap - tize us in love!

CHILDHOOD.

TAKE heed that ye offend not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father. — *Jesus.*

Little children form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls. — *Lydia M. Child.*

Oh, banish the tears of childhood! continual rain upon the blossoms is hurtful. — *Jean Paul.*

* Give children the heritage of pure water, free ventilation, innocent amusement, music, sunshine, flowers, and birds.

* Never deceive children; fulfil just promises; teach them self-government; soften the manners; train to industry; lovingly unfold the innate spirit.

* He who teaches not his child an art or profession by which he may earn an honest livelihood teaches him to rob the public. — *The Talmud.*

* Honor thy father and thy mother.

* A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.

Of such is the republic of heaven.

*

CHARITY.

Love Di - vine! all things are thine; Ev' - ry crea - ture seeks thy shrine,
 And thy boundless blessings fall With an e - qual love on all.

CHARITY.

EVERY good act is charity.

Giving water to the thirsty is charity.

Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity.

Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity.

Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity.

Smiling in your brother's face is charity.

— *Mahomet.*

* Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.

* He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

This commandment have we, that he who loveth God love his brother also. *

And now I beseech thee, sister, not as though I wrote a new commandment, but that which we had from the beginning,

That we love one another.

— *John.*

* Have confidence in the Father, for in thus doing you have confidence in humanity, as they are but parts of the universal whole.— *Spirit of Hosea Ballou.*

* Charity seeketh not her own.

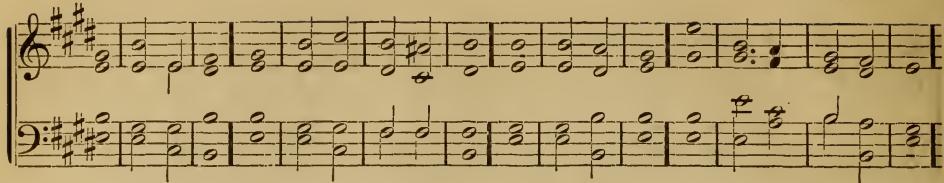
— *Paul.*

REASON.

O REASON! in thy searching find us out,
 Arouse our souls and make us dare to doubt;
 Teach us to love, and only seek the truth,
 Though it may change all lessons taught in youth;
 Throw off our shackles, set our spirits free,
 And make us dare to think, and learn of thee!

— *W. S. Barton.*

CHANT. NO. 5.



BENEVOLENCE.

SHUT not thine ear against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the unfortunate. When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sinking, and she imploreh thy assistance, oh, pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

* Is there a gloom of sorrow | on thy | spirit?
Do clouds o'erhang thee | and shut | out the | day?
Go, seek thy neighbor's darkened | heart and | cheer it,
And soon his smile shall | fright the | clouds a | way.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivering with cold and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thine heart; let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

* Art thou crushed down, shut in thy | body | earthen,
O'erladen with thy | troubles | sad and | lone?
Aid, then, thy neighbor with his | heavy | burden,
And it shall cause thee | to for- | get thine | own.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, oh, how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes? — *Sanskrit.*

* Of what thou hast, impart un- | to thy | neighbor;
To others do what | they should | do to | thee.
If thou need'st aid, then give thy | hearty | labor
To make on want's cold | hearth a | jubi- | lee.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATION.

THE church and the government are but developments of the people.

How can they advance and improve the causes of their existence?

Be watchful, O Americans!

Lest ye become worshippers at the shrine of St. Custom!

When ye think that thy government is complete,

Then art thou on the way to death!

When ye think that thy church can enlighten thee,

Then art thou on the road to papal supremacy! Let thy people proclaim,

Peace Justice, Love, Law, Right, Liberty! — *Spiritual Congress.*

HOPE.

On - ward, high - er on - ward, ring - eth From the palace and the cot,
And the change of a - ges bring - eth Each his promised life and lot.

HOPE.

THE promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

*
Let not thine heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination; for if thou believest a thing is impossible, thy despondency shall make it so. He that persevereth shall overcome all difficulties.

— Sanscrit.

* If we never wept or wearied,
Life would surfeit and decay,
And the smiles of hope be buried
In the shimmer of a day.

Take heart! the Master builds again;
A charmed life old goodness hath.

* Age and sorrow, gloom and gladness,
Mingle in this changeful fate,
But the birthright of our sadness
Is the soul's divine estate.

HUMILITY.

B E not impatient to mount higher than thou canst see, nor haste to hold more wisdom than thou canst comprehend. Avoid the poison of ambition, for its temptation, stealing the sunshine of thy heart, will allure thee to seem what thou art not.

— *Spirit of J. Victor Wilson.*

Who soars too near the sun with golden wings melts them.

— *Shakspeare.*

Let reputation go, for the sake of a principle, and in due time you will be in good repute.

Humble flowers thrive with their bosoms full of flowers.

— *Ford.*

We are the weakest when we think ourselves the strongest.

Lowliness is the base of all virtues.

CHANT. NO. 6.

Oh, I hear in this sacred stillness The fall of an - gel - ic feet, I feel white hands on my forehead With a bен - e - dic - tion sweet.

SACRED SILENCE.

Oh, I hear in this sa - cred still - ness The fall of an - gel - ic feet, I feel white hands on my fore - head With a ben - e - dic - tion sweet.

SACRED SILENCE.

NEVER with blasts of trumpets And the chariot wheels of fame, Do the servants and sons of the Highest His oracles proclaim ; But when grandest truths are uttered, And when holiest depths are stirred, When our God himself draws nearest, The still, small voice is heard.
* Unheralded and unheeded His revelations come ; His prophets before their scorners Stand resolute, yet dumb ;

But a thousand years of silence, And the world falls to adore And kiss the feet of the martyrs They crucified before !
* Shall I have a part in the labor, In the silence and the might Of the plans divine, eternal, That he opens to my sight ? In the strength and the inspiration That his crowned and chosen know ? Oh, well might my darkest sorrow Into songs of triumph flow !

THE WORD OF GOD.

THE genius of the living whole is within us and the essence itself of our spiritual being. Where God is, religion is, syllabled by a thousand dialects : Here breathed in the mild accents of meditative wisdom : There hymned sweet, flute-like, infinitely melodious, from the lips of enchanted saints :

Again blown across the passionate turmoil of time in the hearts of indignant prophets ;

But ever the same Word, ever the voice of the Spirit, saying, I AM !

— D. A. Wassan.

FORGIVENESS.

1. Forgive and forget! There's no breast so unfeeling But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;

For the best of us all need a friendly concealing, Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.

FORGIVENESS.

LOVE your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. *

—Jesus.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flower shall ennable thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

—Sanskrit.

* Forgive and forget! why, the world would be lonely,
The garden, a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling blast only,
And fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

Regard every sinner as a lawful heir of God's love and goodness.—Child.
With malice toward none, with charity toward all. —Lincoln.

* Away with the clouds from thy beautiful vision;
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met;
Oh, how could our tried spirits e'er hope for elysian,
If Heav'n should refuse to forgive and forget!

In the light of genuine spiritual illumination, no human being can be condemned. —Loveland.

RATIOS OF LIFE.

THE next life is but the continuation of this; we begin there where we close here. If we are upon low planes here, we shall enter upon low planes there. If here we sustain high relations to wisdom and goodness, we shall there also.

—Gerrit Smith.

This life is but the horoscope of the future. Try, then, and make the present as glad and golden as the future you would like to see.

—A Spirit.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

—Mahomet.

IMMORTALITY.

THREE was no beginning ; no creations ; only new combinations and formations. I AM, therefore, eternally was, eternally shall be.

By birthright we are immortal.

The casket breaks, and lo, the child of angelhood !

The soul emerges from its chrysalis state, as free as the planet on which it had its birth.

The maternity of earth is indelibly engraved upon us.

We shall know each other there.

COME, gather ye a pensive review of a father's virtues, lingering as sweets of the dead rose upon its leafless stalk.

A father's wisdom is a rock of defence ; his good example is precious ; his love is sacred.

All ye that know him bemoan him ; and all ye, remembering his name, will say, How is the strong staff and the beautiful rod broken !

But lo, the staff doth blossom now a young tree in the garden of God !

Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.

NONE knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise.

For who is like a mother among them that are on all the earth ?

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed.

Precious is her memory ; the remembrance of her goodness shall be as a healing balm.

Yea, plant flowers upon her grave as the emblems of her maternal presence.

And oh, when life is ended, and she waits
On the bright threshold of the blest for us,
How like the sweet accustoming will be
The far felt lustre of that look of love !
And how like our remembered welcomes home
Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven !

CHILDREN are tender olive-trees growing up in our homes. When touched by the frosty fingers of death, they are transplanted to the more congenial climes of heaven, to bear their ripened fruitage.

They are immortal from the sacred moment of incarnation.

Deprived of the mortal experiences of life, they are wafted to the sphere of innocence to be educated by the angels.

EDEN'S FIRST BLOOM.

1. See truth, love, and mercy in tri-umph de-scend-ing, And na-ture all glow-ing in E-den's first bloom;

On the col 1cheek of death smiles and ro-ses are blend-ing, And beau-ty im-mor-tal a-wakes from the tomb.

THERE is no absolute loss in the universe; everything, dying, dies upward to subserve some divine purpose in the economy of the Infinite.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also.

* The brightest crowns worn in heaven were tried, polished, and glorified in the furnace of earthly sufferings.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

* Who are these that are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? These are they that came out of great tribulation. Angels shall lead them unto living fountains, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

* Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

—A. J. Davis.

O MOTHER Nature! we lay in thy tender bosom what is thine,— dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but the spirit to God who gave it! O angels! receive your new charge! Peace, peace be still!

Open thyself, O earth! and press not too heavily;
Be easy of access and approach to the form;
As a mother with the rose her child,
So do thou cover it, O earth!

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